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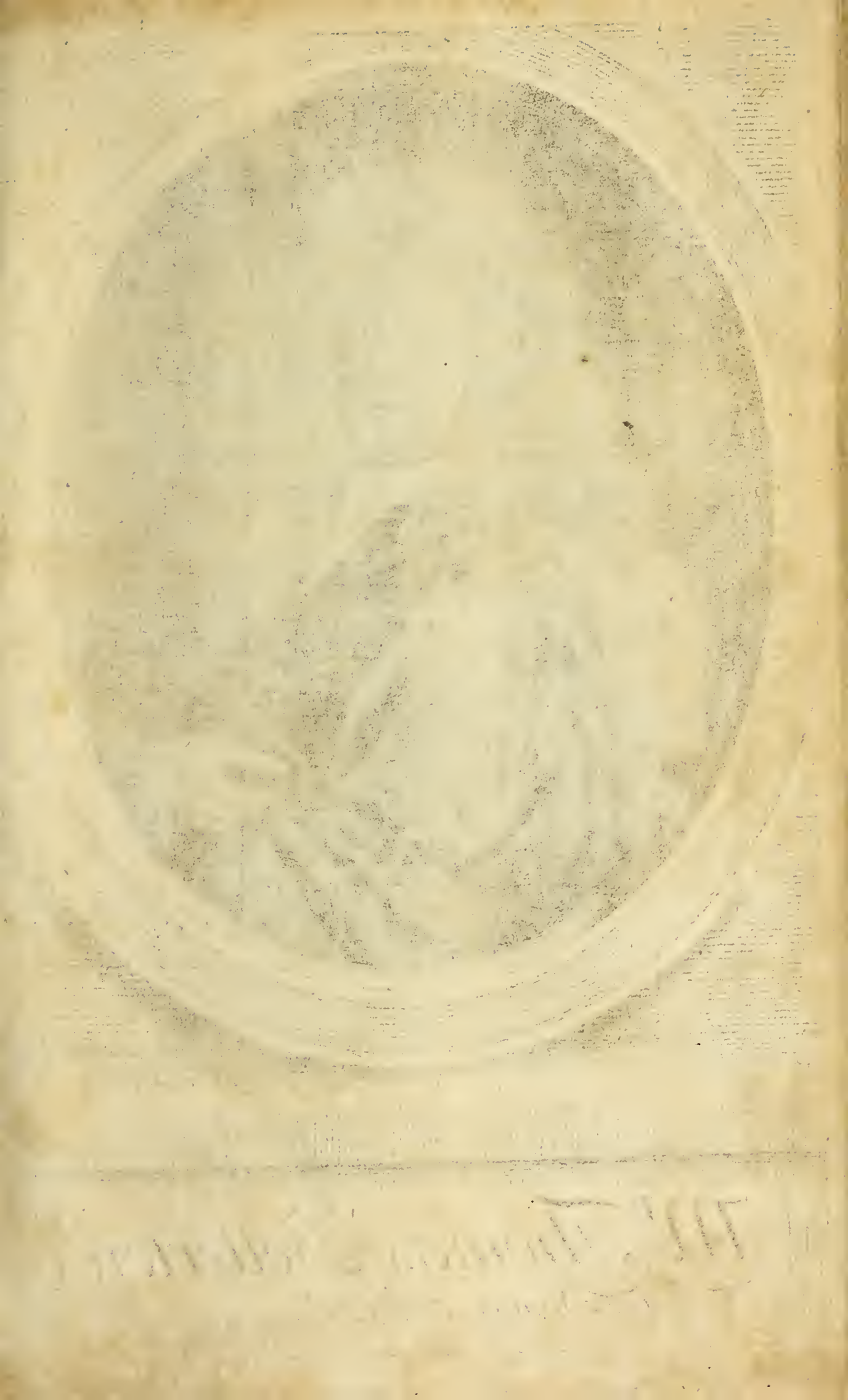

G. Kneller pinx: M. V.r Gucht Sculp:

Mr Thomas Betterton

Totus Mundus Agit Histrionem

THE LIFE OF Mr. *Thomas Betterton*,

The late Eminent

TRAGEDIAN.

WHEREIN

The ACTION and UTTERANCE of the *Stage*, *Bar*, and *Pulpit*, are distinctly consider'd.

WITH

The JUDGMENT of the late Ingenious *Monsieur de St. EVREMOND*, upon the *Italian* and *French* MUSIC and OPERA's; in a Letter to the Duke of *Buckingham*.

To which is added,

The AMOROUS WIDOW, or the *Wanton Wife*. A Comedy. Written by Mr. BETTERTON. Now first printed from the Original Copy.

Quis Nostrûm tam animo agresti, & duro fuit, ut Roscii *Morte nuper non commoveretur? Qui cum esset Senex mortuus; tamen propter* excellentem Artem *ac Venustatem videbatur omninò mori non debuisse.*

Cic. in Orat. pro ARCHIA Poeta.

LONDON:

Printed for ROBERT GOSLING, at the *Mitre*, near the *Inner-Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1710. Price 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

TO

Richard Steele, Esq;

SIR,

THE following Piece was scarce yet an *Embryo*, when I design'd its full Growth for your Protection. For tho we Authors generally seem fond

of adorning the Frontiſpiece of our Books with *pompous Titles*, as if we deriv'd from thoſe not only Security but Fame to our Works: yet I can't but remember, that, among the *Ancients*, the Name of a *learned Friend* was of greater Conſideration with the Writer, than the Dignity of a Man of Power; and that the Greatneſs of any Man in the *Political State*, according to them, did not raiſe his Authority in the Common-Wealth of Letters, above his real Merits in the *Arts* and *Sciences*, unleſs he ennobled it, by giving ſuch Encouragement to them, as they very rarely in our Days meet with from the GREAT ONES.

Being,

Being, therefore, to write on an Art, which has not been much cultivated in our Nation, either in the *Practice* or *Theory*; what I had moſt to wiſh for, on the Publication of this Eſſay, was the Approbation of One, to whom the *Witty* and the *Learned* allow ſome Place in the POLITER STUDIES and FINE ARTS. An Addreſs of this Nature is not without the agreeable Vanity of recommending a Man to the World, as a Perſon skilful in the Matter, of which he treats; and the Merit of Mr. STEELE, in the Kingdom of the *Muſes*, is too well known to the *Beaux Eſprits*, not to ſecure me from the Fear of the Railery of *Aſcyltos* on *Encol-*

pius, in *Petronius Arbiter*---- *Ut foris Cænares Poetam laudaſti*; or of *Manley* on my Lord *Plauſible*--- *That rather than not flatter, he would flatter the Poets of the Age, whom no Body elſe would flatter.*

But I have choſen to addreſs this Diſcourſe to you, becauſe the *Art*, of which it treats, is of your familiar Acquaintance, and the Graces of ACTION and UTTERANCE come naturally under the Conſideration of a *Dramatic Writer.* I flatter my ſelf, that, as I am (as far as I know) the firſt, who in *Engliſh* has attempted this Subject, in the Extent of the Diſcourſe before you, ſo I am apt to believe, that I have pretty well

well exhauſted the Matter; and laid down ſuch *General* and *Particular Rules*, as may raiſe the Stage from the preſent Neglect it lies under, to that Eſteem, which it drew from the moſt polite Nation, that ever was in the World, and that, which it will always deſerve from Men of Senſe, when under a juſt Regulation, and adorn'd, as it ought to be, with GOOD ACTORS and GOOD PLAYS.

The *former* may be rais'd, I hope, from what I have deliver'd in the following Treatiſe, as the *later* from your Example, which may inſpire our Authors with the Knowledge of Nature, and the Art of keeping her always in their View, adorn'd with

that

that *Harmony*, *Decorum*, and *Order*, which ought perpetually to ſhine in ſuch PUBLIC REPRESENTATIONS.

I am, *SIR*,

Your Sincere Friend,

and *Humble Servant*,

Charles Gildon.

THE

THE PREFACE.

I *Should not have troubled the Reader with a Preface to this little Treatiſe, but to prevent an Objection, which may be made, and that is, that I have been a* Plagiary, *and deliver'd Rules for my own, which are taken out of other Authors. I firſt allow, that I have borrow'd many of them from the* French, *but then the* French *drew moſt of them from* Quintilian *and other Authors. Yet the* Frenchman *has improv'd the Ancients in this Particular, by ſupplying what was loſt by the Alteration of Cuſtom, with*

with Obſervations more peculiar to the preſent Age.

ARTS *were never brought to Perfection by one Hand, and tho I have made ſeveral Advancements my ſelf upon thoſe, who have gone before me, yet I know not but a diligent Study, and judicious Obſervation, may produce new and more eaſy Rules. If I have lead the Way with any tolerable Succeſs, the Satisfaction will be too great to be leſſen'd by being ſucceeded with a more maſterly Endeavour.*

Being oblig'd to have a Regard to the Action *and* Utterance *of the* Pulpit *and* Bar, *as well as the Stage, I was compell'd to bring my Examples from* Oratory *more than from the* Drama. *But if this meets with the Approbation of the Learned, I may perhaps publiſh a Treatiſe for the Stage alone. However, a Player, that is Maſter of thoſe Qualities, which he ought to poſſeſs, by ſtudying with Application this Diſcourſe, may arrive at a Perfection, which this Age has not ſeen.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *BARRY*,

At the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, *April* the 7th, 1709.

At Her Playing in *Love for Love*; With Mrs BRACEGIRDLE.

For the Benefit of Mr. BETTERTON.

Written by N. Rowe, Esq;

AS some brave Knight, who once with Spear and Shield,
Had fought Renown in many a well fought Field,
But now no more with Sacred Fame inspir'd,
Was to a Peaceful Hermitage retir'd;

There, if by Chance diſaſt'rous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his Gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in Mail he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid Old THOMAS, and to pleaſure you.
Like Errant Damſels boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any She ſhould hold his Back.
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By two at once He's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.

You

You ſee, what Failing Nature brings Man to,
And yet let none Inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you:
Tho Old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?

What he has been, tho preſent Praiſe be (dumb,
Shall haply be a *Theme* in Times to come,
As now we talk of ROSCIUS, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old SHAKESPEAR's Ghoſt had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs Town;

Griev'd

Griev'd and Repining you had heard him ſay,
Why are the *Muſes* Labours caſt away?
Why did I only Write what only he could Play?

But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on and make the Gen'rous Work complete;
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe.
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.
In Peace and Eaſe Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buſkin here.

THE

THE LIFE OF Mr. *Thomas Betterton*, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

AS it was said of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, that they were the last of the *Romans*; so it may be said of Mr. BETTERTON, that he was the last of our *Tragedians*. There being, therefore, so much due to his Memory from all Lovers of the Stage; I could not lay aside my Design of conveying his Name with this Discourse at least to a little longer Date, than Nature has given his Body. Nor can I imagine, that it can be look'd on, as injurious to our Reputation, either as Men of Can-

dour, Figure or Senſe, to expreſs a Concern for the Loſs of a Man ſo excellent in an Art which is now expiring, and for which Antiquity had ſo peculiar a Value; ſince it is plain from the Motto of this Book, that *Cicero* pleading the Cauſe of the Poet *Archias*, tells the Judge, a Man of the firſt Quality, that every Body was concern'd for the Death of *Roſcius* the *Comedian*; or which is more emphatic, ſays he, *Who of us was of ſo brutiſh and ſour a Temper as not to be mov'd at the late Death of* ROSCIUS? *Who, though he dy'd old, yet for the Excellence of his Art, and Beauty in Performance, ſeem'd as if he ought to have been exempted entirely from Death.*

Whether Mr. *Betterton* or *Roſcius* make a juſt Parallel or not in their Merits as Actors, is difficult to know; but thus far it is certain, that let the Excellence of the *Roman* be never ſo great, that of the *Briton* was the greateſt we had: and tho we ſhall find, that in *Cicero*'s Time the Decorums of the Stage were more exactly obſerv'd, than in ours, yet we may ſuppoſe Mr. *Betterton*, in his own particular Performance, on a Foot with *Roſcius*, eſpecially when we conſider that our Player excelled in both *Comedy* and *Tragedy*, the *Roman* only in the former, as far as we can diſcover.

To give our *Engliſh* Actor yet the Preheminence, I ſhall here by writing his Life make him convey to others ſuch Inſtructions, that if they are perfectly underſtood, and juſtly practis'd,

ctis'd, will add ſuch Beauties to their Performances, as may render his Loſs of leſs Conſequence to the Stage. *Plato* and *Xenophon* introduce *Socrates* in their Diſcourſes, to give the greater Authority to what they ſay, on thoſe important Points which they would the more forcibly recommend to their Readers. I ſhall, therefore, make the ſame Uſe of Mr. *Betterton*, on a Subject in which he may reaſonably be thought a very competent Judge.

I know it may be objected, that the Qualifications I make him require, and the Precepts he gives, may ſeem to render this Art impoſſible for any other to attain to, as *Cicero* is ſaid in his *Orator*, to do with the Oratorian Art.

I confeſs that I do make him require Qualifications, of which he was not perhaps Maſter himſelf; but I preſume that can be no Objection to them provided they are neceſſary, or at leaſt conducive to the forming a complete Player; for we may daily hear many Painters, or even *Lovers* of the Art, who will tell you what Qualities are neceſſary to a great Maſter in Hiſtory Painting, who yet do not themſelves pretend to be poſſeſs'd of them. And the ſame will hold of many other Arts.

But if, indeed, there were any Precepts deliver'd, or any Qualifications requir'd, which would render a Maſtery in this Art ſo difficult, that it could not be attain'd, the Objection would be far more ſolid, and worthy of our Notice; but I dare affirm, that as the Stages are

now in the Hands and Management of the Players, there is not one Qualification ſet down, which is not abſolutely neceſſary to do Juſtice to *Art*, in *Judgment* and *Performance*.

Nor can I find that *Cicero*, in his Book *de Oratore*, has requir'd any Impoſſibility in his Candidate for Eloquence; and it is evident, that has not ſo far diſcourag'd others from attempting that noble Science, but that every Age has produc'd ſome eminent in it, tho few or none have arriv'd to an Equality with him in the Performance for want of thoſe very Qualities requir'd by him to the forming a *complete Orator*. Thus tho, to be a perfect Maſter, all the Qualities delivered be neceſſary, yet there is Room for Praiſe as well as Induſtry for others, who are not capable of attaining the whole. Such therefore, whoſe Genius is not ſo extenſive as to comprehend the whole, ought entirely to apply themſelves to, and be content with, the *Performance*, leaving the Office of *Judging* to thoſe, whoſe greater Skill and Knowledge better qualify them for Judges.

Having premis'd theſe things by way of Introduction, I ſhall now proceed to the Life of Mr. *Betterton*.

Mr.

MR. *Thomas Betterton* was born in *Tuttle-ſtreet, Weſtminſter*; his Father being Under-Cook to King *Charles the Firſt*: And when he was now come to Years ſufficient, his Father bound him Apprentice to one Mr. *Rhodes* a Bookſeller, at the Bible at *Charing-Croſs*, and he had for his Under-Prentice Mr. *Kynaſton*.

But that which prepar'd Mr. *Betterton* and his Fellow-Prentice for the Stage, was that his Maſter *Rhodes* having formerly been *Wardrobe* Keeper to the King's Company of *Comedians* in the *Black-Fryars*, on General *Monck*'s March to *London*, in 1659. with his Army, got a Licence from the Powers then in being, to ſet up a Company of Players in the *Cockpit* in *Drury-lane*, and ſoon made his Company compleat, his Apprentices, Mr. *Betterton* for Mens Parts, and Mr. *Kynaſton* for Womens Parts, being at the Head of them.

Mr. *Betterton* was now about 22 Years of Age, when he got a great Applauſe by acting in the *Loyal Subject*, the *Wildgooſe Chaſe*, the *Spaniſh Curate*, and many more. But while our young Actor is thus riſing under his Maſter *Rhodes*, Sir *William D'Avenant* getting a Patent of King *Charles* the Second, for erecting a Company under the Name of the Duke of *York*'s Servants, took Mr. *Betterton* and all that acted under Mr. *Rhodes* into his Company. And in the Year 1662. open'd his Houſe in *Lincolns-Inn Fields*, with the firſt and ſecond part of the

Siege of Rhodes, having new Scenes, and Decorations of the Stage, which were then firſt introduc'd into *England*.

Tho this be affirm'd by ſome, others have laid it to the Charge of Mr. *Betterton* as the firſt Innovator on our rude Stage, as a Crime; nay, as the Deſtruction of good Playing; but I think with very little Show of Reaſon, and very little Knowledge of the Stages of *Athens* and *Rome*, where, I am apt to believe, was in their flouriſhing times as great Actors as ever play'd here before Curtains. For how that which helps the Repreſentation, by aſſiſting the pleaſing Deluſion of the Mind in regard of the Place, ſhould ſpoil the Acting, I cannot imagine.

The *Athenian* Stage was ſo much adorn'd, that the very Ornaments or Decorations coſt the State more Money, than their Wars againſt the *Perſians*: and the *Romans*, tho their Dramatic Poets were much inferiour to the *Greeks*, (if we may gueſs at thoſe, who are periſhed by thoſe who remain) were yet not behind them in the Magnificence of the Theatre to heighten the Pleaſure of the Repreſentation. If this was Mr. *Betterton*'s Thought, it was very juſt; ſince the Audience muſt be often puzled to find the Place and Situation of the Scene, which gives great Light to the Play, and helps to deceive us agreeably, while they ſaw nothing before them but ſome *Linſy Woolſy* Curtains, or at beſt ſome piece of old Tapiſtry fill'd with awkerd Figures, that would almoſt fright the Audience.

This,

This, therefore, I muſt urge as his Praiſe, that he endeavour'd to complete that Repreſentation, which before was but imperfect.

Mr. *Betterton* making now the foremoſt Figure in Sir *William*'s Company among the Men, caſt his Eyes on Mrs. *Saunderſon*, who was no leſs excellent among the Female Players, and who being bred in the Houſe of the Patentee, improv'd her ſelf daily in her Art; and having by Nature thoſe Gifts which were requir'd to make a perfect Actreſs, added to them the Beauty of a virtuous Life, maintaining the Character of a good Woman to her old Age. This Lady therefore Mr. *Betterton* made choice of to receive as his Wife; and this proceeding from a Value he had for the Merits of her Mind, as well as Perſon, produc'd a Happineſs in the married State nothing elſe could ever have given.

But notwithſtanding all the Induſtry of the Patentee and Managers, it ſeems the *King's Houſe* then carry'd the vogue of the Town; and the *Lincolns-Inn Fields* Houſe being not ſo commodious, the Players and other Adventurers built a much more magnificent Theatre in *Dorſet Gardens*; and fitted it for all the Machines and Decorations the Skill of thoſe times could afford. This likewiſe proving leſs effectual than they hop'd, other Arts were employ'd, and the Political Maxim of *Divide and Govern* being put in Practice, the Feuds and Animoſities of the King's Company were ſo well improv'd, as to

produce an Union betwixt the two Patents. To bring this Design about, the following Agreement was sign'd by the Parties hereafter mention'd,

Memorandum, Octob. 14. 1681.

" IT was then agreed upon between Dr. *Charles* " *Davenant*, *Thomas Betterton*, Gent. and " *William Smith*, Gent. of the one Part, and " *Charles Hart*, Gent. and *Edward Kynaston*, " Gent. on the other Part,—— That the said " *Charles Davenant*, *Thomas Betterton*, and " *William Smith*, do pay, or cause to be paid, " out of the Profits of Acting, unto *Charles* " *Hart* and *Edward Kynaston*, five Shillings a- " piece for every Day there shall be any Trage- " dies, or Comedies, or other Representations " acted at the *Duke*'s Theatre in *Salisbury Court*, " or where-ever the Company shall act during " the respective Lives of the said *Charles Hart*, " and *Edward Kynaston*, excepting the Days the " young Men or young Women play for their " own Profit only; but this Agreement to cease, " if the said *Charles Hart* or *Edward Kynaston* " shall at any time play among, or effectually " assist the King's Company of Actors; and for as " long as this is pay'd, they both covenant and " promise not to play at the King's Theatre.

" If Mr. *Kynaston* shall hereafter be free to act " at the Duke's Theatre, this Agreement with " him, as to his Pension, shall also cease.

" In

" In Conſideration of this Penſion, Mr. *Hart* " and Mr. *Kynaſton* do promiſe to make over, " within a Month after the Sealing of this, " unto *Charles Davenant*, *Thomas Betterton*, and " *William Smith*, all the Right, Title, and " Claim which they or either of them may " have to any Plays, Books, Cloaths, and Scenes " in the King's Play-houſe.

" Mr. *Hart* and Mr. *Kynaſton* do both alſo " promiſe, within a Month after the Sealing " hereof, to make over to the ſaid *Charles Dave-* " *nant*, *Thomas Betterton*, and *William Smith*, " all the Title which they each of them have " to Six and Three Pence a-piece for every Day " there ſhall be any Playing at the King's " Theatre.

" Mr. *Hart* and Mr. *Kynaſton* do both alſo " promiſe to promote with all their Power and " Intereſt an Agreement between both Play- " houſes; and Mr. *Kynaſton* for himſelf promi- " ſes to endeavour as much as he can to get " free, that he may act at the *Duke*'s Play-houſe, " but he is not obliged to play unleſs he have " ten Shillings *per* day allow'd for his Acting, " and his Penſion then to ceaſe.

" Mr. *Hart* and Mr. *Kynaſton* promiſe to go " to Law with Mr. *Killigrew* to have theſe Ar- " ticles perform'd, and are to be at the Expence " of the Suit.

" In Witneſs of this Agreement, all the Par- " ties have hereunto ſet their Hands, this 14th " of *October*, 1681.

I am ſenſible, that this private Agreement has been reflected on as Tricking and unfair, but then it is by thoſe, who have not ſufficiently conſider'd the Matter; for *an dolus, an Virtus quis in Hoſte requirit?* All Stratagems are allow'd betwixt Enemies; the two Houſes were at War, and Conduct and Action were to decide the Victory; and whatever the Duke's Company might fall ſhort of in Action, it is plain they won the Field by their Conduct. For Mr. *Hart* and Mr. *Kynaſton* performed their Promiſes ſo well, that the Union was effected in 1682. and ſo continu'd till the Year 1695. when the Actors under the united Patents, thinking themſelves aggrieved with Mr. *Betterton* at the head of them, got a new Licence to ſet up a Play-houſe once more in *Lincolns-Inn Fields*. But when the Succeſs of that Company began to give way to the Induſtry of the other, and Mr. *Vanbrugh* had built a new Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, Mr. *Betterton*, weary of the Fatigues and Toil of Government, deliver'd his Company over to the new Licence. But they again giving way to the new Mode of *Opera's*, the Companies were once more united in *Drury-Lane*, and the *Opera's* confin'd to the *Hay-Market*. But Revolutions being ſo frequent in this *Mimic State*, Mr. *Swinny* got the chief Players over to him and the *Opera* Houſe, among whom was Mr. *Betterton*; who now being very old, and much afflicted with the Gout, acted but ſeldom; and the Year before he dy'd, the Town paid a par-

particular Deference to him by making his Day worth 500 *l.*

Mr. *Betterton* was ſo ſenſible of Friendſhip, that tho he loſt near 8000 *l.* by the Father, yet he took Care of the Daughter himſelf, till ſhe marry'd according to her own Inclinations. Three Plays were written or tranſlated by him, and brought on the Stage with Succeſs; *The Woman made a Juſtice*; *The Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife*; and *The Unjuſt Judge, or Appius and Virginia.* But he never would ſuffer any of them to be printed, tho the *Amorous Widow* from a ſurreptitious Copy viſited the World after it had been acted almoſt 20 Years; but a true Copy will be added to this Book.

Being now ſeventy five Years of Age, and long troubled with the Stone and Gout, the latter at laſt, by repellatory Medicines, was driven into his Stomach, which prov'd ſo fatal as in a few Days to put an End to his Life. He was bury'd with great Decency at *Weſtminſter-Abby.*

The Year before his Death being at his Country Houſe in *Reading*, my Friend and I travelling that way, according to my Promiſe, I call'd to ſee him; and being Hoſpitably receiv'd, one Day after Dinner we retir'd to his Garden, and after a little Walk there, we fell into the Diſcourſe of *Acting.* Much was ſaid by my Friend againſt the preſent Players, and in Praiſe of thoſe of his younger Days, for he was an old Man. But being pretty well tired with the Diſpute as well as Walk, we ſate down in an agreeable

Shade,

Shade, and I addreſs'd my ſelf to Mr. *Betterton* in this manner.

I am ſenſible, that my Friend's Taſte of theſe Pleaſures was ſtronger in his Youth, than at this time, when the *Moroſeneſs* of Age rebates the Edge of our Appetites in more Pleaſures, than one: He would elſe allow that no Woman of his Time excelled Mrs. *Barry*, nor any Man your ſelf. I mean not to flatter you, (ſaid I, finding him a little uneaſy with my Compliment) for it is really my Opinion; but I muſt confeſs, I ſee but little Proſpect, that we have of the Stage's long ſurviving you two, at leaſt, in its moſt valuable part, *Tragedy*; for this excellent Poem loſes Ground every Day in the Eſteem of the Town; nor can I, by any means, attribute this entirely to the Want of Genius in our preſent Poets, ſince notwithſtanding that we muſt allow, that they are ſtill far from Perfection in *Tragedy*, yet we have ſeen much better Performances in that kind of late Years, than in the ſo much cried up Days of *Charles the Second*, when the Gayety of the Age made ſtrange indigeſted Things, under that Title, go down, in which there was neither *Nature*, nor her Handmaid Art. But I attribute this Diſregard to *Tragedy* chiefly to a Defect in the *Action*, to which we may add the Sowerneſs of our Tempers under the Preſſures of ſo long and heavy a War, and laſtly to an Abundance of odd Spectators, whom the Chance of War have enabled

to

to crowd the Pit and Stage-Boxes, and ſway too much by their Thoughtleſs and Arbitrary Cenſure, either to the Advantage or Prejudice of the *Author* and *Player*.

For as War carries abundance of peccant Humours from a State, generated by the Corruptions of a long and luxurious Peace; ſo does it introduce a ſort of Libertiniſm in our Diverſions, contrary to Decorum and Regularity; without which no Pleaſure can be truly noble. Another ill Effect of Warlike Times, is a Neglect of the politer Sciences of Peace, and a ſort of Barbariſm in our Guſto of all the fine Arts. To theſe add, the multiplying the Avenues to Wealth, whoſe Number increaſing, increaſe likewiſe the Number of thoſe, who are drawn into the Purſuit of Riches; which as it ſpreads a mean and private Spirit, of neceſſary Conſequence makes the Love of the Public more weak and languiſhing.

Nor is there any greater Proof of the Virtue or Corruption of the People, than their Pleaſures. Thus in the Time of the Vigour of the *Roman* Virtue, *Tragedy* was very much eſteem'd, its Dignity kept up, and the Decorum of the Stage ſo very nicely obſerv'd, that a Player's ſtanding out of his Order, or ſpeaking a falſe Quantity, was ſufficient for him to be hiſs'd off the Stage, as *Cicero* aſſures us in his 3d *Paradox* *.

* *Hiſtrio ſi paulo movit extra Numerum, aut ſi Verſus pronunciatus eſt Syllabâ una brevior aut longior exſibilatur & explodiţur.*

And

And when they gave us the moſt noble Examples of Virtue in their real Life, they were moſt pleas'd with the Repreſentation of noble Examples on the Stage; for People are delighted with what bears the greateſt Likeneſs to the Turn and Temperament of their own Minds. Thus when the *Roman* Virtue decay'd, or indeed was loſt with their Liberty, and they ſubſiſted and ſpread their Dominions more by the Merits of their Anceſtors, and the *Roman* Name, made terrible by them, than by their own Bravery, then Effeminacy and Folly ſpread through the People, which immediately appear'd in their Sports or Spectacles; *Tragedy* was ſlighted; Farce on the one hand, with its *Mimes* and *Pantomimes*; and *Opera* on the other, with its emaſculating Sounds, invade and vanquiſh the Stage, and drew the Ears and Eyes of the People; who now care only to laugh, or to ſee things extravagant and monſtrous.

I wiſh this may not be too much our own Caſe. But being unwilling to gueſs at a hidden Cauſe, when there is an apparent one, I chooſe rather to attribute this Decay of *Tragedy* to our want of *Tragedians*, and indeed *Tragic Poets*, than to the Corruption of the People; which, tho great enough, yet I hope not ſo deſperate, as what I have mention'd in the *Roman* State.

Tho I am of Opinion, (reply'd Mr. *Betterton*) that the Decay of the Stage is in great meaſure owing to the long Continuance of the War;

War; yet, I confeſs, I am afraid, that too much is deriv'd from the Defects of the Stage it ſelf. When I was a young Player under Sir *William Davenant*, we were under a much better Diſcipline, we were obliged to make our Study our Buſineſs, which our young Men do not think it their duty now to do; for they now ſcarce ever mind a Word of their Parts but only at *Rehearſals*, and come thither too often ſcarce recovered from their laſt Night's Debauch; when the Mind is not very capable of conſidering ſo calmly and judiciouſly on what they have to ſtudy, as to enter throughly into the Nature of the Part, or to conſider the Variation of the Voice, Looks, and Geſtures, which ſhould give them their true Beauty, many of them thinking the making a Noiſe renders them agreeable to the Audience, becauſe a few of the Upper-Gallery clap the loud Efforts of their Lungs, in which their Underſtanding has no ſhare. They think it a ſuperfluous Trouble to ſtudy real Excellence, which might rob them of what they fancy more, Midnight, or indeed whole Nights Debauches, and a lazy Remiſneſs in their Buſineſs.

Another Obſtacle to the Improvement of our young Players, is, that when they have not been admitted above a Month or two into the Company, tho their Education and former Buſineſs were never ſo foreign to *Acting*, they vainly imagine themſelves Maſters of that *Art*, which perfectly to attain, requires a ſtudious Application of a Man's whole Life. They take it there-

fore amiſs to have the Author give them any Inſtruction; and tho they know nothing of the Art of Poetry, will give their Cenſure, and neglect or mind a Part as they think the Author and his Part deſerves. Tho in this they are led by Fancy as blind as Ignorance can make it; and ſo wandring without any certain Rule of Judgment, generally favour the bad, and ſlight the good. Whereas it has always been mine and Mrs. *Barry*'s Practice to conſult e'en the moſt indifferent Poet in any Part we have thought fit to accept of; and I may ſay it of her, ſhe has often ſo exerted her ſelf in an indifferent Part, that her Acting has given Succeſs to ſuch Plays, as to read would turn a Man's Stomach; and tho I could never pretend to do ſo much Service that way as ſhe has done, yet I have never been wanting in my Endeavours. But while the young Gentlemen will think themſelves Maſters before they underſtand any one Point of their Art, and not give themſelves Leiſure and Time to ſtudy the *Graces of* ACTION *and* UTTERANCE, it is impoſſible that the Stage ſhould flouriſh, and advance in Perfection.

I am very ſenſible (ſaid I, finding that he had done) of the Juſtneſs of what you have ſaid, Sir, but am apt to believe much of thoſe Errors, which you remark proceed from want of Judgment in the Managers, in admitting People unqualified by Nature, and not providing ſuch Men to direct them, who underſtand the Art they ſhould be improv'd in. All other Arts People

are

are taught by Maſters skilful in them, but here Ignorance teaches it ſelf, or rather confirms it ſelf into the Confidence of Knowledge, by going on without any Rebuke. I have often wiſh'd, therefore, that ſome Men of good Senſe, and acquainted with the *Graces of Action* and *Speaking*, would lay down ſome Rules, by which the young Beginners might direct themſelves to that Perfection, which every body is ſenſible is extremely (and perhaps always has been) wanted on our Stage. And tho you have not had the Benefit of ſuch an Education in the learned Languages, as ſome Men may have had, yet ſince you have read much in *French*, and your own Mother Tongue, by the Aſſiſtance of which Languages all Knowledge may now be obtain'd, and have beſides a confeſs'd Genius, and a long practice in the Art, I wiſh I could prevail with you to deliver your Sentiments on this Head, ſo that from them we might form a Syſtem of *Acting*, which might be a Rule to future Players, and teach them to excel not only themſelves, but thoſe who have gone before them.

Were I, Sir, (reply'd he with a graceful Modeſty) as capable as you would perſuade me that you think me, I ſhould eaſily be prevail'd with to communicate my Notions on this Head; but being ſenſible of my Incapacity, for the very Reaſons you have mention'd, of my Ignorance of the learned Tongues, I muſt be excus'd; yet not to diſappoint you entirely, I ſhall fetch you a Manuſcript on this Head, written by a Friend

of mine, to which I confeſs I contributed all, that I was able; which if well perus'd, and throughly weigh'd, I perſuade my ſelf our Stage would riſe and not fall in Reputation.

On this he went into his Houſe, and after a little Stay return'd to us with ſome looſe Papers, which I knew to be his own Hand; and being ſeated, after a Glaſs of Wine about, he thus began.

Being to treat of the Art of Playing, and the Duty and Qualifications of Actors, I think it will be no improper Method firſt to conſider, What Regard an Actor ought to have to his Conduct off the Stage, before we treat of what he is to do upon it.

I have not found in all the Clamours againſt the Stage, any one that denies the Uſefulneſs of the *Drama*, if juſtly manag'd; nay, Mr. *Collier* the moſt formidable Enemy of this Diverſion, (tho his *Proto-Martyr*, Archbiſhop *Laud*, contended ſo violently for the Book of Sports, and Plays were acted at Court, in the Time of the Royal Martyr, even on *Sundays*) does allow, that the Wit of Man cannot invent any more efficacious means of encouraging Virtue, and depreſſing of Vice.

Hence I believe it is evident, that they ſuppoſe the Moral Leſſons, which the Stage preſents, may make the greateſt Impreſſions on the Minds of the Audience; becauſe the Inſtruction is convey'd with Pleaſure, and by the Miniſtration of the Paſſions, which always have a ſtronger

ſtronger Remembrance, than the calmer Precepts of Reaſon.

But then I think there is no manner of doubt but that the Lives and Characters of thoſe Perſons, who are the Vehicles, as I may call them, of theſe Inſtructions, muſt contribute very much to the Impreſſion the Fable and Moral will make. For to hear Virtue, Religion, Honour recommended by a Proſtitute, an Atheiſt, or a Rake, makes them a Jeſt to many People, who would hear the ſame done with Awe by Perſons of known Reputation in thoſe Particulars. Look but into Religion it ſelf, and ſee how little the Words and Sermons of a known Drunkard, or Debauchee affect his Pariſhioners; and what an Influence a Divine of a pious and regular Life has on his Congregation, his Virtues preparing them to hear him with Reſpect, and to believe him as a Man whoſe Actions call not his Faith into doubt. Tho' the Pulpit muſt be allow'd to be the more ſacred Place, as diſpenſing the moſt holy Myſteries of the Chriſtian Religion; yet ſince the Goſpel conſiſts of the *Agenda* as well as *Credenda*, of Practice as well as Belief, and ſince the Practice is ſo forcibly recommended from the Stage by a purifying our Paſſions, and the Conveyance of Delight, the Stage may properly be eſteem'd the Handmaid of the Pulpit.

For this Reaſon, I firſt recommend to our Players, both Male and Female, the greateſt and moſt nice Care of their Reputation imaginable;

for on that their Authority with the People depends and on their Authority in great measure their Influence. They should consider, that the Infamy, that the Profession lies under is not deriv'd from the Business, which is truly valuable and noble; that the Players in *Athens* were honourable, and so highly esteem'd, that they were sometimes Ambassadors, and the Masters to two of the most noble and glorious Orators that ever *Greece* or *Rome* produc'd; I mean, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, as we shall immediately see; that in *Rome* it self, where the Stage had a more disadvantageous Rise, than in *Athens*, *Cicero* looks on it as such a piece of Ill-breeding and Barbarism not to grieve for the Death of old *Roscius*, that he could suppose no Noble-man of *Rome* or Commoner could be guilty of. He likewise calls it *an excellent Art.* All which is a sufficient Proof, that the Business it self was never infamous in either of those two Cities; nor could be here, if the Professors of it by their own loose Lives, by an open Contempt of Religion, and making Blasphemy and Profaneness the Marks of their Wit and good Breeding; by an undisguis'd Debauchery and Drunkenness, coming on the very Stage, in Contempt of the Audience, when they are scarce able to speak a Word; by having little Regard to the Ties of Honour and Common Honesty: to say nothing of the Irregularities of the Ladies, which rob them of that Deference and Respect, that their Accomplishments of Person would else command from

their

their Beholders, eſpecially when ſet off to ſuch an Advantage as the Stage ſupplies in the Improvement of the Mind and Perſon.

This is an Evil, which, tho in the Mouths of half the Town, yet to tell thoſe, who know themſelves guilty of it, is an Affront never to be forgiven; ſo much more fond are they of defending their Follies, than of removing them, tho to their own Advantage; and ſo much in Love ſeem they with Infamy more, than a general Reſpect and Reputation. Mr. *Harrington* in his *Oceana*, propoſing ſomething about a regulated Theatre, would have all Women, who have ſuffer'd any Blemiſh in their Reputation, excluded the Sight of the Play, by that means to deter Women from Lewdneſs, while by that they loſt the Benefit of Public Diverſions. If this were puſh'd farther, and all Ladies of the Houſe immediately diſcarded on the Diſcovery of their Follies of that Nature, I dare believe, that they would ſooner get Husbands, and the Theatre loſe Abundance of that Scandal it now lies under.

Nor is this ſo hard a Task but even our Times, as corrupt as they are, have given us Examples of Virtue in our Stage Ladies. I ſhall not name them, becauſe I would draw no Cenſure on thoſe, who are not nam'd.

From what I have ſaid I believe it is plain, that I wiſh ſuch a Reformation of the People of the Stage, as would render it more reputable than it is at this Time. I would have no Man

of it a common *Drunkard*, public *Debauchee*; nor ſo fond of his own Opinion, as to imagine that a dull Ridicule on things ſacred will paſs for Wit with any Man of Senſe or Probity; nor would I have him thunder out a Volley of Oaths and Execrations to ſupply the Emptineſs of his Diſcourſe, with a Noiſe that is offenſive to all Mens Ears, who are not daily converſant with the Refuſe of Mankind, but acquainted with good Manners and good Breeding; nor to be vain of owing a great Deal, becauſe by Tricks and expenſive Evaſions they can keep a Man from his lawful Debts, tho they might pay them with half the Money. In ſhort, I would have them keep a handſome Appearance with the World; to be really virtuous if they can, if not, at leaſt, not to be publickly abandon'd to Follies and Vices, which render them contemptible to all; that they would live within the Compaſs of what their Buſineſs affords them, and then they would have more Leiſure to ſtudy their Parts, raiſe their Reputation, and Salaries the ſooner, and meet with Reſpect from all Men of Honeſty and Senſe.

The Ladies likewiſe ſhould ſet a peculiar Guard on their Actions, and remember, that tho it may happen, that their parting with their Honour, and ſetting up for Creatures of Prey on all that addreſs to them, may bring them in mercenary Advantages, yet that by keeping their Reputation entire, they heighten their Beauties, and would infallibly arrive at

more

more Happineſs (if not Wealth) in Marriages; which they can never find in making themſelves ſubject to the Inſults of Rakes, and Infirmities of Debauchees, and other Slaveries and Evils not proper to mention, which the Virtuous are free from, admir'd and ador'd by all.

Thus much I thought was proper for me to ſay on the Conduct of our Players, Male and Female, off the Stage; which is a Leſſon as well worth their learning as any I ſhall deliver.

Tho theſe are Duties which ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to make our *Players* ſhine, and draw that Reſpect from the People, which now they want, yet are not theſe ſufficient to make a good *Actor*; but there are other Leſſons to be learn'd for his Qualifications on the Stage.

From his very Name we may derive his Duty, he is call'd an *Actor*, and his Excellence conſiſts in *Action* and Speaking: The *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* did all by Geſture, and the Action of Hands, Legs, and Feet, without making uſe of the Tongue in uttering any Sentiments or Sounds; ſo that they were ſomething like our *dumb Shows*, with this difference, one *Pantomime* expreſſed ſeveral Perſons, and that to the Tunes of Muſical Inſtruments; the dumb Shows made uſe of ſeveral Perſons to expreſs the Deſign of the Play as a ſilent Action; and the Nature of this is beſt expreſs'd in *Hamlet*, before the Entrance of his Players in the third Act.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly, the Queen embracing him; ſhe kneels, and makes

ſhew of Proteſtation unto him; he takes her up, and declines his Head on her Neck. Lays him down on a Bed of Flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours Poiſon into the King's Ear, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poiſoner with two or three Mutes comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her; the dead Body is carry'd away. The Poiſoner woes the Queen with Gifts; ſhe ſeems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his Love.

I only repeat this to ſhew the manner of the old Time, and what they meant by dumb Shows, which *Shakeſpear* himſelf condemns in this very Play, when *Hamlet* ſays to the Players,—" O! it " offends me to the Soul to ſee a robuſtuous Per- " riwig-pated Fellow tear a Paſſion to tatters, to " very Raggs, to ſplit the Ears of the *Groundlings*, " who (for the moſt part) are capable of no- " thing but *inexplicable dumb Shows* and Noiſe---

But the *Pantomimes* or *Roman* Dancers expreſſed all this in one Perſon, as we have it in Mr. *Mayne*'s *Lucian*; where *Demetrius* the *Cynic* Philoſopher railing againſt Dancing, is invited by one of them in the Time of *Nero*, to ſee him perform without either Pipe or Flute, and did ſo; " for having impos'd Silence on the Inſtru- " ments, he by himſelf danc'd the Adultery of " *Mars* and *Venus*, the *Sun* betraying them, and " *Vulcan* plotting, and catching them in a Wire " Net; then every God, who was ſeverally

" Specta-

" Spectator; then *Venus* bluſhing, and *Mars*
" beſeeching; in a Word, he acted the whole
" Fable ſo well, that *Demetrius* much pleas'd
" with the Spectacle, as the greateſt Praiſe, that
" could be beſtow'd upon him, cry'd out in a
" loud Voice, I *hear* my Friend, what you *act*;
" nor do I only ſee them, but methinks you
" ſpeak with your Hands.

This Inſtance not only ſhews the Difference of theſe *Pantomimes* from our old dumb Shews, but the Power of *Action*, which a *Player* ought to ſtudy with his utmoſt Application. The Orator at the Bar, and in the Pulpit, ought to underſtand the Art of Speaking perfectly well; but *Action* can never be in its Perfection but on the Stage, and in our Time the Pulpit and the Bar have left off even that graceful Action, which was neceſſary to the Buſineſs of thoſe Places, and gave a juſt Weight and Grace to the Words they uttered. And I wonder that our Miniſters do not a little more conſider this Point, and reflect, that they ſpeak to the People as much as the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*; and what Influence Action had on them, will be evident from ſome Inſtances we ſhall give in their proper Places.

ACTION indeed has a natural Excellence in it, ſuperiour to all other Qualities; *Action* is *Motion*, and Motion is the Support of Nature, which without it would again ſink into the ſluggiſh Maſs of Chaos. Motion in the various and regular Dances of the Planets ſurprizes and delights: Life is Motion, and when that ceaſes, the

the Humane Body ſo beautiful, nay, ſo divine when enlivened by Motion, becomes a dead and putrid Coarſe, from which all turn their Eyes. The Eye is caught by any thing in Motion, but paſſes over the ſluggiſh and motionleſs things as not the pleaſing Objects of its View.

This Natural Power of *Motion* or *Action* is the Reaſon, that the Attention of the Audience is fixt by any irregular or even fantaſtic Action on the Stage of the moſt indifferent Player; and ſupine and drowſy, when the beſt Actor ſpeaks without the Addition of *Action.*

'Twas the Skill the ancient Players of *Athens* and *Rome* had in this, which made them not only ſo much admir'd by the Great Men of thoſe Times and Places, but rais'd them to the Reputation of being Maſters of two of the greateſt Orators that *Athens* or *Rome* ever ſaw; and who had it not been for the Inſtructions of the Actors *Satyrus*, *Roſcius*, and *Æſopus*, had never been able to convey their admirable Parts to the World.

Demoſthenes being, after many unſucceſsful Attempts, one Time exploded the Aſſembly, went home with his Head muffled up in his Cloak, very much affected with the Diſgrace; in this Condition *Satyrus* the Actor follow'd him, being his intimate Acquaintance, and fell into Diſcourſe with him. *Demoſthenes* having bemoan'd himſelf to him, and his Misfortune, that having been the moſt induſtrious of the Pleaders, and having ſpent almoſt the whole

Strength

Strength and Vigour of his Body in that Employment, yet could he not render himself acceptable to the People; That Drunkards, Tarpaulins, Sots, and illiterate Fellows found so favourable a Hearing, as to possess the Pulpit, while he himself was despis'd. What you say (replied *Satyrus*) is very true, but I will soon remove the Cause of all this, if you will repeat some Verses to me out of *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*. When *Demosthenes* had pronounc'd after his way, *Satyrus* presently repeating the same Verses with their proper Tone, Mien, and Gesture, gave such a Turn to them, that *Demosthenes* himself perceiv'd they had quite another Appearance. By which being convinc'd how much Grace and Ornament accrues to Speech by a proper and due Action, he began to think it of little Consequence for a Man to exercise himself in declaiming, if he neglected the just Pronunciation or Decency of Speaking. Upon this he built himself a Place under ground (which remain'd in the Time of *Plutarch*) whither he retir'd every Day to form his Action, and exercise his Voice. To shew what Pains this great Man took as an Example to our young Actors, who think not themselves oblig'd to take any at all, I shall proceed with *Plutarch*. In his House he had a great Looking-Glass, before which he would stand and repeat his Orations, by that means observing how far his Action and Gesture were graceful or unbecoming.

The

The ſame *Demoſthenes*, when a Client came to him on an Aſſault and Battery; he at large gave him an Account of what Blows he had receiv'd from his Adverſary, but in ſo calm and unconcern'd a manner, that *Demoſthenes* ſaid, Surely my good Friend thou haſt not ſuffer'd any one thing of what thou makeſt thy Complaint: Upon which his Client warm'd, cry'd aloud—— *How* Demoſthenes? *Have I ſuffer'd nothing?* Ay marry, replies he, now I hear the Voice of a Man that has been injur'd and beaten. Of ſo great Conſequence did he think the Tone and Action of the Speaker towards the gaining Belief.

This was the Caſe of *Demoſthenes*, as *Plutarch* aſſures us, (if I may credit the Tranſlation, as without doubt I may;) and that of *Cicero* was not much different—— At firſt (ſays *Plutarch*) he was, as well as *Demoſthenes*, very defective in Action, and therefore he diligently apply'd himſelf to *Roſcius* the Comedian ſometimes, and ſometimes to *Æſopus* the Tragedian. And ſuch afterwards was the Action of *Cicero*, that it did not a little contribute to make his Eloquence perſuaſive; deriding the Rhetoricians of his Time, for delivering their Orations with ſo much Noiſe and Bawling, ſaying, that it was their want of Ability to ſpeak, which made them have Recourſe to bellowing, as lame People who cannot walk, get on Horſe-back and ride.

The ſame might be ſaid to many of our bawling Actors, of which number *Æſopus* was not, yet ſo poſſeſſed with his Part, that he took his acting to be ſo real, and not a Repreſentation, that whilſt he was on the Stage repreſenting *Atreus* deliberating on the Revenge of *Thyeſtes*, he was ſo tranſported beyond himſelf, that he ſmote one of the Servants haſtily croſſing the Stage, and laid him dead on the Place.

But my Lord *Bacon*, in his *Advancement of Learning*, gives us a Hiſtory from the *Annals* of *Tacitus*, of one *Vibulenus*, formerly an Actor on the Stage, but at that time a common Soldier in the *Pannonian* Garriſons; which is a wonderful Inſtance of the Power of Action, and what Force it adds to the Words. The Account is this.

This Fellow, on the Death of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, had rais'd a Mutiny, ſo that *Blæſus* the Lieutenant committed ſome of the Mutineers to Priſon; but the Soldiers violently broke open the Priſon-Gates, and ſet their Comrades at Liberty; and this *Vibulenus*, in a Tribunitial Speech to the Soldiers, begins in this manner—— "You "have given Life and Light to theſe poor in- "nocent Wretches—— but who reſtores my "Brother to me, or Life to my Brother? Who "was ſent hither with a Meſſage from the Le- "gions of *Germany* to treat of the common "Cauſe; and this very laſt Night has he mur- "der'd him by ſome of his Gladiators, ſome "of his Bravo's, whom he keeps about him

" to be the Murderers of the Soldiers. Anſwer,
" *Blæſus*, where haſt thou thrown his Body;
" the moſt mortal Enemies deny not Burial to
" the dead Enemy: When to his Corps I have
" perform'd my laſt Duties in Kiſſes, and flow-
" ing with Tears, command me to be ſlain at
" his Side, ſo that theſe our Fellow-Soldiers
" may have leave to bury us.—— He put the Army into ſuch a Ferment and Fury by this Speech, that if it had not immediately been made appear, that there was no ſuch Matter, that he never had any Brother, the Soldiers would hardly have ſpar'd the Lieutenant's Life; for he acted it as if it had been ſome Interlude on the Stage.

There is not ſo great a Pathos in the Words uttered by the Soldier, as to ſtir the Army into ſo very great a Ferment, they muſt therefore receive almoſt their whole Force from a moſt moving and pathetic Action, in which his Eyes, Hands, and Voice join'd in a moſt lively Expreſſion of his Miſery and of his Loſs. 'Tis true that, when an Army is tumultuous in it ſelf, it is no difficult matter to run them into Madneſs; but then it muſt be done by ſome, who either by their former Intereſt there, had purchas'd an Opinion among them, or ſome one who by the Artfulneſs of his Addreſs ſhould touch their Souls, and ſo engage them to what he pleaſes. The later I take to be our Caſe in *Vibulenus*, who by the Advantage of his Skill in Action recommended himſelf and his ſuppoſi-

titious

titious Cauſe ſo effectually to them, as to make the General run a great hazard of his Life for an imaginary Murder.

This has made ſome of the old Orators give the ſole Power and ſovereign Command in Speech to Action, as I have read in ſome of thoſe learned Men who have treated of this Subject in *Engliſh* and *French*. And I am perſuaded, that our Parſons would move their Hearers far more, if they added but graceful Action to loud Speaking. This often ſets off indifferent Matter, and makes a Man of little Skill in any other Part of Oratory, paſs for the moſt eloquent; this, I have read, was the Caſe of *Trachallus*, who tho none of the beſt Orators of his Time for the Compoſition and Writing part, yet excell'd all the Pleaders of that Age, his Appearance and Delivery was ſo plauſible and pleaſing. The Statelineſs of his Perſon and Port, the Sparkling of his Eyes, the Majeſty of his Looks, and the Beauty of his Mien; and his *Voice* added to theſe Qualities, which not only for Gravity and Compoſedneſs came up to that of a *Tragedian*, but even excell'd any Actors, that ever yet trod the Stage, as my Author aſſures us from *Quintilian*. *Philiſtus*, on the other hand, for want of theſe Advantages of Utterance, loſt all the Beauty and Force of his Pleadings, tho for Language and the Art of Compoſition excell'd all the *Greeks* of his Time.

The ſame Advantage of *Pericles* and *Hortenſius*, with this difference, *Hortenſius* aſcrib'd all

the Succeſs of his Pleadings to the Merit of the Writing, and convinc'd the World of his Error by publiſhing his Orations; *Pericles*, tho 'tis ſaid he had the Goddeſs Perſuaſion on his Lips, and that he thundred and lightned in an Aſſembly, and made all *Greece* tremble when he ſpoke, yet would never publiſh any of his Orations, becauſe their Excellency lay in the ACTION.

What I have ſaid here of *Action* in general, and the particular Examples I have given of it, is I believe ſufficient to ſatisfy any one, that is ſtudious of Excellence on the Stage, that it ought to be his chief Aim and Application. But next to this is the Art of Speaking, in which alſo a Player ought to be perfectly skill'd; for as a learned Country-man of ours obſerves——

" The Operation of Speech is ſtrong, not only " for the Reaſon or Wit therein contained, but " by its Sound. For in all good Speech there " is a ſort of Muſic, with Reſpect to its Mea- " ſure, Time and Tune. Every well-meaſur'd " Sentence is proportional three ways, in all its " Parts to the Sentences, and to what it is in- " tended to expreſs, and all Words that have " Time allow'd to their Syllables, as is ſuitable " to the Letters whereof they conſiſt, and to " the Order, in which they ſtand in a Sentence. " Nor are Words without their Tune or Notes " even in common Talk, which together com- " poſe that Tune, which is proper to every Sen- " tence, and may be prick'd down as well as " any muſical Tune: only in the Tunes of

" Speech

" Speech the Notes have much leſs Variety, " and have all a ſhort Time. With Reſpect al- " ſo to Time and Meaſure, the Poetic is leſs " various and therefore leſs powerful, than that " of Oratory; the former being like that of a " ſhort Country Song repeated to the End of the " Poem, but that of *Oratory* is vary'd all along, " like the Diviſions, which a skilful Muſician " runs upon a Lute.

He proceeds to our former Conſideration, ſaying —— " The Behaviour and Geſture is alſo of " Force; as in Oratory ſo in Converſe, conſiſt- " ing of almoſt as many Motions, as there are " moveable Parts of the Body, all made with " a certain agreeable Meaſure between one an- " other, and at the ſame time anſwerable to " that of Speech, which when eaſy and unaf- " fected is becoming.

A Maſtery in theſe two Parts is what compleats an Actor: And I hope the Rules I ſhall give for both will be of Uſe to ſuch as have truly a Genius for this *Art*; the Rules of which, like thoſe of Poetry, are only for thoſe, who have a Genius, and are not perfectly to be underſtood by thoſe, who have not.

To begin therefore with *Action*, the Player is to conſider, that it is not every rude and undeſigning *Action*, that is his Buſineſs, for that is what the Ignorant as well as skilful may have, nor can indeed want: But the Action of a Player is that, which is agreeable to Perſonation, or the Subject he repreſents. Now what he repreſents

is Man in his various Characters, Manners, and Paſſions, and to theſe Heads he muſt adjuſt every Action; he muſt perfectly expreſs the Quality and Manners of the Man, whoſe Perſon he aſſumes, that is, he muſt know how his Manners are compounded, and from thence know the ſeveral Features, as I may call 'em, of his Paſſions. A Patriot, a Prince, a Beggar, a Clown, *&c.* muſt each have their Propriety, and Diſtinction in Action as well as Words and Language. An *Actor* therefore muſt vary with his Argument, that is, carry the Perſon in all his Manners and Qualities with him in every Action and Paſſion; he muſt transform himſelf into every Perſon he repreſents, ſince he is to act all ſorts of Actions and Paſſions. Sometimes he is to be a Lover, and know not only all the ſoft and tender Addreſſes of one, but what are proper to the Character, that is in Love, whether he be a Prince or a Peaſant, a hot and fiery Man or of more moderate and flegmatick Conſtitution, and even the Degrees of the Paſſion he is poſſeſſed with. Sometimes he is to repreſent a choleric, hot and jealous Man, and then he muſt be throughly acquainted with all the Motions and Sentiments productive of thoſe Motions of the Feet, Hands, and Looks of ſuch a Perſon in ſuch Circumſtances. Sometimes he is a Perſon all dejected and bending under the Extremities of Grief and Sorrow; which changes the whole Form and Appearance of him in the Repreſentation, as it does really in Nature. Sometimes

times he is distracted, and here Nature will teach him, that his Action has always something wild and irregular, tho even that regularly; that his Eyes, his Looks or Countenance, Motions of Body, Hands and Feet, be all of a Piece, and that he never falls into the indifferent State of Calmness and Unconcern. As he now represents *Achilles*, then *Æneas*, another Time *Hamlet*, then *Alexander* the Great and *Oedipus*, he ought to know perfectly well the Characters of all these Heroes, the very same Passions differing in the different Heroes as their Characters differ: The Courage of *Æneas*, for Example, of it self was sedate and temperate, and always attended with good Nature; that of *Turnus* join'd with Fury, yet accompany'd with Generosity and Greatness of Mind. The Valour of *Mezentius* was savage and cruel; he has no Fury but Fierceness, which is not a Passion but Habit, and nothing but the Effect of Fury cool'd into a very keen Hatred, and an inveterate Malice. *Turnus* seems to fight to appease his Anger, *Mezentius* to satisfy his Revenge, his Malice and barbarous Thirst of Blood. *Turnus* goes to the Field with Grief, which always attended Anger, whereas *Mezentius* destroys with a barbarous Joy; he's so far from Fury, that he is hard to be provoked to common Anger; who calmly killing *Ondes*, grows but half angry at his Threats;

At whom Mezentius *smiling with a mingl'd Ire.*

Thus, 'tis plain, he has not the Fury of *Turnus*, but a Barbarity peculiar to himself, and a savage Fierceness, according to his Character in the tenth Book of *Virgil*.

To know these different Characters of established Heroes, the Actor need only be acquainted with the Poets, who write of them; if the Poet who introduces them in his Play have not sufficiently distinguish'd them. But to know the different Compositions of the Manners, and the Passions springing from those Manners, he ought to have an Insight into Moral Philosophy, for they produce various Appearances in the Looks and Actions, according to their various Mixtures. For that the very same Passion has various Appearances, is plain from the History Painters, who have followed Nature. Thus *Jordan* of *Antwerp*, in a Piece of our Saviour's being taken from the Cross, which is now in his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Hands, the Passion of Grief is express'd with a wonderful Variety; the Grief of the Virgin Mother is in all the Extremity of Agony, that is consistent with Life, nay indeed that leaves scarce any Signs of remaining Life in her; that of St. *Mary Magdalen* is an extreme Grief, but mingled with Love and Tenderness, which she always expressed after her Conversion for our blessed Lord; then the Grief of St. *John* the Evangelist is strong but manly, and mixt with the Tenderness of perfect Friendship; and that of *Joseph* of *Arimathea* suitable to his Years and Love for

Christ,

Chriſt, more ſolemn, more contracted in himſelf, and yet forcing an Appearance in his Looks. *Coypel*'s Sacrifice of *Jeptha*'s Daughter has not unluckily expreſs'd a great Variety of this ſame Paſſion. The Hiſtory Painters indeed have obſerv'd a Decorum in their Pieces, which wants to be introduc'd on our Stage; for there is never any Perſon on the Cloth, who has not a Concern in the Action. All the very Slaves in *Le Brun*'s Tent of *Darius* participate of the grand Concern of *Siſigambis Statira*, &c. This would render the Repreſentation extremely ſolemn and beautiful; but on the Stage, not only the Supernumeraries, as they call them, or Attendants, mind nothing of the great Concern of the Scene, but even the Actors themſelves, who are on the Stage, and not in the very principal Parts, ſhall be whiſpering to one another, or bowing to their Friends in the Pit, or gazing about. But if they made Playing their Study, (or had indeed a Genius to their Art) as it is their Buſineſs, they would not only not be guilty of theſe Abſurdities, but would, like *Le Brun*, obſerve Nature where-ever they found it offer any thing that could contribute to their Perfection. For he was often ſeen to mind a Quarrel in the Street betwixt various People, and there not only obſerve the ſeveral Degrees of the Paſſion of Anger riſing in the Quarrel, and their different Receſs, but the diſtinct Expreſſions of it in every Face that was concern'd.

Our Stage at the beſt indeed is but a very cold Repreſentation, ſupported by loud prompting, to the eternal Diſguſt of the Audience, and ſpoiling the Decorum of the Repreſentation; for an imperfect Actor affronts the Audience, and betrays his own Demerits. I muſt ſay this in the Praiſe of Mr. *Wilks*, he always takes Care to give the Promptor little Trouble, and never wrongs the Poet by putting in any thing of his own; a Fault, which ſome applaud themſelves for, tho they deſerve a ſevere Puniſhment for their equal Folly and Impudence. They forget *Hamlet*'s Advice to the Players—— *And let thoſe who play your Clowns ſpeak no more, than is ſet down for them; for there be of them that will of themſelves laugh to ſet on ſome Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; tho in the mean time ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſider'd. That's* VILLANOUS, *and ſhews a moſt* PITIFUL *Ambition in the* FOOL *that uſes it.* This is too frequently done by ſome of our popular but half Comedians. But it is, I think, a greater Fault in a *Tragedian*, who through his Imperfectneſs in his Part ſhall ſpeak on any Stuff, that comes in his Head, which muſt infallibly prejudice the true Expreſſion of the Buſineſs of the Play, let it be Paſſion, Deſcription, or Narration. But notwithſtanding this Supinity in general of too many of our modern Players, we have ſometimes ſome of them who are in earneſt; for I remember I once ſaw Mr. *Benjamin Johnſon* (our preſent *Roſcius*) act

Numphs

Numphs with ſuch an Engagement in the Part, that I could not perſuade my ſelf, that it was acting but the Reality; tho this often depends on the Poet in his furniſhing his Characters with Matter enough to engage the Player to enter entirely into it, but a good Player will help out an indifferent Poet.

But this Addreſs in the Performance can never be obtain'd without the laſt Degree of Perfectneſs, for without that the Player can never be free from the Apprehenſion of being out. Among thoſe Players, who ſeem always to be in earneſt, I muſt not omit the Principal, the incomparable Mrs. *Barry*; her Action is always juſt, and produc'd naturally by the Sentiments of the Part, which ſhe acts, and ſhe every where obſerves thoſe Rules preſcrib'd to the Poets by *Horace*, and which equally reach the Actors.

We weep and laugh as we ſee others do,
He only makes me ſad, who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf; *Then* Telephus
I feel the Weight of your Calamities,
And fancy all your Miſeries my own;
But if you ACT *them ill I ſleep or laugh.*
Your Look muſt needs alter as your Subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſerene.
For Nature forms and ſoftens us within,
And writes our Fortune's Changes in our Face.
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous Rage tranſports,
And Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul;
And theſe are all interpreted by Speech.

But he, whoſe Words and Fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpity'd grows a public Jeſt.
Lord *Roſcommon*'s Tranſlation.

She indeed always enters into her Part, and is the Perſon ſhe repreſents. Thus I have heard her ſay, that ſhe never ſaid, *Ah! poor* Caſtalio! in the *Orphan*, without weeping. And I have frequently obſerv'd her change her Countenance ſeveral Times as the Diſcourſe of others on the Stage have affected her in the Part ſhe acted. This is being throughly concern'd, this is to know her Part, this is to expreſs the Paſſions in the Countenance and Geſture.

The Stage ought to be the Seat of Paſſion in its various kinds, and therefore the Actor ought to be throughly acquainted with the whole Nature of the Affections, and Habits of the Mind, or elſe he will never be able to expreſs them juſtly in his Looks and Geſtures, as well as in the Tone of his Voice, and manner of Utterance. They muſt know them in their various Mixtures, and as they are differently blended together in the different Characters they repreſent; and then that Rule of the preſent Duke of *Buckingham* will be of uſe to the Player as well as Poet.

———*For they muſt look within to find*
Thoſe ſecret Turns of Nature in the Mind;
Without this Part in vain wou'd be the whole,
And but a Body all without a Soul.

Then

Then that Conduct of the other Hopes of the *Engliſh* Stage, Mrs. *Bradſhaw*, (of whom we might ſay in Acting, as one ſaid of *Taſſo* in Poetry, that if he was not the beſt Poet, he had hindred *Virgil* from being the only Poet; ſo that if ſhe be not the beſt Actreſs the Stage has known, ſhe has hindred Mrs. *Barry* from being the only Actreſs) would certainly be very juſt; for a Friend of mine diſcourſing with her of the Action of the Stage, ſhe told him, *that ſhe endeavour'd firſt to make her ſelf Miſtreſs of her Part, and left the Figure and Action to Nature.*

Tho a great Genius may do this, yet Art muſt be conſulted in the Study of the larger Share of the Profeſſors of this Art; and we find ſo great a Man as *Demoſthenes* perfected himſelf by conſulting the Gracefulneſs of the Figure in his Glaſs: And to expreſs Nature juſtly, one muſt be Maſter of Nature in all its Appearances, which can only be drawn from Obſervation, which will tell us, that the Paſſions and Habits of the Mind diſcover themſelves in our Looks, Actions and Geſtures.

Thus we find a rolling Eye that is quick and inconſtant in its Motion, argues a quick but light Wit; a hot and choleric Complexion, with an inconſtant and impatient Mind; and in a Woman it gives a ſtrong Proof of Wantonneſs and Immodeſty. Heavy dull Eyes a dull Mind, and a Difficulty of Conception. For this Reaſon we obſerve, that all or moſt People in Years,

Years, ſick Men, and Perſons of a flegmatic Conſtitution are ſlow in the turning of their Eyes.

That extreme Propenſion to Winking in ſome Eyes, proceed from a Soul very ſubject to Fear, arguing a Weakneſs of Spirit, and a feeble Diſpoſition of the Eye-lids.

A bold ſtaring Eye, that fixes on a Man, proceeds either from a blockiſh Stupidity, as in Ruſticks; Impudence, as in Malicious Perſons; Prudence, as in thoſe in Authority, or Incontinence as in lewd Women.

Eyes enflam'd and fiery are the genuine Effect of Choler and Anger; Eyes quiet, and calm with a ſecret kind of Grace and Pleaſantneſs are the Offspring of Love and Friendſhip.

Thus the Voice, when loud, diſcovers Wrath and Indignation of Mind, and a ſmall trembling Voice proceeds from Fear.

In like manner, to uſe no Actions or Geſtures in Diſcourſe, is a Sign of a heavy and ſlow Diſpoſition, as too much Geſticulation proceeds from Lightneſs; and a Mean betwixt both is the Effect of Wiſdom and Gravity; and if it be not too quick, it denotes Magnanimity. Some are perpetually fidling about their Cloaths, ſo that they ſcarce are dreſs'd till they go to Bed, which is an Argument of a childiſh and empty Mind.

Some caſt their Heads from one ſide to the other wantonly and lightly, the true Effect of Folly and Inconſtancy. Others think it eſſential

to

to Prayer, to writh and wreſt their Necks about, which is a Proof of Hypocriſy, Superſtition, or Fooliſhneſs. Some are wholly taken up in viewing themſelves, the Proportion of their Limbs, Features of their Faces, and Gracefulneſs of Mien; which proceeds from Pride, and a vain Complaiſance in themſelves; of this number are Coquets.

In this manner I might run through all the Natural Actions, that are to be found in Men of different Tempers. Yet not to diſmiſs the Point without a fuller Reflection, I ſhall ſubjoin here the Signification of the various Natural Geſtures from a Manuſcript of a Friend of mine, which he aſſur'd me was taken from a learned Jeſuit who wrote on this Subject.

Every Paſſion or Emotion of the Mind has from Nature its proper and peculiar Countenance, Sound and Geſture; and the whole Body of Man, all his Looks, and every Sound of his Voice, like Strings on an Inſtrument, receive their Sounds from the various Impulſe of the Paſſions.

The Demiſſion or hanging down of the Head is the Conſequence of Grief and Sorrow. And this therefore is a Poſture and Manner obſerv'd in the Deprecations of the Divine Anger, and on ſuch occaſions ought to be obſerv'd in the Imitations of thoſe things.

A lifting or toſſing up of the Head is the Geſture of Pride and Arrogance. Carrying the Head aloft is the ſign of Joy, Victory and Triumph.

A hard and bold Front, or Fore-head is look'd on as a Mark of Obſtinacy, Contumacy, Perfidiouſneſs and Impudence.

The Soul is moſt viſible in the Eyes, as being, according to one, the perfect Images of the Mind; and, as *Pliny* ſays, they burn, yet diſſolve in Floods; they dart their Beams on Objects, and ſeem not to ſee them; and when we kiſs the Eyes, we ſeem to touch the very Soul.

Eyes lifted on high ſhew Arrogance and Pride, but caſt down expreſs Humbleneſs of Mind: Yet we lift up our Eyes when we addreſs our ſelves in Prayer to God, and aſk any thing of him.

Lifting in vain his burning Eyes to Heav'n.
Virgil.

Denial, Averſion, Nauſeating, Diſſimulation, and Neglect, are expreſs'd by a turning away of the Eyes.

A frequent Winking, or tremulous Motion of the Eyes, argues malicious Manners, and perverſe and noxious Thought and Inclinations.

Eyes drown'd in Tears diſcover the moſt vehement and cruel Grief, which is not capable of Eaſe ev'n from Tears themſelves.

To raiſe our Eyes to any thing or Perſon, is an Argument of our Attention to them with Deſire.

The Hand put on the Mouth is a Token of Silence by Conviction, and is a Ceremony of the Heathen Adoration.

The

The Contraction of the Lips and the ſcant Look of the Eyes expreſſes the Geſture of a diriding and malicious Perſon. Shewing the Teeth, and ſtreightening the Lips on them, ſhews Indignation and Anger.

To turn the whole Face to any thing is the Geſture of one, who attends and has a peculiar Regard to that one thing. To bend the Countenance downward argues Conſciouſneſs and Guilt; and, on the contrary, to lift up the Face is a Sign of a good Conſcience or Innocence, Hope and Confidence.

The Countenance, indeed, is chang'd into many Forms, and is commonly the moſt certain Index of the Paſſions of the Mind. When it is pale it betrays Grief, Sorrow, and Fear, and Envy, when it is very ſtrong. A louring and dark Viſage is the Index of Miſery, Labour and vehement Agitations of the Soul.

In ſhort, as *Quintilian* obſerves, the Countenance is of very great Power and Force in all that we do. In this we diſcover when we are ſuppliant, when minacious, when kind, when ſorrowful, when merry; in this we are lifted up and caſt down; on this Men depend; this they behold, and this they firſt take a View of before we ſpeak; by this we love ſome, and hate others; and by this we underſtand a Multitude of things.

The Arm extended and lifted up ſignifies the Power of doing and accompliſhing ſomething; and is the Geſture of Authority, Vigour, and

Victory. On the contrary, the holding your Arms close is a Sign of Bashfulness, Modesty, and Diffidence.

As the Hands are the most habil Members of the Body, and the most easily turn'd to all sides, so are they the Indexes of many Habits.

But we have two Hands, the Right and the Left, we sometimes make use of one, sometimes of the other, and sometimes of both, to express the Passion and Habit. The chief Forms of which I shall mention,

The lifting of one Hand upright, or extending it, expresses Force, Vigour and Power. The Right Hand is also extended upwards as a Token of Swearing, or taking a solemn Oath; and this Extension of the Hand sometimes signifies Pacification, and Desire of Silence.

The putting of the Hand to the Mouth is the Habit of one, that is silent and acting Modesty; of Admiration and Consideration. The giving the Hand is the Gesture of striking a Bargain, confirming an Alliance, or of delivering ones self into the Power of another. To take hold of the Hand of another expresses Admonition, Exhortation, and Encouragement. The reaching out an Hand to another implies Help and Assistance. The lifting up both Hands on high is the Habit of one who implores, and expresses his Misery. And the lifting up of both Hands sometimes signifies Congratulation to Heaven for a Deliverance, as in *Virgil*;

His Hands now free from Bands he lifts on high,
In grateful Action to th' indulgent Gods.

The holding the Hands in the Bosom is the Habit of the Idle and Negligent. Clapping the Hands, among the *Hebrews* signify'd deriding, insulting, and exploding; but among the *Greeks* and the *Romans*, it was, on the contrary, the Expression of Applause. The Imposition of Hands signifies the imparting a Power, in consecrating of Victims.

In short, *Quintilian* says of the Hands——— " It is a difficult matter to say what a number " of Motions the Hands have, without which all " Action wou'd be maim'd and lame, since these " Motions are almost as various as the Words we " speak. For the other Parts may be said to " help a Man when he speaks, but the Hands " (as I may say) speak themselves. Do we " not by the Hands desire a thing? Do we not " by these promise? call? dismiss? threaten? " act the Suppliant? express our Abomination " or Abhorrence? our Fear? By these do we " not ask Questions? deny? shew our Joy, " Grief, Doubt, Confession, Penitence, Mode- " ration, Plenty, Number, and Time? Do not " the same Hands provoke, forbid, make Sup- " plication, approve, admire, and express Shame? " Do they not in shewing of Places and Persons, " supply the Place of the Adverbs and Pronouns? " Insomuch that in so great a Variety or Diver-

" sity

" ſity of the Tongues of all Nations, this ſeems " to remain the univerſal Language common " to all.

It were to be wiſh'd that this Art were a little reviv'd in our Age, when ſuch uſeful Members, which of old contributed ſo much to the Expreſſion of Words, ſhould now puzzle our Players what to do with them, when they ſeldom or never add any Grace to the Action of the Body, and never almoſt any thing to the Explanation or fuller Expreſſion of the Words and Paſſions. But to go on with my Text a very little farther. ——

The ſtamping of the Feet among the *Hebrews* ſignify'd Deriſion and Scoffing. Among the *Greeks*, &c. Imperiouſneſs. A conſtant and direct Foot is the Index of a ſteady, certain, conſtant, and right Study and Aim of our Deſigns.

On the contrary, Feet full of Motion are the Habit of the inconſtant and fluctuating in their Counſels and Reſolves. And the *Greeks* thought this in Women a ſign of a flagitious Temper.

Thus I have gone through my Jeſuit's Obſervations of the ſeveral Geſtures and Poſitions of the ſeveral Parts and Members of the Body. And tho ſome of them may to a haſty View ſeem trifling, and others of no great Importance, yet I am perſuaded, that a Man of true Judgment may find ſome ſecret Excellencies in them, which may afford him great Helps in the rendering his Geſtures beautiful and expreſſive.

There

There is no greater Proof of this, than the Example I have already urg'd of the *Pantomime* and *Demetrius* the *Cynic* Philoſopher, who cry'd out to him, *I hear my Friend what you act; nor do I only ſee them, but methinks you ſpeak with your* HANDS. But this Speaking with the Hands, (as 'tis here call'd) I find contain a great deal of the Repreſentation of the dancing dumb Shows of the *Mimes* and *Pantomimes*. It may be perhaps objected, that theſe Motions of the Hands were ſo well known to the Frequenters of the Theatres, that, like our talking on our Fingers with thoſe, who underſtand it, there would be no Difficulty in the Repreſentation; but that if any Stranger or Foreigner ſhould have been there, it would have been nothing but an unintelligible Geſticulation, and what *Shakeſpear* calls it *unexplicable dumb Shews*; whereas if theſe Actions and Geſtures were drawn from their Natural Significancy, according to thoſe Marks I have already given, or others referr'd to by my Quotation of *Quintilian*, they muſt be intelligible to all Nations, on firſt Sight to *Barbarians*, who never ſaw them before, as well as to *Greeks* and *Romans*, who convers'd with them every Day.

I allow the Objection, but ſhall remove it by a farther Account of the very ſame *Pantomime*, who liv'd in the Time of *Nero*: The Story is this—— "A *Barbarian* Prince, who came "from *Pontus* to *Rome*, about ſome Buſineſs "with *Nero*, among other Entertainments ſaw

" this Dancer perſonate ſo lively, that tho he " knew nothing of what was ſung, being half " a *Grecian*, yet he underſtood all. Being " therefore to return to his Country after this " Entertainment of *Nero*'s, and bid ask what " he would and it ſhould be granted, reply'd, " give me the Dancer, and you will infinitely " pleaſe me. *Nero* asking him of what uſe he " would be to him? My Neighbour *Barbarians* " (ſaid he) are of different Languages, nor is " it eaſy for me to find Interpreters for them; " this Fellow, therefore, as often as I have need, " ſhall expound to me by his Geſtures. So clear and intelligible were his Actions and Geſtures, and ſo derived from the Nature of the thing repreſented; which is a Proof, that there are certain Natural Significations of the Motions of the Hands, and other Members of the Body, which are obvious to the Underſtanding of all ſenſible Men of all Nations. If thoſe which I have given you from my *Jeſuit* be not, yet I am very ſure, that many of them are explain'd by him, which will be plain to a ſerious Conſiderer.

Geſture has therefore this Advantage above mere Speaking, that by this we're only underſtood by thoſe of our own Language, but by Action and Geſture (I mean juſt and regular Action) we make our Thoughts and Paſſions intelligible to all Nations and Tongues. 'Tis, as I have obſerv'd from *Quintilian*, the common Speech of all Mankind, which ſtrikes our Under-

derſtanding by our Eyes, as effectually, as Speaking does by the Ears; nay, perhaps, makes the more effectual Impreſſion, that Senſe being the moſt vivacious and touching, according to *Horace*, as I find him in my Lord *Roſcommon*'s Verſion;

But what we hear moves leſs, than what we ſee,
Spectators only have their Eyes to truſt, &c.

I think I have already aſſign'd a tolerable Reaſon why *Movement* and *Action* ſhould teach us ſo ſenſibly; nay, the very Repreſentation of them in *Painting* often ſtrikes our Paſſions, and makes Impreſſions on our Minds more ſtrong and vivid, than all the Force of Words. The chief Work is certainly done by Speech in moſt other ways of public Diſcourſe, either at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*; where the Weight of the Reaſon and the Proof are firſt and moſt to be conſider'd: But on the Stage, where the Paſſions are chiefly in View, the beſt *Speaking*, deſtitute of *Action* and *Geſture* (the Life of all Speaking) proves but a heavy, dull, and dead Diſcourſe.

This, in ſome meaſure, will likewiſe reach all things deliver'd in Public, ſince I find *Pliny the younger* talking of People in his Days reciting of their Speeches, or Poems, by either reading them themſelves, or by having them read by others, tells us, that this reading them was a very great Diſadvantage to the Excellence of their Performance either way, leſſening both

their *Eloquence* and *Character*, ſince the principal Helps of *Pronunciation*, the *Eyes* and the *Hands*, could not perform their Office, being otherwiſe employ'd to read, and not adorn the Utterance with their proper Motions; inſomuch that it was no manner of wonder, that the Attention of the Audience grew languid, on ſo unactive an Entertainment. On the contrary, when any Diſcourſe receives Force and Life, not only from the Propriety and Graces of Speaking agreeable to the Subject, but from a proper *Action* and *Geſture* for it, it is truly touching, penetrating, tranſporting; it has a Soul, it has Life, it has Vigour and Energy not to be reſiſted. For then the *Player*, the *Preacher*, or *Pleader*, holds his Audience by the Eyes, as well as Ears, and engroſſes their Attention by a double Force. This ſeems to be well repreſented in ſome Words of *Cicero* to *Cæcilius*, a young Orator, on his firſt Cauſe, who would needs undertake the *Action* againſt *Verres*, in Oppoſition to *Hortenſius*. After he has ſhown his Incapacity in many Points to accuſe *Verres*, both in Ability, and in not being free from a Suſpicion of a ſhare in the Guilt, he comes at laſt to the Power and Art of his Adverſary *Hortenſius* —— *Reflect*, (ſays he) *conſider again and again what you are going to do! for there ſeems to me to be ſome Danger not only of his oppreſſing thee with his Words; but even of his confounding and dazling the Eyes of thy Underſtanding with his* GESTURE, *and the* MOTION *of his Body, and ſo entirely drive thee from thy*

thy Deſign, and all thy Thoughts. The ſame *Cicero*, in his Books of *Oratory*, tells us, that *Craſſus* pleading againſt *Brutus*, deliver'd his Words with ſuch an Accent and ſuch a Geſture, that he perfectly confounded the later, and put him out of Countenance, fixing his Eyes ſtedfaſtly on him, and addreſſing all his Action up to him, as if he would devour him with a *Look* and a *Word*.

But to make theſe Motions of the Face and Hands eaſily underſtood, that is, uſeful in the moving the Paſſions of the Auditors, or rather Spectators, they muſt be properly adapted to the thing you ſpeak of, your Thoughts and Deſign; and always reſembling the *Paſſion* you would expreſs or excite. Thus you muſt never ſpeak of mournful things with a gay and briſk Look, nor *affirm* any thing with the Action of *Denial*; for that would make what you ſay of no manner of Authority or Credit; you would gain neither Belief nor Admiration. You muſt alſo have a peculiar Care of avoiding all manner of *Affectation* in your *Action* and *Geſture*, for that's moſt commonly ridiculous and odious, unleſs where the Actor is to expreſs ſome Affectation in the Character he repreſents, as in *Melantha* in *Marriage Ala-mode*, and *Millamant* in *the Way of the World*. But even then that very Affectation muſt be unaffected, as thoſe two Parts were admirably acted by Mrs. *Montfort* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. But your *Action* muſt appear purely Natural, as the genuine Offspring

of the things you expreſs, and the *Paſſion*, that moves you to ſpeak in that manner.

In fine, our *Player*, *Pleader*, or *Preacher*, muſt have that nice Addreſs in the Management of his Geſtures, that there may be nothing in all the various Motions and Diſpoſitions of his Body, which may be offenſive to the Eye of the Spectator; as well as nothing grating and diſobliging to the Ears of his Auditors, in his Pronunciation; elſe will his Perſon be leſs agreeable, and his Speech leſs efficacious to both, by wanting all that *Grace*, Virtue, and Power, it would otherwiſe obtain.

'Tis true, it muſt be confeſs'd, that the Art of Geſture ſeems more difficult to be obtain'd, than the Art of Speaking; becauſe a Man's own Ear may be judge of the Voice, and its ſeveral Variations, but cannot ſee his Face at all, and the Motion of the other Parts of the Body, but very imperfectly. *Demoſthenes*, as I have ſaid, to make a true Judgment how far his Face and Limbs mov'd and kept to the Rules of good Action and Geſture, ſet before him a large *Looking-Glaſs* ſufficient to repreſent the whole Body at one View, to direct him in diſtinguiſhing betwixt *Right* and *Wrong*, decent and indecent Actions; but yet, tho this might not be unuſeful, it lies under this Diſadvantage, that it repreſents on the Right what is on the Left, and on the contrary, on the Left what is on the Right Hand; ſo that when you make a Motion with your *Right-Hand*, the Reflection makes it

ſeem

ſeem as done by the *Left*, which confounds the Geſture, and gives it an aukward Appearance: And to rectify this Appearance to you from the Glaſs, by giving the Motions by the contrary Hands, might contract ſuch an ill Habit, as ought with the utmoſt Caution to be avoided.

As to all the other Parts of Action indeed a Glaſs may prove very advantageous, ſince in it you have a faithful Repreſentation not only of the *Face* in all its Variations of the Countenance, but of the whole Body likewiſe in all its Poſtures and Motions, and the Agreeableneſs and Harmony of one to the other, and the Parts with the Whole, and the Whole with the Parts. So that you may thus eaſily diſcover any *Habit* or *Geſture* that wants Grace, and Agreeableneſs, and any Action, which may add them to your Perſon, and in them that Force and Influence to you utter.

For want of ſuch a Glaſs there is but a more difficult thing to be apply'd to, and that is ſome Friend, who is a perfect Maſter in all the Beauties of *Geſture* and *Motion*, and can correct your Errors, as you perform before him, and point out thoſe *Graces*, which wou'd render your Action compleatly charming. 'Tis true, that ſome have adviſ'd the Learner to have ſome excellent Pattern always before his Eyes, and urge, that *Hortenſius* was ſo to *Roſcius* and *Æſopus*, who always made it their Buſineſs to be preſent at his *Pleadings* with that Attention as to improve themſelves ſo far by what they ſaw, as to carry

away his fine Actions and *Geſture*, and practice afterwards on the Stage, what they had ſeen at the *Bar*: Yet can I not allow of this Imitation in Acting; for when a very young Player conceives a ſtrong Opinion of any one of received Authority on the Stage, he at beſt becomes a good Copy, which muſt always fall ſhort of an Original. Beſides, this Inſtance of the two *Roman* Players will not reach our Caſe, ſince they were eſtabliſhed Players, had fixt their Characters, and manner of Playing; and only did by *Hortenſius* what a Player now might do by the fine Pieces of Hiſtory-Painting, carry off the beautiful Paſſions and Poſitions of the Figures, or the particular Appearance of any one Paſſion. But after all it puzles me, who am not acquainted ſo well with the Ancients, how to reconcile this of *Roſcius* and *Æſopus* learning Geſture of *Hortenſius*, and inſtructing *Cicero* in the ſame: 'Tis true I have been inform'd, that *Hortenſius* was Senior to *Cicero*, and therefore they might be thought to have paid that to the Bar in *Cicero*, which they had borrow'd from the Bar in *Hortenſius*. But let this be as it will, the Controverſy is not of that Moment as to detain us any longer.

But it may be objected, that what I have deliver'd all this Time ſeems rather to dwell upon *Generals*, than to come to any Particulars. I confeſs in this Art it is much an eaſier Matter to diſcourſe in a general Manner, than to deliver particular Rules for the Direction of our Actions.

Actions. Yet I believe I may venture to say, that as general as my Discourse may seem to some, those, who have any true Genius to *Playing*, will find such particular Instructions, as may be of very great use to them; and this Art, as well as most others, but especially *Poetry*, delivers such Rules, that are not easily understood without a *Genius*.

However, to gratify those, who require greater Particularities, I shall add some particular Rules of Action; which justly weigh'd, will be of use to the *Bar* and the *Pulpit*, as well as the *Stage*, provided, that the Student allow a more strong, vivid and violent Gesture to the *Plays*, than to either of the other.

I shall therefore begin with the *Government*, *Order*, and *Balance*, as I may say, of the whole Body; and thence I shall proceed to the Regiment and proper Motions of the *Head*, the *Eyes*, the *Eye-brows*, and indeed the whole *Face*; and I shall conclude with the *Actions* of the *Hands*, more *copious* and *various*, than all the other Parts of the Body.

The Place and Posture of the Body ought not to be chang'd every Moment, since so fickle an Agitation is trifling and light: Nor, on the other Hand, should it always keep the same Position, fixt like a Pillar or Marble Statue. For this, in the first place, is unnatural, and must therefore be disagreeable, since God has so form'd the Body with Members disposing it to Motion, that it must move either as the Impulse of the Mind

Mind directs, or as the neceſſary Occaſions of the Body require. This heavy Stability, or thoughtleſs Fixtneſs, by loſing that *Variety*, which is ſo becoming of and agreeable in the Change and Diverſity of Speech and Diſcourſe, and gives Admiration to every thing it adorns, loſes likewiſe that Genteelneſs, and Grace, which engages the Attention by pleaſing the Eye. Being taught to dance will very much contribute in general to the graceful Motion of the whole Body, eſpecially in Motions, that are not immediately embarraſs'd with the Paſſions.

That the Head has various *Geſtures* and *Signs*, *Intimations* and *Hints*, by which it is capable of expreſſing *Conſent*, *Refuſal*, *Confirmation*, *Admiration*, and *Anger*, &c. is what every one knows, who has ever thought at all. It might therefore be thought ſuperfluous to treat particularly of them. But this Rule I muſt lay down on this Head in general, firſt that it ought not to be lifted up too high, and ſtretched out extravagantly, which is the Mark of *Arrogance* and *Haughtineſs*; but an Exception to this Rule will come in for the *Player*, who is to act a Perſon of that Character. Nor on the other ſide ſhould it be *hung down* upon the Breaſt, which is both diſagreeable to the Eye, in rendring the *Mien* clumſy and dull; and would prove extremely prejudicial to the *Voice*, depriving it of its *Clearneſs*, *Diſtinction*, and that *Intelligibility*, which it ought to have: Nor ſhould

the

the Head always lean towards the Shoulders, which is equally ruſtic and affected, or a great Mark of *Indifference*, *Languidneſs*, and a *faint Inclination*. But the Head, in all the calmer Speeches at leaſt, ought to be kept in its juſt *Natural State* and *upright Poſition*. In the Agitation indeed of a *Paſſion*, the Poſition will naturally follow the ſeveral Acceſſes and Receſſes of the Paſſion whether *Grief*, *Anger*, &c.

We muſt farther obſerve, that the Head muſt not be kept always like that of a Statue without Motion; nor muſt it on the contrary be moving perpetually, and always throwing it ſelf about on every different Expreſſion. It muſt therefore, to ſteer between this *Scylla* and *Carybdis*, and ſhun theſe ridiculous Extremes, turn gently on the Neck, as often, as Occaſion requires a Motion, according to the Nature of the thing, turning now to one ſide, and then to another, and then return to ſuch a decent Poſition, as your Voice may beſt be heard by all or the Generality of the Audience. To this I may add, that the Head ought always to be turn'd on the ſame ſide, to which the *Actions* of the reſt of the Body are directed, except when they are employ'd to expreſs our Averſion to Things, we refuſe; or on Things we deteſt and abhor: For theſe Things we reject with the *Right Hand*, at the ſame time turning the Head away to the *Left*.

But the greateſt Life and Grace of *Action* derive themſelves from the *Face*. For this Reaſon:

ſon: *Craſſus* in *Cicero* remarks, that *Roſcius*, tho ſo excellent a Player, loſt his Admiration among the *Romans* on the Stage, becauſe the Maſque on his Face deny'd the Audience the ſight of thoſe *Motions*, *Charms*, and *Attractions*, which were to be diſcover'd in the Countenance. I confeſs I am extremely ſurpriz'd at the Ancients Uſe of thoſe Masks on the Stage, which they call'd the *Perſonæ*; nor could I imagine how they were made, not to deſtroy that Grace and Beauty of Acting, in the Management of the Lineaments of the Face, which by all that we have of that kind muſt be entirely hid; and yet what *Plutarch* tells us of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, is a Proof, that the Players of *Athens* and *Rome* were abſolute Maſters of Speaking and Action. 'Tis true, there is much in the *Voice* to expreſs the Paſſion artfully, yet certainly the ſeveral Figurations of the Countenance, as of the *Eyes*, *Brows*, *Mouth*, and the like, add the moſt touching and moſt moving Beauties. But this Obſervation before-mention'd ſatisfies me, that thoſe were entirely loſt by the *Perſonæ*; which is a Proof, that in whatever they excell'd our Actors, we have the Advantage in the making the Repreſentation perfect, by enjoying the Benefit of expoſing all the Motions of the Face.

The Character which *Lucian* gives (as I find it in Dr. *Jaſper Maine*'s Tranſlation) of thoſe *Perſonæ*, makes them extremely ridiculous, and by his Deſcription of the reſt of the Tragic Equipage would make us very much doubt their Ex-

Excellence in the other Parts of Acting.——
" What a deform'd and frightful Sight (ſays
" he) is it to ſee a Man rais'd to a prodigious
" Length, ſtalking on exalted Buſkins, his Face
" diſguis'd with a grim Vizard, widely gaping,
" as if he meant to devour the Spectators; I
" forbear to ſpeak of his ſtuff'd Breaſts and
" Fore-bellies, which make an adventitious
" and artificial Corpulency, leſt his unnatural
" Length ſhould carry a Diſproportion to his
" Slenderneſs.

Surely ſuch a Figure as *Lucian* gives our *Tragedian*, muſt not only render him incapable of giving the Body all its juſt Motions and graceful Geſtures, of which we are talking, and which the great Writers, as I am told, celebrate ſo much; but muſt be ridiculous to a Farce. But tho what *Lucian* repreſents, may be look'd upon as in the Time of the Corruption of the *Roman* Stage, yet the *Cothurni* and the *Perſonæ* were in uſe among the *Greeks*, and muſt have been extremely prejudicial to the Beauty of the Repreſentation. The Reaſon I have heard given for the firſt was the common Opinion, that the Heroes of former Times were larger and taller, than the Men our Cotemporaries; and I believe the firſt Uſe of the Vizard, which ſucceeded the beſmeering the Face with Lees of Wine in the Time of *Theſpis*, was chiefly to expreſs the Looks and Countenance of the ſeveral Heroes repreſented, according to their Statues and Portraictures, which made the Player always new to the Audience;

dience; whereas we coming always on the Stage with the ſame Face, put a Force on the Imagination of the Audience to fancy us other than the ſame Perſons.

But I think I have found out a way, which, if maturely ſtudy'd, would obtain this Variety of Countenance more artfully, and at the ſame time inſpire the Actor better with the Nature and Genius of his Part. I remember that ſome Years ago I read a *French* Book written by one *Gafferel* a Monk; who tells us, that when he was at *Rome* he went to ſee *Campanella* in the Inquiſition, and found him making abundance of Faces; that he at firſt imagin'd, that thoſe proceeded from the Torments he had undergone in that *Eccleſiaſtical Slaughter-Houſe*; but he ſoon undeceiv'd him, by enquiring what ſort of Countenance ſuch a Cardinal had, to whom he had juſt before ſent; for he was forming his Countenance, as much as he could, to what he knew of his, that he might know what his Anſwer wou'd be.

If therefore a Player was acquainted with the Character of his Hero, ſo far as to have an Account of his Features and Looks; or of any one living of the ſame Character, he would not only vary his Face ſo much by that means, as to appear quite another Face; by raiſing, or falling, contracting, or extending the Brows; giving a briſk or ſullen, ſprightly or heavy turn to his Eyes; ſharpening or ſwelling his Noſtrils, and the various Poſitions of his Mouth, which by

by Practice would grow familiar, and wonderfully improve the Art of Acting, and raiſe the noble Diverſion to greater Eſteem. The ſtudying Hiſtory-Painting would be very uſeful on this Occaſion, becauſe the Knowledge of the Figure and Lineaments of the Repreſented (and in Hiſtory-Pieces almoſt all, who are repreſented are to be found) will teach the Actor to vary and change his Figure, which would make him not always the ſame, as I have ſaid, in all Parts, but his very Countenance ſo chang'd, that they would not only have other Thoughts themſelves, but raiſe others in the Audience. Some carry their Heads aloft and ſtately, others pucker their Brows, look with a piercing Eye, and the like, as I have juſt ſaid; and theſe things throughly conſider'd by the Player, would in every part make him a new Man; and with more Beauty ſupply the *Perſonæ* of the Ancients, and raiſe our Stage to a greater Merit, than theirs could pretend to, which depriv'd the Audience of the nobleſt and moſt vivacious Part of the Repreſentation, in the Loſs of the Motions of the Face; of which we ought to take a peculiar Care, ſince it is on that, which the Audience or Spectators generally fix their Eyes the whole Time of the Action.

Exerciſe and frequent Practice ought to reform the leaſt Error in this particular, becauſe in the Performance every one preſently diſcovers it, tho you ſee it not your ſelf. The ſureſt way of correcting your ſelf in this

is either a Looking-Glaſs, or a judicious Friend, who can and will let you know what Countenance is agreeable, and what the contrary. But this is a general Rule, without any Exception, that you adjuſt all the Lines and Motions of the Face to the Subject of your Diſcourſe, the Paſſion you feel within you, or ſhould according to your Part feel, or would raiſe in thoſe, who hear and ſee you. You muſt likewiſe conſider the Quality you repreſent, as well as the Quality of thoſe to whom you ſpeak; for even in great Degrees of the Paſſions the Difference and Diſtance of that has a greater or leſs Awe upon the very Appearance of the Paſſion. The *Countenance* muſt be brightened with a pleaſant Gayety on things, that are agreeable, and that according to the Degrees of their being ſo; and likewiſe in *Joy*, which muſt ſtill be heighten'd in the Paſſion of *Love*; tho indeed the *Countenance* in the Expreſſion of this Paſſion is extremely various, participating ſometimes of the Tranſports of Joy, ſometimes of the Agonies of Grief; it is ſometimes mingled with the Heats of Anger, and ſometimes ſmiles with all the pleaſing Tranquillity of an equal Joy. Sadneſs or Gravity muſt prevail in the *Countenance*, when the Subject is grave, melancholy or ſorrowful; and Grief is to be expreſſed according to its various Degrees of Violence. *Hate* has its peculiar Expreſſion compoſed of *Grief*, *Envy*, and *Anger*, a Mixture of all which ought to appear in the Eye. When you bring

or offer Comfort, Mildneſs and Affability ought to ſpread o'er your Countenance, as *Severity* ſhould when you cenſure or reprehend. When you ſpeak to Inferiors, or to little People, and your own Quality is great, Authority and Gravity ought to be in your Face; as Submiſſion, Humility, and Reſpect or Veneration, when you addreſs to thoſe above you.

The Management of the Eyes in an *Orator* at the *Bar*, or in the *Pulpit*, ſeems ſomething different from what they muſt be in a *Player*, tho, if we make the reſt of the Actors on the Stage with him at the ſame time his Auditors, the Rules for one will reach the other; for ſo indeed they are, for all the Regard that is to be had to the Audience is that they ſee and hear diſtinctly, what we act and what we ſpeak; that they may judge juſtly of our Poſitions, Geſtures and Utterance, in regard to each other.

The Orator therefore muſt always be caſting his Eyes on ſome or other of his Auditors, and turning them gently from ſide to ſide with an Air of Regard, ſometimes on one Perſon, and ſometimes on another, and not fix them immoveably on one Part of your Auditors, which is extremely unaffecting and dull, much leſs moving, than when we look them decently in the Face, as in common Diſcourſe. This will hold good in Playing, if apply'd according to my former Rule; for indeed I have obſerv'd frequently ſome Players, who paſs for great ones,

have their Eyes lifted up to the Galleries, or Top of the Houſe, when they are engag'd in a Diſcouſe of ſome Heat, as if indeed they were conning a Leſſon, not acting a Part; and *Theophraſtus* himſelf (as I find him quoted) condemn'd *Tamariſcus*, a Player of his Time, who when ever he ſpoke on the Stage, turn'd his Eyes from thoſe, who were to hear him, and kept them fixt all the while on one ſingle and inſenſible Object. But Nature acts directly in a contrary manner, and yet ſhe ought to be the Player's as well as Poet's Miſtreſs. No Man is engag'd in Diſpute, or any Argument of Moment, but his Eyes and all his Regard are fixt on the Perſon, he talks with; not but that there are times according to the Turn or Criſis of a Paſſion, where the Eyes may with great Beauty be turn'd from the Object we addreſs to ſeveral Ways, as in Appeals to Heaven, imploring Aſſiſtance, to join in your Addreſſes to any one, and the like.

When you are free from Paſſion, and in any Diſcourſe, which requires no great Motion, as our modern Tragedies too frequently ſuffer their chief Parts to be, your Aſpect ſhould be pleaſant, your Looks direct, neither ſevere nor aſide, unleſs you fall into a Paſſion, which requires the contrary. For then Nature, if you obey its Summons, will alter your Looks and Geſtures. Thus when a Man ſpeaks in *Anger* his Imagination is inflam'd, and kindles a ſort of Fire in his Eyes, which ſparkles from them in

ſuch

ſuch a manner, that a Stranger, who underſtood not a Word of the Language, or a deaf Man, that could not hear the loudeſt Tone of his Voice, would not fail of perceiving his Fury and Indignation. And this Fire of their Eyes will eaſily ſtrike thoſe of their Audience, which are continually fixt on yours; and by a ſtrange ſympathetic Infection, it will ſet them on Fire too with the very ſame Paſſion.

I would not be miſunderſtood, when I ſay you muſt wholly place your Eyes on the Perſon or Perſons you are engag'd with on the Stage; I mean, that at the ſame time both Parties keep ſuch a Poſition in Regard of the Audience, that even theſe Beauties eſcape not their Obſervation, tho never ſo juſtly directed. As in a Piece of Hiſtory-Painting, tho the Figures direct their Eyes never ſo directly to each other, yet the Beholder, by the Advantage of their Poſition, has a full View of the Expreſſion of the Soul in the Eyes of the Figures. Thus in the *Pſyche* and *Cupid* of *Coypel*; Her Eyes are directed to him as he deſcends on the Wing, and his to her glowing with Love and Deſire, and yet all this is ſeen in him by thoſe, who view the Picture. *Titian* has drawn the ſame Story, I mean the Loves of *Cupid* and *Pſyche*; but as She lies on the Bed naked, we ſee nothing but her Back-parts, tho *Cupid* advances his Knee to the Bed, with his Eyes fixt on her Face, which are turn'd from the Spectator. I know not what the *Italian*'s Fancy was, to imagine that the

Back-parts of the Miſtreſs of Love ſhould be more agreeable, than her Face. But this *en paſſant* —— To return to the Subject.

The Looks, and juſt Expreſſion of all the other Paſſions, has the ſame Effect, as this I have mention'd of Anger. For if the *Grief* of another touches you with a real Compaſſion, Tears will flow from your Eyes, whether you will or not. And this Art of Weeping, as I have read, was ſtudy'd with great Application by the ancient Players; and they made ſo extraordinary a Progreſs in it, and work'd the Counterfeit ſo near a Reality, that their Faces uſed to be all over blurr'd with Tears when they came off the Stage.

They us'd ſeveral means of bringing this paſſionate Tenderneſs to a Perfection; yet this they found the moſt effectual. They kept their own private Afflictions in their Mind, and bent it perpetually on real Objects, and not on the Fable, or fictitious Paſſion of the *Play*, which they acted. The ſame Author gives us two notable Examples of this: The firſt is of one *Polus*, a famous Actor; he had refrain'd the Stage for ſome time, after the Death of a beloved Son, for the Grief for that Loſs had ſo ſenſibly affected him, and thrown him into ſuch a Melancholy, that he had no Thoughts of ever returning to his Theatrical Employment; but being at laſt once more on the Stage, and oblig'd to act *Electra* carrying the ſuppos'd Urn of her Brother *Oreſtes*, he went to the Grave

of

of his own beloved Child, and brings his Urn on, inſtead of the ſuppos'd Urn of *Oreſtes*; which ſo mov'd him, and melted his Heart into ſuch Compaſſion and Tenderneſs, at the Sight of that real Object of Sorrow, that he broke out into ſuch loud Exclamations, and ſuch unfeigned Tears, as fill'd the whole Houſe with Grief, Weeping, and Lamentations.

The other Example is of the famous and wealthy Player *Æſopus*, who by his rare Art in this particular did a great Piece of Service to the Common-wealth of *Rome*, in applying his Art to the recalling of *Cicero* from Baniſhment. For he underſtanding, that ſuch a thing was in Agitation with the People, acted a Play of *Accius*, in which were ſome admirable Verſes on the Exile of *Telamon*, and the horrible Calamities of *Priam* and his Family. In the ſpeaking of theſe Verſes, the real Sufferings of his Friend ſo affected him, that he made the imaginary Sufferings of the Poetical Perſon ſo moving, that he drew Floods of Tears from thoſe, who were indifferent, and made his very Enemies bluſh with Tears in their Eyes at his Affliction. And this ſo mollify'd the People towards *Cicero*, and gave them ſuch a Diſpoſition towards his Recalling and Re-eſtabliſhment in his former Dignities, that he was ſoon after brought home in Triumph; and, as my Author aſſures me, *Cicero* himſelf tells us, with the utmoſt Gratitude, what his cordial Friend, this great Actor, had done for him on this Occaſion.

The Player therefore, nay, and the Orator too, ought to form in his Mind a very ſtrong Idea of the Subject of his Paſſion, and then the Paſſion it ſelf will not fail to follow, riſe into the Eyes, and affect both the Senſe and Underſtanding of the Spectators with the ſame *Tenderneſs*. The Performance of this is expreſs'd in *Shakeſpear*'s *Hamlet* admirably well, and ſhould be often conſider'd by our young Players. ——

Ham. *Is it not monſtruous that the Player here,*
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Paſſion,
Could force his Soul ſo to his whole Conceit,
That from her working all his Viſage warm'd,
Tears in his Eyes, Diſtraction in his Aſpect ;
A broken Voice, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Forms to his Conceit? And all for nothing!
For HECUBA!
What's HECUBA *to him, or he to* HECUBA,
That he ſhould weep for her? What wou'd
he do
Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Paſſion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with
Tears ;
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech;
Make mad the Guilty, and appal the Free ;
Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

This ſhews, that our *Shakeſpear* had a juſt Notion of Acting, whatever his Performance was ; for in theſe few Lines is contain'd almoſt all

all that can be ſaid of Action, Looks and Geſture. Here we find the *Soul* forc'd ſo to his whole Conceit, *&c.* The firſt place is the fixing this in the *Soul*, to engage that throughly in the Paſſion, and then from her Working will his Viſage warm, his Eyes flow with Tears, and Diſtractions ſpread over all his Face; nay, then will his Voice be broken, and every Faculty of his Body be agreeable to this ſtrong Emotion of the Soul. Tho in the firſt ſeven Lines he ſeems to have expreſſed all the Duties of a Player in a great Paſſion; yet in the following ſeven he derives a yet ſtronger Action when the Object of Grief is real; which juſtifies what the Ancients practis'd in heightning their Theatrical Sorrow, by fixing the Mind on real Objects; or by working your ſelf up by a ſtrong Imagination, that you are the very Perſon and in the very ſame Circumſtances, which will make the Caſe ſo very much your own, that you will not want Fire in Anger, nor Tears in Grief: And then you need not fear affecting the Audience, for Paſſions are wonderfully convey'd from one Perſon's Eyes to another's; the Tears of *one* melting the Heart of the *other*, by a very viſible Sympathy between their Imaginations and Aſpects.

You muſt lift up or caſt down your Eyes, according as the Nature of the Things you ſpeak of: Thus if of Heaven, your Eyes naturally are lifted up; if of Earth, or Hell, or any thing terreſtrial, they are as naturally caſt down.

Your Eyes muſt alſo be directed according to the Paſſions, as to deject them on things of Diſgrace, and which you are aſham'd of; and raiſe them on things of Honour, which you can glory in with Confidence and Reputation. In Swearing, or taking a ſolemn Oath, or Atteſtation of any thing, to the Verity of what you ſay, you turn your Eyes, and in the ſame Action lift up your Hand to the thing you ſwear by, or atteſt.

Your Eye-brows muſt neither be immoveable, nor always in Motion; nor muſt they both be rais'd on every thing that is ſpoken with Eagerneſs and Conſent, and much leſs muſt one be rais'd, and the other caſt down; but generally they muſt remain in the ſame Poſture and Equality, which they have by Nature, allowing them their due Motion, when the Paſſions require it; that is, to contract themſelves, and frown in *Sorrow*; to ſmooth and dilate themſelves in *Joy*; to hang down in *Humility*, &c.

The *Mouth* muſt never be writh'd, nor the *Lips* bit or lick'd, which are all ungenteel and unmannerly Actions, and yet what ſome are frequently guilty of; yet in ſome Efforts or Starts of Paſſion, the Lips have their ſhare of Action, but this more on the Stage, than in any other public Speaking, either in the Pulpit, or at the Bar; becauſe the Stage is or ought to be an Imitation of Nature in thoſe Actions and Diſcourſes, which are produc'd betwixt Man and Man by any Paſſion, or on any Buſineſs, which

can

can afford Action; for all other has in reality nothing to do with the *Scene*.

Tho to ſhrug up the Shoulders be no Geſture allow'd in Oratory, yet on the Stage the Character of the Perſon, and the Subject of his Diſcourſe, may render it proper enough; tho I confeſs, it ſeems more adapted to Comedy, than Tragedy, where all ſhould be great and ſolemn, and with which the graveſt of the Orators Actions will agree. I have read of a pleaſant Method, that *Demoſthenes* took to cure himſelf of this Vice of Action, for he at firſt was mightily given to it; he us'd to exerciſe himſelf in declaiming in a narrow and ſtreight Place, with a Dagger hung juſt over his Shoulders, ſo that as often as he ſhrugg'd them up, the Point, by pricking his Shoulders, put him in mind of his Error: which in time remov'd the Defect.

Others thruſt out the Belly, and throw back the Head, both Geſtures unbecoming and indecent.

We come now to the Hands, which as they are the chief Inſtruments of Action, varying themſelves as many ways, as they are capable of expreſſing things, ſo is it a difficult matter to give ſuch Rules as are without Exception. Thoſe Natural Significations of particular Geſtures, and what I ſhall here add, will, I hope, be ſome Light to the young Actor in this particular. Firſt, I would have him look back to what I have ſaid of the *Action* of the Hands, as to their Expreſſion of *Accuſation*, *Deprecation*, *Threats*,

Threats, *Deſire*, &c. and to weigh well what thoſe Actions are, and in what manner expreſſed; and then conſidering how large a ſhare thoſe Actions have in all manner of Diſcourſe, he will find that his Hands need never be idle, or employed in an inſignificant or unbeautiful Geſture.

In the Beginning of a ſolemn Speech, or Oration, as in that of *Anthony* on the Death of *Cæſar*, or of *Brutus*, on the ſame Occaſion, there is no Geſture at leaſt of any Conſideration, unleſs it begin abruptly, as *O!* JUPITER, *Oh! Heav'ns! is this to be born? the very Ships then in our Eyes, which I preſerv'd*, &c. extending here his Hands firſt to Heav'n; and then to the Ships. In all regular Geſtures of the Hands, they ought perfectly to correſpond with one another, as in ſtarting in a Maze, on a ſudden Fright, as *Hamlet* in the Scene betwixt him and his Mother, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghoſt———

Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings,
You Heavenly Guards!

This is ſpoke with Arms and Hands extended, and expreſſing his Concern, as well as his Eyes, and whole Face. If an Action comes to be uſed by only one Hand, that muſt be by the *Right*, it being indecent to make a Geſture with the *Left* alone; except you ſhould ſay any ſuch thing as,

Rather

Rather than be guilty of ſo foul a Deed,
I'd cut this Right Hand off, &c.

For here the Action muſt be expreſſed by the *Left* Hand, becauſe the *Right* is the Member to ſuffer. When you ſpeak of your ſelf, the *Right* not the *Left* Hand muſt be apply'd to the Boſom, declaring your own Faculties, and Paſſions; your Heart, your Soul, or your Conſcience, but this Action generally ſpeaking, ſhould be only apply'd or expreſs'd by laying the Hand gently on the Breaſt, and not by thumping it as ſome People do. The Geſture muſt paſs from the *Left* to the *Right*, and there end with Gentleneſs and Moderation, at leaſt not ſtretch to the Extremity of Violence. You muſt be ſure as you begin your Action with what you ſay, ſo you muſt end it when you have done ſpeaking; for Action either before or after Utterance is highly ridiculous. The Movement or Geſtures of your Hands muſt always be agreeable to the Nature of the Words, that you ſpeak; for when you ſay, *Come in* or *approach*, you muſt not ſtretch out your Hand with a repulſive Geſture; nor, on the contrary, when you ſay, *Stand back*, muſt your Geſture be inviting; nor muſt you join your Hands, when you command Separation; nor open them, when your order is *cloſing*; nor hang them down, when you bid *raiſe ſuch a thing*, or *Perſon*; nor lift them up, when you ſay, *throw them down.* For all theſe Geſtures would

would be ſo viſibly againſt Nature, that you would be laugh'd at by all that ſaw or heard you. By theſe Inſtances of faulty Action, you may eaſily ſee the right, and gather this Rule, that as much as poſſible every Geſture you uſe ſhould expreſs the Nature of the Words you utter, which would ſufficiently and beautifully employ your Hands.

It is impoſſible to have any great Emotion or Geſture of the Body, without the Action of the Hands, to anſwer the Figures of Diſcourſe, which are made uſe of in all Poetical, as well as Rhetorical Diction; for Poetry derives its Beauty in that from Rhetoric, as it does its Order and Juſtneſs from Grammar; which ſurprizes me, that ſome of our modern taking Poets value themſelves on that, which is not properly Poetry, but only made uſe of as an Ornament, and drawn from other Arts and Sciences.

Thus when *Medea* ſays,

Theſe Images of JASON,
With my own Hands I'll ſtrangle, &c.

'tis certain the Action ought to be expreſs'd by the Hands to give it all its Force.

In the lifting up the Hands to preſerve the Grace, you ought not to raiſe them above the Eyes; to ſtretch them farther might diſorder and diſtort the Body; nor muſt it be very little lower, becauſe that Poſition gives a Beauty

to

to the Figure: Beſides, this Poſture being general on ſome Surprize, Admiration, Abhorrence, *&c.* which proceeds from the Object, that affects the Eye, Nature by a ſort of Mechanic Motion throws the Hands out as Guards to the Eyes on ſuch an Occaſion.

You muſt never let either of your Hands hang down, as if lame or dead; for that is very diſagreeable to the Eye, and argues no Paſſion in the Imagination. In ſhort, your Hands muſt always be in View of your Eyes, and ſo correſponding with the Motions of the Head, Eyes and Body, that the Spectator may ſee their Concurrence, every one in its own way to ſignify the ſame thing, which will make a more agreeable, and by Conſequence a deeper Impreſſion on their Senſes, and their Underſtanding.

Your Arms you ſhould not ſtretch out ſideways, above half a Foot from the Trunk of your Body, you will otherwiſe throw your *Geſture* quite out of your Sight, unleſs you turn your Head alſo aſide to purſue it, which would be very ridiculous.

In Swearing, Atteſtation, or taking any ſolemn Vow or Oath, you muſt raiſe your Hand; an Exclamation requires the ſame Action: But ſo that the *Geſture* may not only anſwer the *Pronunciation*, or *Utterance*, but both the Nature of the thing, and the Meaning of the Words. In public Speeches, Orations, and Sermons, it is true your Hands ought not to be always in Motion, a Vice which was once call'd the *Bab-*

ling of the Hands ; and perhaps, it may reach ſome Characters, and Speeches in Plays ; but I am of Opinion, that the Hands in Acting ought very ſeldom to be wholly quieſcent, and that if we had the Art of the *Pantomimes*, of expreſſing things ſo clearly with their Hands, as to make the Geſtures ſupply Words, the joining theſe ſignificant Actions to the Words and Paſſions juſtly drawn by the Poet, would be no contemptible Grace in the Player, and render the Diverſion infinitely more entertaining, than it is at preſent. For indeed *Action* is the Buſineſs of the Stage, and an Error is more pardonable on the right, than the wrong ſide.

There are ſome *Actions* or *Geſtures*, which you muſt never make uſe of in Tragedy, any more than in Pleadings, or Sermons, they being low and fitter for Comedy or Burleſque Entertainments. Thus you muſt not put your ſelf into the Poſture of one *bending a Bow*, *preſenting a Muſquet*, or playing on any Muſical Inſtrument, as if you had it in your Hands.

You muſt never imitate any lewd, obſcene or indecent Poſtures, let your Diſcourſe be on the Debaucheries of the Age, or any thing of that Nature, which the Deſcription of an *Anthony* and *Verres* might require our Diſcourſe of.

When you ſpeak in a *Proſopopæia*, a Figure by which you introduce any (thing or) Perſon ſpeaking, you muſt be ſure to uſe ſuch Actions only, as are proper for the Character, that you ſpeak for. I can't remember at preſent one in

Tragedy, but in Comedy *Melantha*, when ſhe ſpeaks for a Man, and anſwers him in her own Perſon, may give you ſome Image of it. But theſe ſeldom happen in Plays, and in Orations not very frequently.

Thus I have gone through the Art of Action or Geſture, which tho I have directed chiefly for the Stage, and there principally for Tragedy, yet the *Bar* and the *Pulpit* may learn ſome Leſſons from what I have ſaid, that would be of mighty uſe to make their Pleadings and Sermons of more Force and Grace. But, I think, the *Pulpit* chiefly has need of this Doctrine, becauſe that converſes more with the Paſſions, than the *Bar*; and treats of more ſublime Subjects, meritorious of all the Beauty and Solemnity of Action. I am perſuaded, that if our Clergy would apply themſelves more to this Art, what they preach would be more efficacious, and themſelves more reſpected; nay, have a greater Awe on their Auditors. But then it muſt be confeſs'd it is next to impoſſible for them to attain this Perfection, while that Cuſtom prevails of reading of Sermons, which no Clergy in the World do but thoſe of the Church of *England*. For while they read they are not perfect enough in what they deliver, to give it its proper Action and Emphaſis, either in Pronunciation or Geſture. But the *Tatler* has handled this particular very well; and if what he has ſaid will have no Influence upon them, it will be much in vain for me to attempt it.

The

The *Comedians*, I fear, may take it amiss, that I have had little or no Regard to them in this Discourse. But I must confess, tho I have attempted two or three Comical Parts, which the Indulgence of the Town to an old Fellow has given me some Applause for; yet Tragedy is, and has always been, my Delight. Besides, as some have observ'd, that Comedy is less difficult in the Writing; so I am apt to believe, it is much easier in the Acting; not that a good *Comedian* is to be made by every one that attempts it, but we have had, almost ever since I knew the Stage, more and better *Comedians*, than *Tragedians*; as we have had better *Comedies*, than *Tragedies* writ in our Language, as the Critics and knowing Judges tell us. But being willing to raise Tragedies from their present Neglect, to the Esteem they had in the most polite Nation, that ever *Europe* knew, I have endeavour'd to contribute my Part towards the improving of the Representation, which has a mighty Influence on the Success and Esteem of any thing of this Nature.

I might here add some Observations on the Errors in the Action of our present Players; but as that would be an invidious Task, so they may easily be discover'd by those Rules I have laid down of a just Performance. I shall therefore now proceed to the other Duty of a Player, which is the Art of *Speaking*; which, tho much the least considerable, yet according to our modern *Tragedies*, I mean those, which have

been

been beſt receiv'd, is of moſt Uſe. For thoſe Poets have very erroneouſly apply'd themſelves to write more what requires juſt *Speaking*, than juſt Acting. And our Players, generally ſpeaking, fall very much ſhort of that Excellence ev'n in this, which they ought to aim or arrive at; but too plainly prove what *Roſeneraus* deſcribes--- *An Airy of Children, little Taſes, they cry out on the Top of the Queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the Faſhion, and ſo berattle the common Stages (ſo they call'em) that many wearing Rapiers are afraid of Gooſe-Quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.* And tho in what I have before quoted from *Hamlet* (in his Account of the Actor's Action and Behaviour) do happily expreſs the Soul and Art of Acting, which *Shakeſpear* has drawn the compleat Art of Geſture in miniature, in the quoted Speech, yet all the Directions, which he gives, relate (except one Line) wholly to *Speaking*.

HAMLET. "Speak the Speech, I pray you, "as I pronounc'd it, trippingly on the Tongue. "But if you mouth it, as many of our Players "do, I had as lieve the Town-Cryer had ſpoke "my Lines. Nor do not ſaw the Air too much "with your Hand thus, but uſe all gently; *For* "*in the very Torrent, Tempeſt, and I may ſay* "*the Whirlwind of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and* "*beget a Temperance, that may give it Smooth-*"*neſs.* Oh! it offends me to the Soul to ſee a "robuſtous, *perriwig-pated* Fellow tear a Paſ-"ſion to Tatters, to very Rags, to ſplit the Ears "of the Groundlings, who for the moſt part

" are capable of nothing but inexplicable *dumb*
" *Shows* and *Noiſe*. I could have ſuch a Fel-
" low whipt for o'erdoing Termagant: It out-
" *Herod's Herod*. Pray you avoid it——— Be
" not too tame neither, but let your own Diſ-
" cretion be your Tutor. Suit the *Action* to the
" *Word*, the *Word* to the *Action*, with this ſpe-
" cial Obſervance, that you o'ertop not the Mo-
" deſty of *Nature*. For any thing ſo overdone
" is from the Purpoſe of Playing, whoſe End
" both at the firſt and now was and is to hold
" as 'twere the Mirror up to *Nature*; to ſhow
" Virtue her own Feature; ſcorn her own I-
" mage, and the very Age and Body of the
" Time, his Form, and Preſſure. Now this
" over-done, or come tardy of, tho it make the
" Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judici-
" ous grieve: *The Cenſure of which* ONE, *muſt*
" *in your Allowance o'erſway a* WHOLE THEA-
" TRE *of others*. Oh! there be Players, that
" I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe,
" and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely)
" that neither having the Accent of *Chriſtians*,
" nor the Gate of *Chriſtian*, *Pagan*, or *Norman*,
" have ſo *ſtrutted* and *bellow'd*, *that I have*
" *thought ſome of Nature's Journey-Men had*
" *made Men, and not made them well, they imi-*
" *tated Humanity ſo abominably*.

Player. " I hope we have reformed that indif-
" ferently with us, Sir.

Ham. " Oh! reform it altogether. And let
" thoſe, who play the Clowns, ſpeak no more,

" than

" than is ſet down for 'em; for there be of them,
" who will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome
" Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too;
" tho in the mean time, ſome neceſſary Que-
" ſtion of the Play be then to be conſider'd:
" that's villanous, and ſhews a moſt *pitiful Am-*
" *bition* in the Fool, that uſes it.

If we ſhould conſider and weigh theſe Directions well, I am perſuaded they are ſufficient to inſtruct a young Player in all the Beauties of *Utterance*, and to correct all the Errors he might, for want of the Art of Speaking, have incurr'd. By pronouncing it *trippingly on the Tongue*, he means a clear and diſembarraſs'd Pronunciation, ſuch as is agreeable to Nature and the Subject on which he ſpeaks. His telling the Actor, that he had as lieve the Town-Cryer ſhould ſpeak his Lines, as one that mouth'd them, is very juſt; for if Noiſe were an Excellence, I know not who would bear away the Palm, the *Cryer*, or the Player; I'm ſure the Town-Cryer would be leſs faulty, his Buſineſs requiring Noiſe. *Nor do not ſaw the Air with your Hand thus*, but *uſe all* GENTLY: This is the only Precept of Action, which is extremely juſt; and agreeable to the Notions of all, that I have met with on my full Enquiry among my learned Friends, who have read all that has been wrote upon Action, and who reckon *rude* and *boiſtrous* Geſtures among the faulty; Art always directing a moderate and gentle Motion, which *Shakeſpear* expreſſes by *uſe all gently*. Beſides, this *ſawing of the Air*, expreſſes one, who is very

much at a Loſs how to diſpoſe of his Hands, but knowing that they ſhould have ſome Motion, gives them an aukward Violence. The next Obſervation is extremely maſterly——*For in the very* TORRENT, TEMPEST, *and I may ſay the Whirlwind of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and get a Temperance, that may give it* SMOOTHNESS. I remember among many, an Inſtance in the Madneſs of *Alexander* the *Great*, in *Lee*'s Play, Mr. *Goodman* always went through it with all the Force the Part requir'd, and yet made not half the Noiſe, as ſome who ſucceeded him; who were ſure to bellow it out in ſuch a manner, that their Voice would fail them before the End, and led them to ſuch a languid and enervate Hoarſeneſs, as entirely wanted that agreeable *Smoothneſs*, which *Shakeſpear* requires, and which is the Perfection of beautiful Speaking; for to have a juſt Heat, and Loudneſs, and yet a *Smoothneſs* is all that can be deſir'd. *Oh! it offends me to the Soul*, he goes on—— Methinks ſome of our young Gentlemen, who value themſelves for great Players, nay, and Judges too of the Drama, ſet up for Critics, and who cenſure and receive or reject Plays, ſhould be aſham'd of themſelves, when they read this in *Shakeſpear*, whoſe Authority they ſeem ſo fond of on other Occaſions; but it is with them here, as with ſome Enemies of Reaſon on other Occaſions, who are againſt Reaſon, when Reaſon is againſt them, tho none ſo clamorous for it at other Times, that is, they are fonder of Error,

than

than Truth, when they can be more remarkable, and clapt by the *Million*, by continuing in their Error, than by quitting it— But that is a *pitiful Ambition* indeed, and unworthy a Master of any Art. *Tully* likens these Bellowers to Criples, that fly to Noise to cover their Ignorance, as the other to a Horse to help their Lameness; and with this Noise they triumph with the Ignorant; but *Homer* never reckon'd *Stentor* among his fine Speakers. So that tho a strong and firm Voice be a very good Ingredient in a Speaker, yet he ought to have a peculiar Care not to offend a nice Ear, by putting it upon the stretch too much. For this Reason when *Carneades* (not yet of so great Authority among the Philosophers) was declaiming in the Schools, the Master sent him word to moderate his Voice a little; but on his requiring a Pitch from him, the Master reply'd, let his Voice be your Tone, with whom you talk. So that the Loudness or Lowness of the Voice is to be modell'd according to the Place of Speaking, and the Audience; that it be not too low, or too loud. An equal Care ought to be taken of the Action, that it be not rude and desultory, nor beyond Measure active; *Quintus Haterius* had a Servant always behind him, when he spoke in Public, who by touching his Garment, when the Ardour of Discourse had made him fly out, recall'd him to the just Medium of Action. The Ancients indeed (if my Authors mislead me not) were extremely against

that inſolent toſſing of the Body about, when there was no Occaſion. *Sextus Titius* was a very ſharp and loquacious Man, but was ſo diſſolute and enervate in his Action and Geſtures, that a ſort of Dance aroſe out of his Geſticulation, which was call'd by his Name. Nor was *Manlius Sura*, whom when *Domitius Afer* had ſeen whilſt he was Acting or Speaking, running up and down, dancing, toſſing his Hands about, throwing down his Gown now, and then gathering it up again, he ſaid, this Man does not act or uſe Geſtures, but miſerably aims at ſomething he does not underſtand. Some of the Ancients, not content with this Agitation of the Body, that they like the Antiſophiſt of *Virginius*, travell'd a many Miles in their Declamations; which made *Caſſius Severus* require ſome Goal, or Bound to be ſet them, as in Races, beyond which their Excurſions ſhould not reach. Some ſtrike their Chins, ſome their Thighs, and ſome their Foreheads in Trifles, and others perpetually buffet the Pulpit, or Place of Action; ſome proceed ſo far, as to pull off their Hair. Theſe Vices of Action are not fit for any one, much leſs for grave People, and on grave Occaſions. For tho the Paſſions are very beautiful in their proper *Geſtures*, yet they ought never to be ſo extravagantly immoderate, as to tranſport the Speaker out of himſelf. Tho this has a peculiar Regard to the Bar and the Pulpit, yet has it an equal Authority over the Stage, allowing only for the greater Latitude, which

is proper to that Place, which would be ſhocking in the other. But then *Shakeſpear* would not have his *Player* too tame neither, for that indeed is an Error in the other Extreme; it enervates the Diſcourſe, and makes the whole Paſſion languiſh, which ought to warm you with a juſt and comfortable Heat, and enlivening Fire. Altho Action be of great Uſe and Force in *Speaking*, Sedateneſs being to be expreſs'd in ſome things, in others *Severity*, and Vehemence, yet never Madneſs in any thing, which happens to thoſe, who wanton in a ſort of tragical and howling Voice upon every Trifle. Some, on the contrary, are viciouſly oppoſite to theſe, who act ſo tamely and ſo coldly, that when they ought to be angry, to thunder and lighten, as one may ſay, they are no fuller of Heat, than a wet Hen, as the Saying is; and turn over a *Thyeſtean* Scene in the calm Tone of a mere Reader; which made *Cicero* ſay to *Callidius*, when he ſedately told of his being like to be poiſon'd, *If you did not feign all this Story, could you deliver it in this manner?* gathering from his Action, that he ſpoke not feelingly enough for a Reality. Such are fitter to comfort the Sick, than to *ſpeak* in public. In this much is left to the Nature of the Subject, and for this Reaſon *Shakeſpear* leaves it to his Diſcretion. Yet notwithſtanding he leaves his Diſcretion to be his Guide, he ſoon directs that Guide, by bidding him *ſuit the Action to the* WORDS, *and the Words to the* ACTION; and

not *to overtop* the Modeſty of, that is, to go beyond *Nature*, which is to be the Rule of juſt Acting. But then the ſame Difficulty will ariſe here as in Writing, where all ſides agree, that Nature is the ſovereign Guide and Scope; but then they are not ſo agreed in what *Nature* is: The Skilful lay down thoſe Signs, Marks, and Lineaments of *Nature*, that you may know when ſhe is truly drawn, when not; the Unſkilful, which is the greater and more noiſy part, leave it ſo at large, that it amounts to no more, than every one's Fancy, which would make Contradictions Nature; for what pleaſes one, he calls Nature; what pleaſes another, that he calls Nature; and I heard once a Man of the Stage, in great Vogue for I know not what off the Stage, ſay *Nonſenſe* was natural, when Nature has been urg'd as the Rule of good Writing; whether he meant it a *Witticiſm* or not, I never thought it worth while to examine, being ſenſible, that NONSENSE is very natural to ſome, ev'n tho they ſet up for, and are ev'n admir'd by a Set of People for their Wit.

I inſtance this, to ſhow that there ſeems a Neceſſity of ſome Marks, or Rules to fix the Standard of what is *Natural*, and what not, elſe it is a looſe vague Word of no manner of Uſe or Authority. But this is what *Shakeſpear* ſuppoſes our Actor to know, and therefore he proceeds to tell him what the End of a Player was and is, *viz. to hold as it were the Mirrour up to Nature, to ſhew Virtue her own Feature*;

ſcorn

ſcorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his Form and Preſſure. To attain a juſt Praiſe in which, beſides the Knowledge of them, the Player muſt neither over or under-act his Part. As I have already laid down ſuch Obſervations, as may be of great Uſe to the *Actor* in his Acting and Geſture, ſo I ſhall now ſet down ſome, which will give an Inſight into the Art of *Speaking*, or regulating and modelling the Voice in ſuch a manner, as may render the Utterance pleaſing to the Ear.

Before I come to the Directions for the Beauties of Speaking, I think it will not be amiſs to inſert here a Paper given me by a Friend, of the ſeveral natural Defects and Vices of a Voice, taken from the 26th Chapter of the Second Book of *Julius Pollux*'s *Onomaſtics*, which he makes about twenty in number.

The firſt he calls *Black*, drawing the Metaphor from the Eyes to the Ears. For as Black ſtrikes the Eyes more dully, ſo does this ſort of Voice penetrate the Ears with greater Difficulty, and carries with it leſs of the Pleaſant, but ſomething on the contrary of the *diſmal* and *horrid*.

Next the *duſky* or *brown*, differs from the Black only, by being ſomething leſs obſcure, but is yet very far from that Brightneſs of a pure Tone of Voice.

Rough or *unpleaſant*, ſuch as your very ſtrong Voices generally are, with which the pleaſing Sweetneſs is ſeldom mingled; and *Seneca* puts

it down for a wonder, that *Caſſius Severus* retain'd a Sweetneſs in his Voice, tho it was extremely ſtrong and robuſt; for it ſeldom happens, that the ſame Voice is both ſweet and ſolid.

The oppoſite to this he calls *ſmall* or *weak*, ſuch is their Voice, who ſeem rather to pip like a young Chicken, than to ſpeak like humane kind.

Strait or *ſlender*, which is ſlenderly melted thro' the narrow Channel of the Throat, and fills not the Ears of the Hearers.

Duſucous, that which is not heard without Difficulty, or that which is very importunately troubleſome to the Ears.

That which by *Fabius* is call'd *ſubſurd* or *deafiſh*, which wanting vocal Emiſſion, detains the Sound within; like the Harper *Aſpendius*, who could touch the Harp ſo, that no body but himſelf could hear the Sound.

The *confus'd*, which is not diſtinguiſh'd with full articulate Sounds.

The *jarring*, untuneable, abſonous, and unharmonious.

Unmelodious, neglected, without Beauty or Grace.

Rude, uncouth, untractable, unmanageable, like unbroken Colts.

Unperſuaſive, that is not adapted to Perſuaſion, ſuch as theirs, who have a perpetual Identity of Tone in Diſcourſe; a *Monotony*.

Rigid,

Rigid, that which with Difficulty admits any Variation.

Hard or *harſh*, which offends the Ears with a ſort of bouncing and cracking Noiſe.

Deſultory or *broken*, which is when the Diſcourſe leaps or bounds, as it were with unequal Diſtances and Sounds, confuſedly mixing ſhort and long, flat and ſharp, high and low, ſo that the Diſcourſe goes lamely on with the Inequality of all theſe together; the ſame is call'd the *fickle* or *inconſtant*.

The *auſtere*, *ſour* or *diſmal*, which ſtrikes the Ears with an unpleaſant Sound, ſomething like that of creaking Wheels.

The *infirm* or *feeble*, by which the weak and broken Breath is ſpread and diſpers'd into a hoarſe Smallneſs.

Brazen, which like the vehement Clinking of Braſs is perpetually aſſaulting our Ears.

The *ſharp* or *acute*, which ſtrikes and penetrates the Ears with a ſhriller Sound, than it ought. For the moſt acute Sounds are not the moſt fit for Speaking in Public; which is made too thin, too cutting, and of too great a Clearneſs.

The contrary Virtues enumerated by the ſame Author are theſe.

The *high*, which being ſent from good Lungs and Cheſt perfectly fills the Ears.

The *lofty*, that which is not only more fully heard, but by its own Firmneſs becomes durable.

The

The *clear*, that ſounds ſprightly, and is not blurr'd with any Defects.

The *ſmooth*, *ſpreading*, *explicit*.

The *grave*, *baſs*, or *full*, ſuch as generally is the Voice of the moſt manly and robuſt Singers, which if mingled with Sweetneſs is the moſt valuable Voice, that is; but when it wants this Sweetneſs, it ſcatters and ſpreads out into wild and deſolate Enormity.

The *candid* and *pure*, which affects the Ears, as White does the Eyes, and is therefore contrary to the Vice of Voice call'd the *black*.

The *pure* and *ſimple*, and as it were refin'd from all Vices and Defects.

The *ſweet*, which delights with the Flower, as I may ſay, of a good Grace.

The *alluring*, that abounds in delicate Modulating, and harmonious Warblings.

The *exquiſite*, poliſh'd and rich.

The *round* and *ſimple*, and moſt adapted to Perſuaſion.

The *tractable* or *Voice at Command*, which eaſily riſes from the loweſt Note to the higheſt, and with as much Eaſe falls from the higheſt to the loweſt, and every where divides it ſelf into all the pleaſing Variety of Notes.

The *flexible*, that is wholly without Roughneſs, Stiffneſs, that obeys the Modulation, as Wax does the Fingers.

The *voluble* or ſwift, ſuch as that of the beſt Orators, in the cloſeſt and hotteſt of the Argument.

The

The *delicious*, beautiful in a kind of graceful Softneſs.

The *ſounding* or *canorous*, fit to ſing with Muſical Inſtruments.

The *full*, *perſpicuous*, and eaſy to be heard.

The *ſplendid*, and *ſhining* with an agreeable Softneſs.

Theſe are the ſeveral ſorts, or kinds of Voices, and their Virtues, which proceed merely from Nature, which yet receive from Art their Brightneſs, Improvement, and Perfection.

As theſe are the Virtues and Vices of the Voice, ſo we ſhall now proceed to the Beauties and Defects of *Pronunciation*: The chief Excellencies of which are agreed by the Maſters of the Art to be *Purity*, *Perſpicuity*, *Ornament*, and *Hability* or *Aptitude*.

PURITY is, as we may ſay, a certain Healthfulneſs of Voice, which has in it nothing vicious; which is obſtructed by the Voice we have call'd *ſubſurd* or deafiſh, rude, noiſy, hard, rigid, inconſtant or uncertain, thick or groſs; or by one, that is ſmall, ſtrait, empty, infirm, ſoft, or effeminate. On the contrary, a Delivery, which is eaſy, open, pleaſant, genteel; and in which nothing ſounds clowniſh or foreign, is a great Help to *Pronunciation*, as *Quintilian* juſtly obſerves. *Cicero*, with equal Juſtice, and for the ſame Reaſon, in his Book *de Oratore*, condemns a Voice, that is ſoft, womaniſh, untuneable, abſurd, ungenteel and ruſtical. And he directs his Speaker to a *Delivery*, that

that is neither harſh, nor diſorderly, nor clowniſh, nor gaping, but cloſe, equal, or of the ſame Tenor, and ſmooth. To theſe we muſt add the Tone and Accent, by which Men are known. This Virtue is obtain'd by Nature and Uſe, which is of very great Conſequence in theſe Affairs; for which Reaſon Boys ſhould inure themſelves to a right Pronunciation from the Beginning; ſince we find, that in learning foreign Tongues, thoſe ſeldom reach the Purity of them, who apply not themſelves to them till in Years.

The PERSPICUITY, and Light of *Pronunciation* conſiſts of a certain articulate Expreſſion of all the Syllables, and their proper Points and Stops; of which theſe are the Precepts of *Quintilian.*

The *Pronunciation* will be *perſpicuous* and *clear*, firſt if the whole Words are entirely ſounded, part of which is ſometimes devoured, part neglected by moſt, who by indulging and dwelling too much on the Sound of the foregoing Syllables, expreſs not ſufficiently the laſt: But as the making Words have a plain Pronunciation is neceſſary, ſo is it very troubleſome and odious to run it to a Computation and Enumeration of every Letter, and we muſt obſerve nicely in what Place the Diſcourſe is to be ſuſtain'd, and as it were ſuſpended. And this, as is plain, is to be attain'd by Art.

The ORNAMENT is the cultivating and Clearneſs of the Voice; and to this a great Help is

naturally deriv'd from a Voice, that is eaſy, great, happy, flexible, firm, ſweet, durable, clear, pure, penetrating, high, and adorn'd indeed with all thoſe Virtues, we have already enumerated out of *Julius Pollux*. To this we muſt add, the beautiful Compoſition of the whole Inſtrument or Body, as the Firmneſs of the Cheſt and Lungs, Goodneſs of Breath, and that not eaſily giving way to, or failing under Labour and Fatigue.

HABILITY or APTITUDE is a pleaſing Variety of *Pronunciation*, according to the Diverſity of the Subject, and in a conſtant Equality. For as the beſt Style is perpetually equal or conſiſtent with it ſelf, and yet is according to the Subject now grave, now florid, and now gently abated; ſo is a valuable Utterance always the ſame, and never deviating from its Excellence, yet derives all its Beauty and Glory from thoſe agreeable Varieties, which according to the Nature of the Things it delivers, it admits. It is impoſſible to expreſs how great and charming the Grace of the Art of varying the Voice, how much it enlivens the Hearers, and refreſhes the Speaker himſelf by an agreeable Change of his Labour. On the contrary, a *Monotony*, or perpetually Speaking in the ſame unvary'd Tone, quite deſtroys the Speaker, and diſpirits the Auditors, making them languiſh under a tireſome Oſcitation. As we cannot always ſtand, or ſit, or walk, but relieve our ſelves by an alternate Uſe of them, ſo in *Pronunciation*, we love a

grate-

grateful Variation of the Voice directed by a juſt Equality.

The Voice therefore, according to *Quintilian*, in *Joy* ſhould be full, ſimple, pleaſant, and flowing; in *Diſpute*, extended with all its juſt Force and Nerves; in *Anger*, vehement and ſharp, or acute, cloſe, compact, mixt with frequent Reſpirations; but more ſlow in raiſing *Envy*, ſince few but Inferiours have Recourſe to this.

In Inſinuations, Confeſſions, Atonements and the like, the Voice muſt be gentle and temperate; when you perſuade, admoniſh, promiſe, or Comfort it ought to be grave; and contracted in Fear, and Baſhfulneſs and Modeſty; ſtrong in Exhortations, in Diſputations round, fine and ſmooth; in Pity and Compaſſion, turning dolefully, and as it were on purpoſe more obſcure. In Expoſitions and Diſcourſes, direct; and in a Tone, that is a Medium betwixt an acute and grave. It is rais'd with our Paſſions, and falls again with them, being higher or lower according to either. Whoever can do all this has attain'd the higheſt Perfection of *Pronunciation*.

Cicero, in his 3d Book *de Oratore*, divides Pronunciation into many kinds; into *gentle* and *fierce*; contracted and diffus'd; with a continu'd Breath, and with an Intermiſſion of the ſame; *broken* or *cut*; with a varying or direct Sound; ſlender and *great*. Theſe, ſays he, are expos'd for Colours to the Actor, as to the Painter to draw his Variations.

Anger

Anger loves an acute Sound, vehement, and full of Reſpirations.

Commiſeration or *Pity*, one that is flexible, full, interrupted, and doleful.

Fear, one low, not without Heſitation, and abject.

Force and *Power*, one vehement, earneſt, imminent, but carry'd on with a certain Gravity.

Pleaſure, one effuſive, gentle, tender, joyful, and remiſs.

Grief and *Trouble*, one grave, and oppreſs'd with every ſtraining.

Thus far my Paper, in which, I think, is contain'd the Art of Speaking beautifully on all Occaſions; for there is nothing, that an Actor can talk of on the Stage, whether in Paſſion, or out of Paſſion, a Pleader at the Bar, or the Divine in the Pulpit, but what muſt fall under ſome of theſe Heads. I therefore recommend to the Study of my *Speaker* a perfect Application to what is here deliver'd. Yet, as this may not appear ſo obvious to many, who may deſire to underſtand this Art, and may be capable of arriving at ſome Perfection in it; I ſhall proceed to give my Learner ſome more plain Lights, and which may ſerve, as a thorough Paraphraſe and Explanation of what I have here deliver'd.

The firſt Conſideration in the Art of Speaking, is to ſatisfy the Ear, which conveys all Arts and Sciences to us, and is the natural Judge of the Voice. The Speaker therefore ought to be heard and underſtood with Eaſe and Pleaſure,

to which a Voice clear, ſweet and ſtrong, is neceſſary to be heard all over the Audience. Such a Voice as *Quintilian* gives *Trachallus*, would be very uſeful, who pleading a Cauſe in one of the four Courts in the *Julian Forum*, was not only heard in that but in all the reſt, ſo well as to be underſtood, and merit Applauſe; but tho every Man cannot obtain a Voice like this, yet if he cannot fill the Place, where he ſpeaks, he's not fit to ſpeak.

Some Men have ſuch a Voice naturally, others attain it by the Improvement of Art and Exerciſe. As has been ſaid of *Demoſthenes*, who was as defective in Speaking as in Action and Geſture: He had naturally a weak Voice, and Impediment in his Speech, and a ſhort Breath; and venturing withal theſe Diſqualifications to ſpeak in public twice, he was hiſs'd both Times. But by his Induſtry and Application, he remov'd all theſe Obſtructions. He daily in his under-ground Apartment exercis'd himſelf, by ſpeaking what he had read aloud, ſo that his Organs gradually open'd, and his Voice ſenſibly clearing, grew every Day ſtronger, than the former. His Tongue was ſo groſs and clumſy, that he mumbled his Words, nor could utter them clear and plain; nay, he could not pronounce an (*R*) at all; he was ſo ſhort winded, that he could not ſpeak many Words together without taking his Breath, which was but a ſort of broken-winded Pronunciation; and theſe Difficulties produc'd a wonderful Difficulty, which was the ſurmount-

ing

ing the great Noiſe of a Publick Aſſembly.

Firſt, he cur'd the Groſſneſs of his Tongue, by putting Peble-ſtones in his Mouth, whilſt he ſpoke for ſome time; he cur'd himſelf of his ſhort Breath, by running up Hills, and repeating upright as he went ſome Verſes, or Sentences of Speeches, which he had by Heart; which ſtrengthen'd his Lungs, and made him long-winded: The Noiſe of Public Aſſemblies he conquer'd by Speaking with his utmoſt Contention of Voice in his Orations to the Roaring of the Sea, when loudeſt, and ſo became the moſt compleat Speaker of his Age.

'Tis true *Demoſthenes* overcame theſe Difficulties, or at leaſt Hiſtorians make us believe ſo; but this ſhould be no Reaſon for admitting any one into a Play-houſe, who lies under ſuch Defects, as this great Orator, by unſpeakable Diligence, remov'd. For if a Man's Voice be good for nothing, by Reaſon of any Indiſpoſition of the Organs, as the Tongue, Throat, Breaſt, or Lungs; if he have any conſiderable Liſping, Heſitation, or Stammering, he is not proper for the Stage, the Pulpit, or the Bar.

But I have given this Inſtance of *Demoſthenes*, for the Sake of ſome, who may be on the Stage, and furniſh'd with an admirable Genius, yet for want of Breath, or by the Feebleneſs of their Voice, cannot exert their other beautiful Qualities. Let them always ſpeak out in their private Study, and in *Rehearſals*; it is an exer-

ciſe, which has been judg'd beneficial to the Health, provided, that you do not overſtrain your Voice. Thus we find in *Plutarch*, (for I read all the Ancients I can meet with in *French* or *Engliſh*) whilſt he adviſes other bodily Exerciſes for the Health of others, to thoſe, who ſpeak in *Public*, be it on the Stage, or elſewhere, he preſcribes Diſcourſing, or making Speeches often, or Reading with as exalted a Voice, as Nature will well bear; and he ſays, it is his Opinion, that this Exerciſe is more healthy, and uſeful for this End, than all others; ſince while the other Motions ſet only the Limbs at work, and ſtir the external Members, the Voice employs a nobler part of the Body, and ſtrengthens the Lungs, from which it receives its Breath; it augments the natural Heat, thins the Blood, cleanſes the Veins, opens all the Arteries, prevents every Obſtruction, and hinders the groſs Humours from thickening into Diſtempers.

Let every Syllable have its diſtinct and full Sound and Proportion, when you uſe this Exerciſe, and then you need not fear muffling your Words, or Stammering. But beſides this Vice of Utterance, you muſt avoid a broad way of ſpeaking with your Mouth wide open, and of bellowing out a great Sound, but ſo confus'd and inarticulate, that tho you may be heard a great way off, yet the Sound will convey no more to the Underſtanding, than the Roaring of a Bull, or any other Beaſt. This proceeds from

from an Affectation, and a falſe Opinion, that this enormous Loudneſs gives a Majeſty and Force to what they ſay; whereas it robs it of its Articulation, which is the very Being of Speech, and hinders its being underſtood, which is the very End of Speaking.

There are, in ſhort, two things to make the Speaker heard and underſtood without Difficulty; firſt, a very diſtinct and articulate Voice, and next a very ſtrong and vigorous Pronunciation. The firſt is the moſt important; for an indifferent Voice, with a diſtinct Pronunciation, ſhall be far more eaſily underſtood, than one, that is ſtronger and more audible, but which does not articulate the Words ſo well.

But it is not ſufficient to be heard without Difficulty, but it ought to be the Object of your Endeavours to be heard with Pleaſure and Satisfaction. To this End you muſt conſider, whether your Voice have any of the fore-mention'd Vices or Defects, whether it be harſh, hoarſe, or obſequious, and enquire into the Cauſe, whether it be from Nature, or an ill Habit; for 'tis your Buſineſs to render your Voice as ſweet, ſoft, and agreeable to the Ear, as you poſſibly can. If the Defect proceeds from only an *ill Habit*, you ought to practice a contrary manner, if you would make your ſelf fit for this Affair. But if it proceed from Nature, in the Defect of any, or all of the Organs of the Body employed in it, tho we have the Examples of *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes* of Succeſs, yet

at this time, and in this Employ, I think, it is ſcarce worth the while to aim, by a great deal of uncertain Labour, at the correcting Nature, when there are other Employments fitter for you.

Next to the Fineneſs of the Tone, the Variation of it is what will make the Auditors pleas'd and delighted with what they hear; you ought therefore to employ much Care and Time in learning the Art of varying the Voice, according to the Diverſity of the Subjects, of the Paſſions you would expreſs or excite, ſtronger or weaker, higher or lower, as will be moſt agreeable to what you ſay.

Tho I have already touch'd on this Point both in my Remarks on what I quoted from *Shakeſpear* about Speaking, and in the Paper inſerted on the Virtues of *Pronunciation*, yet I cannot diſmiſs this Subject without ſome farther Reflections, becauſe we have had ſome Actors of Figure, who have an admirable Tone of Voice, the Beauty of which they have perverted into a Deformity, by keeping always in the very ſame Identity of Sound, in the very ſame Key, nay, the individual Note; for as in Muſic, ſo in Speaking, 'tis the Variety, which makes the Harmony; and as for a Fidler or Lutiniſt, or any other Performer in Muſic, to ſtrike always the ſame String and Note, would be ſo far from tolerable Muſic, that it would be ridiculouſly inſufferable and dull, ſo can nothing grate the Ear ſo much, or give the Auditors a greater

Diſ-

Diſguſt, as a Voice ſtill in the ſame Tone, without Diviſion or Variety.

'Tis true, this Vice is too general among moſt Speakers, but not in the laſt Degree. Few arrive to the true Art of varying the Voice with that Beauty and Harmony, which is in Nature, becauſe they do not ſtudy what the Words, Subject, and Paſſion to be expreſs'd properly require. A good Voice, indeed, tho ill manag'd, may fill the Ear agreeably, but it would be infinitely more pleaſing, if they knew how to give it the juſt Turns, Riſings, Fallings, and all other Variations ſuitable to the Subjects and Paſſions. But thoſe very fine Voices, which in ſpight of their being ill govern'd pleaſe, are very uncommon. But this Vice renders ſuch Voices, as are ordinarily met with, to the laſt Degree diſagreeable.

But this *ſtiff Uniformity of Voice* is not only diſpleaſing to the Ear, but diſappoints the Effect of the Diſcourſe on the Hearers; firſt, by an equal way of Speaking, when the Pronunciation has every where, in every Word and every Syllable the ſame Sound, it muſt inevitably render all Parts of the Speech equal, and ſo put them on a very unjuſt Level. So that the Power of the Reaſoning Part, the Luſtre and Ornament in the Figures, the Heart, Warmth, and Vigor of the paſſionate part being expreſs'd all in the ſame Tone, is flat and inſipid, and loſt in a ſupine, or at leaſt immuſical Pronunciation. So that, in ſhort, that which ought to ſtrike and ſtir up the Affections, becauſe 'tis ſpoken all

alike, without any Diſtinction or Variety, moves them not at all. Next there is no greater Opiate in Speaking, nothing ſo dull and heavy, and fit to lull us aſleep, as a whole Diſcourſe turning ſtill on the ſame *Note* and *Tone*; and indeed it ſavours of the Cant, which was formerly in ſome of the Diſſenter's Pulpits, which they have of late very much reform'd in their young Men.

I believe a great deal of this is owing to our erroneous way of Education, where the School-Miſtreſſes firſt, and afterwards the Maſters, teach or ſuffer the Boys to cant out their Leſſons in one unvary'd Tone for ſo many Years, which grows up with us, and is not overcome at laſt without Application; tho Nature and Reaſon, if we would conſult them, would guide us into a more pleaſing and excellent Road.

Nature tells us, that in Mourning, in Melancholly, in Grief, we muſt and do expreſs our ſelves in another ſort of Tone and Voice, than in Mirth, in Joy, in Gladneſs: Otherwiſe in Reproof of Crimes, *&c.* than in Comforting the Afflicted: Otherwiſe when we upbraid a Man with his Faults, than when we aſk Pardon for our own; otherwiſe when we threaten, than when we promiſe, pray, or beg a Favour; otherwiſe when we are in a good Humour, the Paſſions all calm, and the Mind in perfect Tranquillity, than when we are rais'd with Anger, or provok'd by ill Nature.

This

This *Variation* is ſo founded in Nature, that ſhould you hear two People, in a Language you do not underſtand, talking together with Heat, the one in *Anger*, the other in *Fear*; one in *Joy*, the other in *Sorrow*, you might eaſily diſtinguiſh the Paſſions from each other by the different Tone, and Cadence of their Voice, as well as by their Countenance and Geſture; nay, a blind Man, who could not obſerve thoſe, by the Voice would eaſily know the Diſtinction.

From this it is plain, that as this Variation of the Voice is founded in Nature, ſo the nearer you approach to Nature, the nearer you come to Perfection; and the farther you are from her, the more vicious is your *Pronunciation*. The leſs affected the better, for a natural Variation is much the beſt; the eaſieſt way of arriving at which, is a juſt Obſervation of common Diſcourſe, and to mind how you ſpeak your ſelf in Converſation; how a Woman expreſſes her Paſſion for an Injury receiv'd, her Grief for the Loſs of a Huſband, or any thing dear to her, and from theſe Obſervations endeavour to form your Pronunciation in public, with this only difference, that you conſider how much louder your Voice ought to be to be heard in all thoſe Particulars, at ſuch a Diſtance as the Stage, the Bar, or the Pulpit. The beſt Actors change their Voice according to the Qualities of the Perſons they repreſent, and the Condition they are in, or the Subject of their Diſcourſe; always ſpeaking in the ſame Tone on the Stage,

as they would do in a Room, allowing for the Diſtance.

We muſt, therefore, vary the Voice, as often as we can; but the only Difficulty is to know how to do it artfully, and with Harmony; to the accompliſhing which, I ſhall give the following Directions.

There are three chief Differences of *Highneſs* or *Lowneſs*, of *Vehemence* and *Softneſs*, and *Swiftneſs* and *Slowneſs*. The Speaker therefore is to obſerve a juſt Meaſure in all theſe Diſtinctions thro' all that he has to ſay. He muſt be ſure to keep a true Medium of the Voice, both the Extremes being vicious and diſagreeable. Firſt, as to its *Height*, you muſt have a Care of either raiſing it always to the higheſt Note it can reach, or letting it down to the *loweſt*. To ſtrain it always to the Height, would be a *Bawling* or a *Monotony*, a Cant, or Identity of Sound. For beſides the Ungenteelneſs and Indecency of the Clamour and Noiſe to the Hearer, it wears the Throat of the Speaker into a Hoarſeneſs, and the Ears of the Hearer into an Averſion. To ſink the Voice likewiſe into the loweſt and moſt baſe Note, and to keep it always in the ſame Tone, would be to mutter, not to ſpeak, and few of the Audience would be able to hear a Word, that was ſaid.

Nor muſt a Man force his Voice perpetually to the laſt Extremity; for not being able to ſuſtain it long in that Key, it would fail him all of a ſudden; like the String of a Muſical Inſtrument, that breaks when ſcrew'd up too high.

With-

Without obſerving theſe Directions, he would either like *Adrian* the *Phœnician*, mention'd by *Philoſtratus*, loſe his Voice in the midſt of his Diſcourſe, and murmur out the later part in ſo low a Tone as not to be heard; or like *Zoſimus* the Freedman of *Pliny* the younger, over-ſtraining himſelf, vomit Blood, and endanger his Life. A Man of a weak Conſtitution, and in Years, ought to have a Care of ſuch an intemperate way of Speaking, leſt he incur the Fate of King *Attalus*. He (as I have read) made once a Speech at *Thebes*, in a public Aſſembly, in which being tranſported into an Action too violent for the Debility of his old Age, he was of a ſudden ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and without the leaſt Motion or Appearance of Life; ſo that he was forc'd to be carry'd home to his Lodgings, whence ſoon after being convey'd to his Palace at *Pergamus*, he dy'd.

On the other ſide, you ought not to be too ſupine or remiſs either in your *Action* or *Speaking*, becauſe ſo effeminate and ſoft a Diſſolution of the *Voice* betrays a Feebleneſs, and deſtroys the Energy of what you ſay, nor raiſes the Paſſions of any one, that hears above a common and diſpaſſionate Diſcourſe.

Next, as to the Swiftneſs and Volubility, it ought not to be precipitate. This was the Fault of one *Serapion*, of whom *Lucillius* gives *Seneca* an Account, and ſays, That his Fancy flow'd ſo quick, that hudling Word on Word, one Tongue ſeem'd not ſufficient for the Precipitation

tion of his *Pronunciation.* But this, on ſeveral Accounts, is a very vicious way of Speaking. This Vice is not only unſeemly on all grave Subjects, but an Obſtacle to the End propos'd by them, which is Perſuaſion. For without allowing Time to conſider what you ſay, how can you convince? But on the Stage indeed the Caſe is ſomething different, becauſe there are Parts, and ſome particular Speeches, where ſuch an extravagant Volubility is beautiful; as in ſeveral Places of the Part of *True Wit* in the *Silent Woman*, and ſome other Parts: But that we ſhall ſee anon, when we come cloſer to Particulars. This running on Poſt without any Pauſe, is alſo prejudicial to the Speaker himſelf; for there is nothing hurts the Lungs more, than ſuch a Violence and Precipitation of Speech, as allows no Intermiſſion for the regular drawing the Breath, which has caſt ſome into Conſumptions, and coſt them their Lives.

But when I give Caution againſt this Vice, I would not have you throw your ſelf into the contrary Extreme; for when I would not have you run ſo very faſt with your Tongue, I would not have you ſuppoſe, that I preſcribe ſuch a Slowneſs of Utterance, that is like a ſick Man's Walking, who can hardly draw one Leg after the other; whereas what I aim at is, that the Tongue of the Speaker ſhould keep Pace with the Ear of the Auditors, being neither too ſwift for them to follow, nor too ſlow for their Attention. I find in an Author on this Subject,

Vicians

Vicians noted for this, that his Slowneſs of Delivery was ſo great, that he ſpoke ſcarce three Words together without a Pauſe, or Intermiſſion. But there can be no manner of Pleaſure to hear a Man drawl out his Words at this Rate; his Speech, to be of Value, muſt be more florid, but then it ought to glide like a gentle Stream, and not pour down like a rapid Torrent.

There is a certain Latitude for the Variation of the Voice, extending to five or ſix Tones; ſo that the Speaker has room enough for varying his Voice, without ſtriking on the two Extremes, by forming out of theſe five or ſix Notes a juſt and delightful Harmony.

Next, the Speaker muſt govern his Voice, in Regard of its Violence and Softneſs, with ſuch a Moderation, that tho he force it not to that laſt Extremity, which hurts Nature in himſelf, as well as jars upon the Ear of the Hearer; nor languiſh, on the other hand, ſo far, as to fall into the loweſt Degree of Softneſs and Effeminacy, he may yet give his *Pronunciation* more or leſs Vehemence, or Mildneſs, according to the different State of his Subject, and the Quality of his Speech. But in this, as well as in the *Swiftneſs* and *Slowneſs*, he muſt let the Subject and Paſſions of his Diſcourſe be the Guide of his Judgment. Nor muſt he, when he would vary his Voice, ſtart out of one Tone into another with too remarkable a Diſtinction of the latter from the former; but ſlide from one to the other with all the Moderation, Softneſs

and Addreſs in the World; elſe to thoſe, who ſee you not, it will ſeem the Speech of ſome other Perſon.

Were I ſure of ſuch Readers, as could reduce theſe general Rules to particular Caſes, I need not give my ſelf the Trouble of deſcending to Particulars: But that there may be no Help wanting, that I am able to procure, I ſhall come to Rules for all the ſeveral Variations of the Voice, tho they might in ſome Meaſure be gather'd from what has been urg'd on this Head, both in what regards the Quality of the Subjects, the Nature of the Paſſions, the ſeveral Parts of the Diſcourſe, the Figures made uſe of, and the Varieties of Words and Phraſes.

I ſhall begin with the Subjects, of which there are ſeveral ſorts; as, *Things Natural, the good or evil Actions of Men, the happy or unfortunate Events of Life*, &c. All which ought, as they are of a very different kind, to be ſpoken with as different an Air and Accent. In ſpeaking of Things Natural, when you deſign only to make your Hearers underſtand you, there is no need of Heat or Motion, a clear and diſtinct Voice and Utterance is ſufficient; becauſe the informing the Underſtanding being here all the Buſineſs, the moving the Will and Paſſions has nothing to do. But if from this you riſe to ſtrike your Auditors with Admiration of the Wonders of Providence, in its *Beauty*, *Wiſdom* and *Power*, you muſt do it in a grave Voice, and a Tone full of Admiration.

If your Diſcourſe be on the Actions of Men, either as *juſt*, and *honourable*, which you would by Praiſe recommend to the Eſteem or Imitation of thoſe, who hear you; or *unjuſt* or *infamous*, which you would deter them from by Invective; the Voice muſt be adapted to the Quality of either; expreſſing the Juſt and Honeſt with a full, lofty, and noble Accent, with a Tone of Satisfaction, Honour, and Eſteem; but the *unjuſt*, *infamous*, or *diſhonourable*, with a ſtrong, violent and paſſionate Voice, and a Tone of Anger, Diſdain and Deteſtation.

If your Diſcourſe be on the Events of human Life, thoſe are ſome fortunate or happy, others unfortunate and miſerable; you muſt likewiſe vary your Voice according to the Difference. When you congratulate the Fortunate, your Tone and Accent is briſk and chearful; when you condole the Unfortunate, the Accent muſt be ſad and mournful.

As all the Subjects of Natural Things are not alike for their Grandeur, Beauty and Luſtre, as the Heavens and Earth, the Planets and Herbs and Inſects, and therefore not to be deliver'd with the ſame Voice, and State of Magnificence of *Pronunciation*; ſo are not the Actions and Events of human Life happy or unhappy, good or bad, of the ſame Import; a great and profligate Crime, or a barbarous and extraordinary Cruelty, are of greater Conſequence, than a little and common Peccadillo. The Intereſt and Honour of Life is of greater Importance, than

the

the Intereſt of many; the brave Actions of an illuſtrious Conqueror, of a MORDANT or an EUGENE, than thoſe of a *Wat Tyler* or *Jack Straw*; the Deſtruction or Safety of a *whole Kingdom*, than the Loſs or Gain of a *private Perſon*. So they require a different, and ſome a more vehement Accent and Pronunciation, than others; for a great Tone and Accent to trivial and common Occurrences, would be as ridiculous and abſurd, as to ſpeak in a plain, low, unconcern'd familiar Tone on the moſt noble and illuſtrious Affairs.

Tho theſe things perhaps, at firſt View, may ſeem more cloſely to relate to ſet Speeches, Orations, or Sermons, yet if the Actor will throughly conſider them, they are of no leſs Concern to him, ſince whatever he ſpeaks of on the Stage, will fall under ſome of theſe Heads, or, at leaſt, theſe Subjects will often fall in his way to diſcourſe of in Tragedy. But what follows will, beyond Contradiction, be of immediate Uſe to him, ſince it is directive of the Accents and Tones according to the Paſſions; and the Paſſions are or ought always to be in every Part of the *Tragic Scene*; and which, if more introduc'd by our Poets, would get them much more Reputation, as well as Money.

If the *Speaker* will but weigh theſe Subjects, I have juſt mention'd, well, and ſtrongly imprint them in his Imagination, they will infallibly give ſuch lively Ideas, as muſt raiſe in himſelf the Paſſions of *Joy* or *Sorrow*, of Fear or Boldneſs,

Boldneſs, of Anger or Compaſſion, of Eſteem or of Contempt; and if theſe are fully and emphatically repreſented, and utter'd with that *Variety* of Tone and Cadence, which they ought to be, they cannot fail of moving the very ſame Affections in his Auditors.

When you are therefore to ſpeak, you ought firſt with Care to conſider the Nature of the Thing of which you are to ſpeak, and fix a very deep Impreſſion of it in your own Mind, before you can be throughly touch'd with it your ſelf, or able by an agreeable Sympathy to convey the ſame Paſſion to another. The String of a muſical Inſtrument ſounds according to the Force and Impulſe of the Maſter; if the Touch be gentle and ſoft, the Sound is ſo too; if ſtrong, the Sound is vivid and ſtrong. It is the ſame in Speaking as in Muſic, if violent Paſſion produce your *Speech*, that will produce a violent Pronunciation; but if it ariſe only from a tranquill and gentle Thought, the Force and Accent of the Delivery will be gentle and calm; ſo that the Speaker ought firſt to fix the Tone and Accent of his Voice to every Paſſion, that affects him, be it of Joy or Sorrow, that he may by a ſympathetical Force convey it to others.

Thus will he beſt expreſs *Love* by a gay, ſoft and charming Voice; his *Hate*, by a ſharp, ſullen, and ſevere one; his *Joy*, by a full flowing and briſk Voice; his *Grief*, by a ſad, dull and languiſhing Tone; not without ſometimes interrupting the Continuity of the Sound with a

Sigh or Groan, drawn from the very inmoſt of the Boſom. A tremulous and ſtammering Voice will beſt expreſs his *Fear*, inclining to Uncertainty and Apprehenſion. A loud and ſtrong Voice, on the contrary, will moſt naturally ſhow his *Confidence*, always ſupported with a decent Boldneſs, and daring Conſtancy. Nor can his Auditors be more juſtly ſtruck with a Senſe of his *Anger*, than by a Voice or Tone, that is ſharp, violent and impetuous, interrupted with a frequent taking of the Breath, and ſhort Speaking. Thus *Hotſpur* in *Henry* IV. of *Shakeſpear.*

Hotſ. *He ſaid he would not ranſom* MORTIMER,
Forbad my Tongue to ſpeak of MORTIMER,
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his Ear I'll hollow MORTIMER.
Nay, I'll have a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but MORTIMER, *and give it him,*
To keep his Anger ſtill in Motion.
Why look ye, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with Rods,
Nettl'd and ſtung with Piſmires, when I hear
Of his vile Politician Bullingbrook, *&c.*

And King *Lear* in the ſame Poet.

LEAR. *Deteſted Kite, thou lyeſt!*
My Train are Men of choice and rareſt Parts,
That all Particulars of Duty know,

And

And in the moſt exact Regard ſupport
The Worſhips of their Names! O moſt ſmall
Fault!
How ugly didſt thou in CORDELIA *ſhow?*
Which like an Engine wrench'd my Frame of
Nature (*Love,*
From the fixt Place; drew from my Heart all
And added to the Gall. O LEAR! LEAR!
LEAR!
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgment out.——

And again immediately.

Hear! Nature hear! dear Goddeſs hear!
Suſpend thy Purpoſe if thou doſt intend
To make this Creature fruitful,
Into her Womb convey Sterility;
Dry up in her the Organs of Increaſe,
And from her Dewgate Body never ſpring
A Babe to honour her. If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her Child of Spleen, that it may give,
And be a-thwart, diſnatur'd Torment, like her.
Let it ſtamp Wrinkles in her Brow of Youth;
With cadent Tears fret Channels in her Cheeks,
Turn all her Mother's Pains and Benefits
To Laughter and Contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper, than a Serpent's Tooth it is
To have a thankleſs Child.

Both theſe Speeches, with that of *Hotſpur*, muſt be ſpoke with an elevated Tone and enra-

ged Voice, and the Accents of a Man all on Fire, and in a Fury next to Madneſs. The ſame may be ſaid of *Othello* in the following Speech.

OTH. *Villain! Be ſure thou prove my Love a Whore;*
Be ſure of it; give me the Ocular Proof,
Or by the Worth of my eternal Soul,
Thou hadſt better have been born a Dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd Wrath ——
If thou doſt ſlander her, or torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorſe
On Horrors Head, Horrors accumulate;
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to Damnation add
Greater than that.

Old *Capulet* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

How now!
How now! chop Logic? What's this?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no Thankings; nor proud me no prouds;
But ſettle your fine Joints 'gainſt Thurſday *next,*
To go with Paris *to St.* Peter's *Church,*
Or I will drag thee in a Hurdle thither.
Out you Green-ſickneſs Carrion; out you Baggage;
Out you Tallow-Face.

And

And before in the ſame Play.

Old Cap. *He ſhall be endur'd.*
What good Man Boy—I ſay he ſhall. Go to----
Am I the Maſter here or you? Go to——
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my Soul,
You'll make a Mutiny among the Gueſts!
You'll ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the Man!

'Tis plain from the Expreſſions between ſhort Sentences in both theſe Speeches, that the Actor ſhould ſpeak puffing and blowing, and take his Breath at every Point, as if his Paſſion had choak'd up his Delivery, and he could not for Anger and Choler utter more Words together. The ſame may be ſaid of the firſt Speech of *Hotſpur*'s.

I cannot but here give a Deſcription of a valiant Anger, or the Heat of a noble Warrior in Fight, out of *Shakeſpear*'s *Harry* V. becauſe it gives a lively Image of all the Looks and Actions belonging to it.

Hen. *But when the Blaſt of War blows in our Ears,*
Then imitate the Action of the Tyger.
Stiffen the Sinews, ſummon up the Blood;
Diſguiſe fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage;
Then lend the Eye a terrible Aſpect;
Let it pry through the Portage of the Head,
Like the Braſs Cannon let the Brow o'erwhelm it,

As fearfully as does a galled Rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded Baſe,
Swell'd with the wild and waſteful Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſtrils wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up ev'ry Spirit
To its full Height.——

If a Player would ſtudy this Speech, he would find ſuch Looks and Motions would inſpire him with more Life on the Repreſentation of ſuch a Character, than he would otherwiſe feel.

To move Compaſſion, the Speaker muſt expreſs himſelf with a ſoft, ſubmiſſive and pitiful Voice, as *Arthur* in King *John*, when *Hubert* ſhows him the King's Order for burning out his Eyes with a hot Iron.

ARTH. *Have you the Heart? When your Head did but ake,*
I knit my Handkerchief about your Brows,
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my Hand at Midnight held your Head,
And like the watchful Minutes to the Hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy Time,
Saying, What lack you? and where lies your Grief?
Oh! what good Love may I perform for you?
Many a poor Man's Son would have lain ſtill,
And not have ſpoke a loving Word to you,
But you at your ſick Service had a Prince, &c.

And

And *Anthony* in *Julius Cæsar*, in the Beginning of his Speech on *Cæsar*'s Death.

ANT. *Friends*, Romans, *Country-men, lend me your Ears,*
I come to bury CÆSAR, *not to praise him.*
The Evil, that Men do, lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with their Bones.
So let it be with CÆSAR. *The noble* BRUTUS
Has told you, CÆSAR *was ambitious.*
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,
And grievously has CÆSAR *answer'd it.*
Here under Leave of BRUTUS *and the rest,*
(*For* BRUTUS *is an honourable Man,*
So they are all, all honourable Men)
Come I to speak in CÆSAR*'s Funeral.*
He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;
But BRUTUS *says he was ambitious,*
And BRUTUS *is an honourable Man,* &c.

'Tis plain, that *Arthur* spoke (if it were well acted) with a low Tone, and slender and humble Accents, pleading for his Life; turning his Voice on such Tones, as were fittest to incline the Affections. The same may almost be said of *Anthony*'s Speech, where he pleaded to the People to move their Pity first, and then to raise a stronger Passion, nay, even their Rage; endeavouring first to melt them with a low and submissive Voice, and yet not without Passion, but that Passion is mingled with a great deal of

Tenderneſs, that ſhew'd a Mind ſenſibly touch'd and afflicted with the Oppreſſion and Murther of his Friend.

I have read in a *French* Author, that *Cicero*, in his *Tuſculan Queſtions*, tells us, that the whole Theatre was fill'd with Melancholly and Grief, when the Actor pronounc'd theſe Words, of the Ghoſt of an unbury'd Corps.

Awake, O Mother! break off your careleſs
Slumbers,
Think on your wretched Son, yet uninterr'd;
Cover, oh! cover ſoon his poor defenceleſs Body,
From wild devouring Beaſts of Prey,
That ſoon my ſcatter'd Limbs and mangled Corps
May bear away, &c.

Tho this was ſpoke with a deplorable Voice, yet to do this well, there are ſeveral Manners of ſoftening the Voice neceſſary to expreſs the different Qualities of the Words uttered, and the Characters of the Things mention'd in the Diſcourſe; which are much better convey'd to the Learner *vivâ voce*, than by Precept.

But to proceed to other *Paſſions*, and the Variations and Inflections of the Voice proper to them: If you were to give the Character of a great and brave *Hero*, with a viſible Eſteem of him, he muſt do it with a lofty and magnificent Tone, and a Voice noble as the Theme— As if you were ſpeaking of the Earl of *Peterborough*.

His Merits are too PUBLIC *to need a Recital, his Friends with Joy, and his Enemies with Regret confeſs, and all* Europe *is Witneſs to them with Amazement; nothing can be ſaid of his Courage or Conduct, of which there are not atteſted Proofs in the Hands of all Men: The Taking and Relief of* BARCELONA, *the Stony Cliffs of* ALBOCAÇAR, *the Surrender of* NULES *and* MOLVIEDRO, *the Relief of* VALENTIA, *and the Reduction of that Kingdom, and the Promiſe of all* SPAIN, *by the particular Force of his own Genius, and various other Wonders, teſtified by that Royal Hand, into which his Valour and Conduct only put a* SCEPTRE. *What ſhould I ſay of his Generoſity, a heavenly Quality, and which muſt be viſible in all the Actions of a Hero truly great! What, I ſay, can I ſpeak, equal to thoſe noble Proofs, which remain on Record to all Poſterity? He was always liberal of his* OWN TREASURE, *but juſtly frugal of* THAT *of the* PUBLIC; *when he took whole Countries almoſt without Men, and maintain'd Armies without Money. But what can all the Art of the beſt Orator ſay, equal to that unparallel'd Act of Beneficence to the* PUBLIC, *when his Lordſhip refus'd a Compenſation for the Loſs of his Baggage at* HUETE; *where, with a Generoſity peculiar to his Lordſhip, he transferred the Amends due to himſelf to the Advantage of the Public, by obliging the Inhabitants to furniſh the Confederate Army with Magazines of Corn (ſufficiently then wanted by them) large enough to ſuffice a Body of* 20000 *Men for two Months.*

This

This is an Action, as unfashionable, as noble, and too likely to raise Envy, as well as Admiration, when the Public *is the Bubble of private Interest, and Heroes have the Art of uniting their own Gain with the public Good.*

Should this be spoke in a low and languishing Voice, it would be flat, cold and insipid, and altogether beneath the Honour of the Hero; but let them be spoke with that noble Accent, and be animated with a lofty Tone of Voice, agreeable to the Hero's Spirit and Magnificence, then they will not appear wholly unworthy of the Subject.

If a Man is to speak in Contempt of any one, he ought to express that Contempt in the scornful *Tone*, but without any Eagerness, Passion, or Violence of *Voice*, for those show *Anger*; and where there is Anger, justly speaking, there is not Contempt, the Object of which is suppos'd to be below our Anger, and unable to give us Pain. Any thing therefore of this Nature must be spoke calmly, and without any great Emotion; for if you speak on this Occasion with a passionate Voice, discovering a great Concern or Indignation, you plainly contradict your own Design, your Contempt being express'd in only Words, and not in Deeds; you must therefore always avoid this Error, when you treat any Man with Scorn and Derision, or expose the Folly of any ridiculous Argument or Thing: for to be vehement on a Trifle, would be like

using

uſing a Club againſt a Worm, which you might cruſh to pieces with your Foot.

But if you have had any Inhumanity, or barbarous Injuſtice offer'd you, of which you would complain, you muſt then ſpeak after quite another manner; you muſt expreſs your Grievance and your Affliction in a Tone more elevated and ſtrong, proportioning your Paſſion and Vehemence of Voice to the Greatneſs of the Injuſtice done you; for to ſpeak without Emotion in ſuch a Caſe, is to perſuade the Hearer, that you do not feel the Injury, for if you did, it would produce an Utterance much more outragious. A Client coming to *Demoſthenes*, on a Caſe of Aſſault and Battery, related his Story with ſo little Concern, that he plainly told him, he could not believe, that there was the leaſt Reality in what he ſaid; on which the Client replying with a loud Voice and agitated Spirit, *How! do you not believe me?* Ay now (ſays he) I believe you, this is the Voice of a Man, that has felt the Baſtinado. And this Art of Speaking was ſo well known to the Ancients, that I find *Cicero* quoted on this Occaſion, urging the Calmneſs and Indifference of *Callidius*'s Pleading, where Heat and Concern were requir'd, as an Argument againſt the Reality of what he pleaded for his Client.

I cannot paſs from this Head of varying the Voice according to the Paſſion you are to expreſs, without this Rule, (which indeed will be of more uſe to the Bar and Pulpit, by Reaſon of

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the Length of their Diſcourſe, than to the Stage, tho it be not unuſeful even to that) when you come to cool on a violent Paſſion, and recover your ſelf from a Tranſport, you ought to lower the Tone of your Voice in ſuch a manner, as may expreſs that Languidneſs of your Faculties and Speech, which the Stretch and Extent of your Paſſion has produc'd. And I would adviſe all thoſe, who would ſpeak with Beauty and Harmony in theſe various Inflections of the Voice, often to read with Caution and Attention aloud the beſt and moſt paſſionate Tragedies, and thoſe Comedies, which may afford the greateſt Variety, and ſuch Dialogues as approach neareſt to the Stile of the Dramatic Poets. For as a certain Author obſerves, nothing can be more ſerviceable to the Improvement of Action and Eloquence.

I muſt, by the way, add a Word or two, which the Stage has not much to do with, unleſs in ſuch Speeches, as imitate Orations, or ſolemn and public Addreſſes, which have not a Right to have much place in the Drama; and that is, the Art of varying the Voice according to the ſeveral parts of the Oration, Pleading, Sermon, or Diſcourſe, which you deliver.

You muſt therefore begin with a low and modeſt Voice, both in Regard of that Deference, which you ſhould pay to the Auditors, and for the better Management of your Voice, taking with you the calm State of the Hearers, when you begin to ſpeak, and to raiſe it by degrees up

to

to ſuch a Height of Paſſion and Warmth, as may be neceſſary for your Purpoſe, and the Energy of the Subject; elſe firſt you would put your ſelf out of Breath, for want of a prudent Conduct at your firſt ſtart, ſo that you would be unable to return to that Moderation, which allows ways to heighten the reſt and more important parts of your Speech to a degree above the Beginning.

On the other hand, I do not propoſe, that you ſhould begin in ſo very low a Voice, as not to be heard by more, than a few, who ſtand or ſit neareſt to you; but tho you muſt ſpeak even at firſt with a Voice ſo clear and diſtinct, that every individual Perſon of your Audience, that attends, may hear you without Difficulty or Trouble; yet it muſt contain nothing of that Force and Energy, which is proper to Paſſion. I am therefore only for having the Beginning inſinuating, ſoft and eaſy, delivered in a Tone more low, and an Addreſs more humble, than the other Parts of the Diſcourſe.

This Rule, 'tis true, does admit of an Exception; for there are ſome Beginnings, which do not fall under it, which are thoſe, which we call *abrupt*, as that of *Ajax* in *Ovid.*

Before the Ships, ye Gods, then muſt I plead?
And is ULISSES *then compar'd to me?*

Nor

Nor has the Speaker any Occaſion of raiſing his Voice to any great ſtretch of Paſſion in the *Propoſition* or Narration of his Diſcourſe, this being the Place of informing his Hearers in the Matters in Queſtion; ſo that the Voice here has only need of being a degree higher, than in the Beginning: But he muſt take Care to be very diſtinct and articulate, it being the Groundwork of the Whole, and the Force and Vigour of the following Reaſons and Arguments taking all their Life from hence; it ought therefore to be perfectly heard and underſtood, or the Foundation being defective, the Fabric muſt fall to the Ground. The Difference of Actions and Events in the *Narration* muſt vary the manner of the Delivery; yet this is not the proper part of the Speech, for the Contention of Voice, which muſt be chiefly refin'd for the other parts: For the greateſt Streſs of the Diſcourſe lies in confirming our own Arguments, and refuting thoſe of the Adverſary. When the Speaker comes to the ſumming up the whole, after the Confutation, he ought to make a little Pauſe, and begin it again with a lower Tone, and a different Accent from the laſt Cadence of his Voice; then raiſing himſelf, he ſhould break out into a louder Voice, and carry it on to the End with more Gaiety, Magnificence, and Triumph of Pronunciation, which would ſeem born of his Aſſurance in the Juſtice of his Cauſe, now ſufficiently made good, and the Conviction and Satisfaction of his Hearers in that and his

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Integrity. And then he ſhould conclude with Joy and Satisfaction.

But to omit none of thoſe Helps to this Art, which I have been able to meet with in my little Reading, I muſt add a few Words, which will aſſiſt in this varying the Voice, a Quality ſo neceſſary for a Speaker of any kind in *Public*, and that is, by running through thoſe Modes of Speech, or Manners of expreſſing the Mind, which I find call'd Figures of Speech, or *Rhetoric*; which ſome call the Lights of Speech, deriving to it both Grace and Variety, there being ſo peculiar an Air, Ornament and Novelty proper to each, that they are ſpoken with a different Tone from the reſt of the Diſcourſe. I begin therefore with that, which is call'd an EXCLAMATION.—— As it would be ridiculouſly flat and inſipid to pronounce this with no louder a Voice and more paſſionate Accent, than the reſt of the Diſcourſe; ſo the very Nature of the thing gives you the Reaſon of it; as, *Oh Horror! O unheard of Cruelty! unequall'd Impiety! to ſtand in fear neither of Man nor God! What a Feaſt was that of* THYESTES! *Oh! monſtrous Barbarity! to feed the Father with the Fleſh of his own Son! to make the Parents Bowels the Grave of his own Child! Well might the fiery Chariot of the Sun turn back, and not give Light to ſo helliſh a Deed*, &c. To ſpeak theſe Words without an Elevation of Voice, would be to make them flat and inſipid, and to rob them of their Force and Energy.

The ſame exclamatory way of Speech muſt be uſed in Swearing, or a ſolemn Denunciation, Oath or Vow; as, that which I find quoted of *Demoſthenes*, in his Oration for *Cteſiphon*, which was, it ſeems, much admir'd by the Ancients. In that Point you have not fail'd, no—— *I ſwear by our great Anceſtors, who won the Battle of* MARATHON *with ſo much Hazard and Bravery! by thoſe, who maintain'd the Fight at* PLATEA *with ſo much Generoſity and Glory! by thoſe, who contended with ſo much Courage in the Sea-Fight of* SALAMIS! *by thoſe, who ſo bravely fell at* ARTEMISIUM! *and by all thoſe gallant Warriors, whoſe Deeds merited public Monuments with all the Enſigns of Honour, Fortune and Fame!*

It cannot be doubted but *Demoſthenes*, who had ſtudy'd Action and Utterance with ſo much Application, ſpoke this with that Elevation of Tone, and Contention of Voice, as was neceſſary to touch his Hearers with Warmth, and not chill them with a calm Indifference of *Pronunciation.*

There is a Figure, which comes, or may come often, into the Speeches of the Pulpit, which is the Introduction of ſome other Perſon ſpeaking, which they call a *Proſopopœia*, and this has been often us'd on the Stage, in Comedies eſpecially, as in the former Inſtance I have given of *Melantha*, if that ought not rather to be referr'd to a *Diologiſm.* That the Perſon ought to change his Voice, who introduces this,

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is evident, and that by the Character of him he introduces, that he may ſhew, that it is not he but the Perſon introduc'd, that ſpeaks. For Inſtance: If a grave, venerable old Man be thus brought in, the *Force* of the Voice, and the manner of Utterance muſt be grave and ſevere, and ſo anſwerable to the Perſon; and thus if a young Rake or *Debauchee* be introduc'd, it muſt be looſe and effeminate.

When you addreſs your Speech to any Man or thing by way of *Apoſtrophe*, you ought to conſider your own Deſign, and the Circumſtances of him that you addreſs to. If you direct your Diſcourſe to any thing inaminate, you muſt raiſe your Voice above the ordinary and common Tone, as to one deaf, or who want their perfect Hearing; as, *Oh! ſacred Thirſt of Gold, how-you conſtrain our mortal Breaſts,* &c. *Ye Walls! ye Beds! ye conſcious Pillows tell,* &c. Thus if you addreſs your ſelf to Heaven, you muſt do it in a higher Strain and loftier Tone of Voice, than if you were ſpeaking to Men, who are here on a Level with you; *To thee,* O JOVE! *I make my laſt Appeal. Ye Stars, ye wandring Planets of the Night, and thou bright Sun the Source and Prince of Light, I call you all to witneſs my true Fire,* &c.

When you bring in two Perſons in a *Dialogue* talking together, by way of Queſtion and Anſwer, you muſt certainly change your Voice by turns, as if two Men, or a Man and Woman, were talking together; of which, that which

I have now twice already mention'd will be a juſt Example.

Upon all theſe Conferences and Dialogiſms, we muſt always obſerve to pronounce the Anſwer with a different Tone from the laſt Cadence of the foregoing Queſtion or Objection.

When the Speaker preſſes his Adverſary cloſe, and inſiſts upon the ſame Arguments ſtill, preſſing it home upon him ſeveral ways, over and over again, 'till he ſeems aſham'd of it, and confounded at the Repetition, his Voice muſt be *briſk*, preſſing and inſulting, where he lays the main Streſs of what he aims at—— My Author furniſhing me with ſo good an Example of this from *Cicero*, when he defends *Ligarius* againſt *Tubero*, who accus'd him to *Cæſar*, as having been in *Pompey*'s Army at *Pharſalia*; and I chooſe it rather than any Inſtance from the *Drama*, becauſe that Speech is famous for having made *Cæſar* drop his Papers, and declare himſelf vanquiſh'd by Eloquence, when he had decreed, that he would not forgive *Ligarius* before he came to hear him——*What*, TUBERO, *did you in the Battle of* PHARSALIA *with your Sword drawn? At whoſe Breaſt did you aim the Point? What was the Senſe of your Weapon? the Deſign of your Arms? and the Intention of your Appearance there? Where were your Thoughts, your Deſires, your Wiſhes, your Expectations? What meant thoſe Eyes, that Zeal, that Paſſion, that Hand, that Weapon? But I urge this Matter too hard upon him. The Youth is aſham'd, and*

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in Confusion at the Conviction. I'll say no more.

When you avow your Liberty of Speaking without Fear, let the Danger be what it will, which the Rhetoricians call *Parrhesia*, the Voice must be full and loud, exalted with Confidence of Success or Boldness, not to be daunted with any Apprehension. Nor can I omit an Example of this likewise from the same Orator, because it is excellent and pathetic. *Oh! Clemency most admirable! and worthy of eternal Praise, Honour, and Memory!* CICERO *has the Boldness to confess himself guilty before* CÆSAR *of a Crime, for which he cannot suffer another to be wrongfully accus'd; nor is he under any Apprehensions from the Resentment of his Judge on this Account. Behold how undaunted I am, Sir, in the Confidence of your Goodness; behold the great Lights of Generosity and Wisdom, which from your Aspect favour me in what I say, I will raise my Voice to a Loudness, if I can, sufficient to make all the People of* Rome *hear what I say! The War now being not only began, but almost ended, I went over to your Enemy's Camp freely, voluntarily, on my own Choice, before this finishing Blow put an end to it at* PHARSALIA.

In a *Gradation* or *Climax*, the Voice must with the Sentence climb up by several Degrees of the Sentence to the Period; as, *Luxury is born in the City, out of Luxury there is a Necessity that Avarice should arise, from Avarice must*

ſpring audacious Boldneſs, which muſt beget all manner of Wickedneſs and Miſchief.

MARS *ſaw the Nymph, and ſeeing did deſire,*
And having wiſh'd, he quench'd his amorous Fire.
The Eye the dangerous Poiſon ſoon let in,
And by the Eye the Heart began to ſin,
Till the whole Body did the Crime complete, &c.

The *Suppreſſion* or *Apoſiopeſis*, is a ſuppreſſing of what might be farther urg'd; and in this the Speaker muſt lower his Voice a Tone or two, and pronounce the foregoing Words, that introduce it with the higheſt Accent; as, *Æolus* in *Virgil.*

Which I——
But firſt the raging Floods, 'tis fit that I compoſe.

In a *Subjection*, where ſeveral Queſtions are put, and an Anſwer ſubjoin'd to ev'ry one of them: He that ſpeaks muſt vary his Voice, by giving the Queſtion one Tone, and the Anſwer another; either by aſking the Queſtion higher, and giving the Anſwer lower, or the contrary, according to the Place where he would have the Force lie.

In the *Oppoſition* or *Antitheſis*, the Contraries muſt be diſtinguiſh'd by giving one a louder Tone, than the other; as, *Truth breeds us Enemies, Flattery Friends. The* Romans *hate*

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PRIVATE *Luxury, but love* PUBLIC *Magnificence.*

Repetition or *Anadiplosis*, which is a Repetition of the same Word, and the Speaker must give the Word in the second place a louder and stronger Sound, than in the first place.

Y' Harmonious Nine, to GALLUS *tune my Song,*
To GALLUS, *whose Love,* &c.
And yet he lives, not only lives, but comes
Into the very Senate-House.

There is another Repetition, where the same Word is more, than once repeated, either in the Beginning of several Sentences, or in the several Clauses of the same Sentence, where the Word must be sounded always in the same Tone, but differently from the other Parts of the Discourse. *Does not the Nightly Guards of the Palace touch you at all? Not at all the Watches of the City? Not at all the Peoples Fear? Not at all the Agreement of all honourable Men? Not at all this fortify'd Place of the Senate-Meeting,* &c. *You lament the Loss of three* Roman *Armies,* MARK ANTONY *destroyed them: You resent the Death of so many noble Citizens,* MARK ANTONY *was their Death; the Authority of the Senate is invaded,* MARK ANTONY *invades it.*

As for Sentences, some are very short, and those not spoken in a Breath, would be maim'd; there are others, which are something longer,

yet withal do not exceed the Power of an eaſy Pronunciation, in one Breath if you can; for a Period ſo pronounc'd, ſounds rounder and handſomer, and appears with more Beauty and Force, than it would do with ſeveral Breathings. To this End you muſt endeavour by Practice to attain a long Wind, as *Demoſthenes* did by the Inſtructions of *Neoptolemus* the Actor. But when the Period is long, you ought to fetch your Breath at the ſeveral Members of the Periods, that is to ſay, after two Points, or a *Semi-colon*, or at leaſt after a *Comma*, for to do it otherwiſe or oftner, would be extremely diſagreeable. For nothing is more intolerable and clowniſh, than to break off in the middle of a Word or Expreſſion. 'Tis proper to make a Pauſe at the End of every Period; but it muſt be ſhort on thoſe, that are ſhort, and longer on thoſe, which are of greater Extent.

When you have a Period, that requires a great Contention and Elevation of Voice, you muſt manage your Voice with the greater Moderation on thoſe, which precede it; but by employing your whole Force upon thoſe, you are oblig'd to ſpeak this more important one more languidly, which requires more Vigour and Vehemence. This was a Beauty, which was always obſerv'd by the two famous Actors of the *Romans*, *Roſcius* and *Æſopus*. For in ſpeaking theſe Verſes,

The noble Warriors generous Choice and Buckler,
Is Honour, not the Plunder of the Field.

he

he did not pronounce them with all that Vehemence of Action and Utterance, that ſome now would, but ſimply, and with Moderation, that he might exert himſelf in this following Exclamation, which naturally requir'd more Force and Emotion of Admiration and Aſtoniſhment.

What is't I ſee! all arm'd, all arm'd he comes!
E'en to your Sacred Temples! &c.

Nor did *Æſopus*, with the utmoſt Contention of Voice, ſay —— *Where ſhall I find Relief, and whither fly?* but more ſoftly and languidly, and without any immoderate Action; the Force of which he reſerv'd for the following Exclamation —— *O! my Father! O! my Country! O! Houſe of* PRIAM. —— which his Voice would not have ſupply'd without that Care. Thus the Painters repreſent ſome parts of a Picture in Shades and Diſtances, to heighten the reſt with greater Light.

But tho I have ſaid ſomething of Sentences in their ſeveral Kinds, yet I muſt add a Hint or two of Words likewiſe.— In them you muſt regard the common Pronunciation of Cuſtom, and the Converſation of thoſe, who ſpeak well; avoiding the ill Accent, and Pronunciation of the ſeveral Dialects of the different Countries, either in the Quantities of Syllables, or the Sound of the Vowels, either longer or ſhorter, or broader or narrower; and you muſt avoid

theſe Faults, not only in the Country People, but of thoſe of the City and Court it ſelf, where Affectation often deſtroys the genuine and juſt Pronunciation. Next remember to pronounce emphatical Words with an Emphaſis, Force and Diſtinction; as, *certainly*, *aſſuredly*, *infallibly*, *undoubtedly*, *neceſſarily*, *abſolutely*, *expreſly*, *manifeſtly*, which are Words of a very ſtrong and poſitive Pronunciation. Words of Praiſe and Extolling; as, *admirable*, *incredible*, *incomparable*, *ineffable*, *ineſtimable*, *glorious*, *glittering*, *pompous*, *triumphant*, *illuſtrious*, *heroic*, *auguſt*, *majeſtic*, *adorable*, which are Terms of Honour, and muſt be pronounc'd in a magnificent Tone. Or Words, that expreſs our Diſpraiſe or Deteſtation; as, *cruel*, *hainous*, *wicked*, *deteſtable*, *abominable*, *execrable*, *monſtrous*, and ſuch like, are all to be pronounc'd with a paſſionate and loud Voice. Words that complain and lament; as, *unfortunate*, *miſerable*, *fatal*, *mournful*, *pitiful*, *deplorable*, *lamentable*, *ſorrowful*, require a melancholy Tone and Accent. There muſt be a more, than common Streſs on Words of Quantity; as, *grand*, *high*, *ſublime*, *profound*, *long* *large*, *innumerable*, *eternal*; as well as on Words of Univerſality; as, *all the World*, *generally*, *every where*, *always*, *never*. Here the *Pronunciation* muſt be grave, and of an high *Accent*. As for Terms of Leſſening, or Contempt and Slight; as, *pitiful*, *inſignificant*, *little*, *low*, *mean*, *deſpicable*, *feeble*, &c. they muſt be pronounc'd with a very low, leſſening, abject Voice,

and

and an Accent of the greateſt Scorn and Diſdain. To ſpeak otherwiſe in all theſe Caſes, than I have laid down, would be ridiculous, and to ſpeak ſo will effect that Variation of Voice, which is ſo neceſſary to finiſh a complete Speaker. In fine, remember to pronounce all your Words with an audible Voice, eſpecially thoſe, which conclude a Period; which is chiefly to be taken Care of, when the Period ends with Syllables of a weak and dull Sound in themſelves.

I have thus run through the whole Art of *Acting* and *Speaking*, or rather, as *Shakeſpear* calls it, of ACTION and UTTERANCE, in which I have had a juſt Regard to the PULPIT and the BAR, as well as to the STAGE; in Complaiſance to which, I have choſen to give Examples rather oftentimes from *Oratory*, than from the *Drama*, ſince the *Actor* may learn his juſt Leſſons from that former, as from the latter. I have, in ſhort, laid down ſuch Rules, as if throughly conſider'd, and reduc'd judiciouſly to Practice, will form the *Geſture* with that Beauty, as to ſtrike the Eye with Wonder and Pleaſure; and teach the Tongue to *utter* with that Grace and Harmony, that the Ear will be equally raviſh'd, and both convey ſo ſenſible a Delight to the Mind, that the Succeſs will be much more glorious in the *Pulpit* and on the Stage, than is at preſent found from the Endeavours of either. I confeſs, I know not whether Oratory be at all uſeful at the *Bar*, where *Evidence*, *Proofs*, and Methods of Court, generally prevail, or where

Juſtice

Juſtice and Equity ought to carry the Point. Beſides, the Subjects, which are furniſh'd at the Bar, are in themſelves *low* and mean, and afford nothing great and awful, as both the *Pulpit* and the *Stage* always do, or ought to do.

I have given you a Collection of the natural Significations of ſeveral *Geſtures*, and ſhown how Nature expreſſes her ſelf in the ſeveral Emotions, which ſhe feels; I have ſhewn you how Art improves theſe *Geſtures*, and on what Occaſions they are proper, and how to make them graceful; I have likewiſe ſhewn you how you are to model your Voice to make your Utterance harmonious, ſhewn the Defects of *Voice* or *Tone*, and its Beauties and Varieties, and laid down Rules how you may avoid that intolerable Vice of *Monotony*, or always ſounding the ſame Note on all Occaſions, without any or with very little Variation. Thus I have run through the *Paſſions*, the Figures of Diction, Sentences, nay, and even Words; each of which afford infinite Variety to the Voice, if the Student will make it his Buſineſs to underſtand and to practiſe them.

I ſhall therefore now conclude with thoſe Qualities and Qualifications of a *complete Actor*, which however difficult to attain they may ſeem, are yet ſufficiently, from what I have ſaid, proved to be neceſſary.

He ought, therefore, to underſtand Hiſtory, Moral Philoſophy, Rhetoric, not only as far as it relates to Manners and the Paſſions, but every

very other Part of it, at leaſt as far as it teaches the Rules of Elocution. He ought not to be a Stranger to Painting and Sculpture, imitating their Graces ſo maſterly, as not to fall ſhort of a *Raphael Urbin*, a *Michael Angelo*, &c. But that which is the moſt neceſſary Quality, that a Player ought to cultivate, which ſhould be open, and much at Command; and the Praiſe *Thucidides* gave *Pericles*, he ſhould endeavour to obtain, that is, *to know what is fit, and to expreſs it.* He muſt know how to give the proper Graces to every Character he repreſents, thoſe of a *Prince* to a *Prince*, thoſe of a *Merchant* to a *Merchant*,, and ſo of all others; for generally ſpeaking, let the Part be what it will, the Perſon, Mien, Action, Look, is the ſame, that is, that of the Player, not of the Perſon repreſented. He ſhould have farther a penetrating Wit and clear Underſtanding; he muſt alſo be a good Critic in the Art of the Stage, I mean, in the Poetical Performances, that he may chooſe the Good, and reject the Ill.

Beſides theſe Qualifications of Mind, his Body ought to have ſeveral, that are not very common in our Days. He ſhould not be too tall, nor too low and dwarfiſh, but of a moderate Size; neither over-fleſhy, which is prodigious, nor over-lean, like a Skeleton. Tho this is a thing ſo little regarded by our Managers or Audience, yet I find, that it was of Conſequence in the nicer Nations of Antiquity, as thoſe Inſtances may ſhow, which *Lucian* tells you, were of a Peo-

ple,

ple, who were no dull Obſervers. —— " The " Citizens of *Antioch* (ſays he) are moſt inge- " nious, and much addicted to the *Stage*, and " ſo given to remark what is ſaid and done, " that no Paſſage eſcapes them ; ſeeing, there- " fore, on a Time a *little ſhort* Fellow enter, " and act *Hector*, they cry'd out with one Voice, " This is *Aſtyanax*, but where is *Hector?* An- " other time, a great tall long Fellow acting " *Capaneus*, attempting to ſcale the Walls of " *Thebes*, they told him, he might mount the " Walls without a Ladder ; at another Time a " big and corpulent Dancer endeavouring to riſe " high, we have need, cry'd they, to under- prop the Stage, *&c.*

A Player, therefore, ſhould be of an active, pliant and compacted Body, which may be improv'd by learning to dance, fence and vault. With theſe Qualities and Qualifications, and a thorough Knowledge of what I have written, he may juſtly be allow'd a complete Player. But before I put an End to this Diſcourſe, I ſhall give an Inſtance or two of Affectation and Over-acting from *Lucian.* " I once (ſays he) ſaw a " Dancer (or Actor, for in his Senſe they are " the ſame) who tho before of a good Reputa- " tion for his Art, I know not by what miſ- " chance, diſgrac'd himſelf by Over-Action.—— " For being to repreſent *Ajax* diſtracted after " his being vanquiſh'd by *Ulyſſes*, he acted not a " Madneſs, but was himſelf diſtemper'd. For " he rent the Garment of one of thoſe, who

" ſtamp'd

" ſtamp'd in Iron Shoes, and ſnatching a Cor-
" net from one of the Fidlers, ſtruck *Ulyſſes*,
" who ſtood by inſulting on his Victory, ſuch
" a Blow on his Head, that if his Helmet had
" not ſav'd him, and born off the Violence of
" the Stroke, he had periſhed, and fal'n proſtrate
" at his Feet.

" Tho the whole Theatre of Spectators, as
" mad as *Ajax*, ſtampt, ſhouted, and ſhook their
" Cloaths; for the Rout and Ideots, who knew
" not Decorum, nor were able to diſtinguiſh
" falſe Action from true, took this as a great
" Expreſſion of Fury; and the better bred and
" more underſtanding, tho they bluſh'd at what
" was done, yet ſhew'd not their Diſlike, as
" much as by their Silence, but colour'd the
" Actor's Folly by their Commendations, tho
" they ſaw not the Madneſs of *Ajax* acted, but
" that of the Repreſenter. So that not yet
" contented, the Gentleman play'd a Prank much
" more ridiculous; for deſcending into the Pit,
" he ſat down betwixt two, who had been
" Conſuls, who were much afraid of themſelves,
" leſt this frantic Actor ſhould take one of them
" for a Sheep. Which Paſſage ſome extoll'd,
" others derided; others ſuſpected, that his O-
" ver-Imitation had caſt him into a real Mad-
" neſs. Others report, that after he came to
" himſelf, he was ſo aſham'd of what he had
" done, that upon the true Apprehenſion of his
" Diſtemper, he fell ſick for Grief, and plainly
" profeſs'd it. For thoſe of his Faction deſiring

" him to act *Ajax* over again to them, *When I*
" *come next on the Stage*, said he; *in the mean*
" *time, 'tis enough for me once to have plaid the*
" *Madman.* But his chief Discontent sprung
" from an *Antagonist* or *Anti-Actor*, who repre-
" sented *Ajax* raving so gracefully and discreet-
" ly, that he gain'd a great Applause.

Tho, I fear, I may have tir'd you with all these Rules and Observations, which immediately relate to the Actors; yet I cannot conclude without saying something of our Theatrical Dancing and Musick, as being by *Aristotle* himself allow'd part or an Appendix of the Stage. Under the last Head of Music, I shall presume to say something of *Opera's*, which have of late been dangerous Rivals of the Drama, tho clogg'd with many adventitious or accidental Absurdities more, than the very *Opera* consider'd in it self contains, tho those are so very many and very visible, that they exclude it from the rational Diversions.

I am sensible, that what I am going to say may look like a Condemnation of my own Practice, when I had the Management of the House, and that is in regard of good Dancing. Yet considering, that I was oblig'd, on Account of Self-Defence, to enter into those Measures, I hope what I say here cannot be look'd on as a Deviation from my own Principle; or if it be, I may be allow'd to alter my Opinion in things of this Nature, when we find great Divines do the same every Day in Matters of far greater Importance.

I

I know very well, that in this I ſhall run againſt the Stream of the Town, I mean of thoſe, who generally make up the Audience; but then I conſider, that I am an old Man, and have contracted ſuch a Value for the *Drama*, by ſo long a Converſation with it, that I would willingly leave for a Legacy to my Succeſſors, a Stage freed from thoſe intolerable Burthens, under which it groans at preſent by the Depravity of the Taſte of the Audience, which as it has riſen in Dignity has (I am afraid) fal'n in Purity and Judgment.

About an hundred Years ago, there were about five or ſix Play-houſes at a Time in this Town, tho at that Time much leſs extended and populous, than at preſent, all frequented and full; and the Players got Eſtates, tho the Stage was yet in its Infancy, rude and uncultivated, without Art in the Poet, or in the Decorations, and ſupported by the *Lower Sort of People*, and yet theſe LOWER SORT OF PEOPLE diſcover'd a natural Simplicity and good Taſte, when they were pleas'd and diverted with a Drama ſo naked, and unaſſiſted by any foreign Advantage.

But in our Times (forgive ſo bold a Truth) the People of Figure, who in Reaſon might have been expected to be the Guardians and Supporters of the nobleſt and moſt rational DIVERSION, that the Wit of Man can invent, which at once inſtructs and tranſports the Soul, were the firſt, nay, I may ſay, the only People, who conſpir'd its Ruin, by prodigal Subſcriptions for

Squeaking Italians, and cap'ring Monſieurs; and the more infamouſly to diſtinguiſh their poor and mean Diverſions from thoſe more noble of the Public, they would have no Play at all mingled with them, leſt the World ſhould think, that they pay'd any Deference to Poetry, Wit, and Senſe; or that their Satisfaction and Delight reach'd farther, than their Eyes and Ears. But what was yet worſe, their Taſte was ſo far ſunk, that they were pleas'd with what ſhock'd a nice Ear, and what could not divert a curious Eye. For firſt, the beſt of *French Dancers* are without Variety; their Steps, their Poſture, their Riſings are perpetually the *ſame* UNMEANING *Motion*; a *French Dancer* being at beſt but a *graceful Mover*, full of a briſk and ſenſeleſs Activity, unworthy the Eye of a Man of Senſe, who can take no Pleaſure worth attending, in which the Mind has not a conſiderable Share.

Were our modern Dancers like the *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* of the *Romans*, (tho even thoſe grew into Eſteem in the Wain and Corruption of that Empire) our Dotage on them might have been thought more excuſable; ſince one of them, as I have ſhewn from *Lucian*, by the Variety of his Motions and Geſticulations, would repreſent a whole Hiſtory, with all the different Perſons concerned in it ſo plainly and evidently, that every body, that ſaw him, perfectly underſtood what he meant.

In this indeed it might be pretended, that there was ſomething to ſtrike the Mind, and rationally entertain it, every Action depending on the other, and all directed to one End. But to be fond of our modern Dancing is ſtill to be Children, and fond of a Rattle, that makes perpetually the very ſame Noiſe. All that could be ſaid of *Ballon*, (or any other Dancer of more Reputation) is, that his Motion was eaſy and graceful, the Figures he threw his Body into, fine, and that he roſe high with Freedom and Strength; or, in ſhort, that he was an active Man. But is that, or would indeed the *Roman Pantomimes*, be a ſufficient Ballance for the Loſs of the *Drama* to any Man of common Senſe?

But before the Depravity of the *Roman State*, nay, ev'n in *Greece*, Dancing was eſteem'd, and always perform'd in their Plays, either Tragedies or Comedies, having thoſe, which were proper and peculiar to each, and not to be uſed promiſcuouſly in both: nay, we find, that ev'n the *Pantomime* Art was in great Perfection, in which *Teleſis* the Dancer was ſo great a Maſter, that when he danc'd the ſeven Captains beſieging of *Thebes*, he ſet before the Eyes of the Spectators, by his Geſticulations and Motions all that they perform'd in that Siege.

Nay, Dancing was there in ſo much Eſteem, that *Socrates* being reflected on for frequenting too much the *Ægyptian* Performances of that kind, reply'd, that Dancing contain'd all Muſi-

cal Exercises; and the ancient Poets *Thespis*, *Cratinus*, *Phrynicus*, &c. were call'd Dancers, not only because they added Dances to their Fables or Plays, but also because they taught to dance. Nay, 'tis certain, that the Art of *Dancing* was so much in Esteem in *Greece*, that *Pindar* calls *Apollo* himself the *Dancer*. But then we must remember, that all these *Dances* contain'd not only an extraordinary Exercise for the Body, but an Instruction to the Mind, both in the Subject represented by the Figures in the Art of War, which was taught by the *Pyrrhic* and other Dances.

For this Reason I suppose, the Poets assign'd Dancing to Children, (except in the more robust Performances of Warlike Dances) and the Figures of the Dances always express'd the things, that were sung by the Voice, preserving always in them something manly and great, and they were call'd *Hyporchemata*, as it were, Dances subservient to the Voice; and therefore they always condemn'd those, whose Steps and Figures did not express or correspond to the Voice. 'Tis likewise plain from *Lucian*, that the *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* of his Time express'd in Figures what they sung, whether the Rape of *Proserpina*, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*, or any other of the Poetical Fables: For in his Enumeration of the Faults of Dancers, he says—— "There "are many, who out of Ignorance (for 'tis im- "possible, that all should be knowing) com- "mit great Solecisms in Dancing, such, I mean,

"whose

" whoſe Actions are irregular, and not to the " Tune, as they ſay, when the Foot ſays one " thing, and the Inſtrument another: Others " keep Proportion to the Muſic, but their Pre- " ſentments, as I have often ſeen, are diſpropor- " tion'd to the right Time. For you ſhall have " one, who endeavouring to act the Birth of " *Jupiter*, and *Saturn*'s eating his Children, " dances the Sufferings of *Thyeſtes*, by reaſon " of the Affinity of the Fables. Another being " to act *Semele* burnt with Lightning, likens " *Glauce* to her born long after, not enough re- " garding the Song, that is ſung.

But I ſhall call into my Aſſiſtance on this Subject a Manuſcript lately left with me by a Friend, better acquainted with theſe Matters, than I can pretend with all my modern Helps to be.

Theſe Dances, ſays a certain Author, were in Imitation of thoſe things, which the Words of the Songs expreſs'd. One of them is thus deſcrib'd by *Xenophon*, in his *Expedition of Cyrus*, as perform'd before them at a Feaſt with *Seuthes* the *Thracian*.

" After we had (ſays he) peform'd our *Li-* " *bations* to the Gods, and ſung the *Pæana*, (that " is, in plain *Engliſh*, after we had ſaid Grace) firſt, " ſome *Thracians* roſe up, and arm'd danc'd to the " Flute, riſing lightly and high, waving and " brandiſhing their Swords, till two of them to " the Tune dealing Blows to each other, that when " one of them fell artificially down, they all " imagining that he was wounded, ſhriek'd out

" aloud. Immediately he, who ſeem'd to have " wounded him, as he lies there ſpoils him of " his Arms, and ſinging the Praiſes of *Sitalcas*, " makes his Exit. The Reſt of the *Thracians* " then take up the ſuppos'd dead, (who indeed " had felt no harm) and bear him off. After " this enter'd the *Magneſians* and the *Œnianes*, " and perform'd the Dance call'd *Semlutes* with " their Arms, which is thus.

" A Plough-man with his Arms by his Sides " drives in the Oxen and Plough, and ſows his " Corn, turning every Minute from one ſide to " the other, as if he were afraid, or apprehen- " ſive of ſome Danger. Preſently a Robber ap- " proaches, and the Plough-man handling his " Arms, fights the Robber, (putting himſelf be- " twixt him and his Plough) adapting all the " Motions of his Body to the Notes of the " Flutes; but in the End the Robber vanquiſh- " ing the Plough-man, binds him, and bears " him off; and ſometimes, on the contrary, the " Plough-man the Robber.

There were indeed many Kinds of Dancing among the Ancients, which ſome, according to *Homer*, reduce to three; the firſt was call'd *Cubiſtic*, which *Xenophon* and *Suidas* ſay was an Art of Dancing on the Head, whilſt they acted various Motions and Geſticulations with their Hands and Legs. The ſecond ſort was call'd *Sphæriſtic*, or the *Play at Ball*, becauſe they danc'd playing with a *Ball*, all the while they kept Time to the Muſic. The third kind was

plainly call'd *Orcheſis* or *Dancing*. *Plato*, in his Book of Laws, divides Dancing into *Military*, Peaceable or proper for Peace, and the Medium betwixt both. That he call'd Military, which imitated by riſing on high, or falling back, or inclining to any ſide, the Aſſaults of Enemies, their Attacks, Evaſions, and Defences, and reſembled by various Figures the *Darters*, or thoſe, who fight with cloſe Weapons; and *Plato* was ſo fond of this ſort of Dance, that he ordains in his Republic, that ſome ſhould be paid by the *Public* to teach it to both Men and Women; believing, that by this alone there would be a very great Help obtain'd towards the Perfection of military Diſcipline. In Confirmation of which we find, that the *Lacedemonians* receiv'd Dancing among their Exerciſes as uſeful to War.

It would ſwell this Diſcourſe too much, to pick all, that the Authors yet extant could furniſh on the ſeveral Heads of theſe two Diviſions of Dancing, that is, of *Homer* and *Plato*; I ſhall therefore keep wholly to the laſt of the former, that is, the *Orcheſis* or *Simple Dancing*, deferring to ſpeak of the *Cubiſtic* and *Sphæriſtic* till ſome other time.

Ariſtotle, in the Beginning of his Poetics, having ſaid, that all the Parts and Kinds of Poetry agree in this, that they are all Imitations; he divides Imitations into divers Kinds, or ways of Imitation, as by *Harmony*, or *Verſe*, &c. or into Degrees, as *better*, or *like*, or *worſe*; or

into divers Modes or Forms and Manners, as Action, or Introduction, or Narration, or assuming the Person of others, or not; and proceeding, he says, this of Dancers, that they imitate by Number alone without Harmony, for they imitate the Manners, Passions and Actions by the numerous Variety of Gesticulation. Hence it appears, that Dancing was nothing else but a certain Faculty of imitating the Manners, Passions, and Actions of Men, by the Motions and Gestures of the Body, made by a certain Artifice, Number and Reason. For when he had told us in the seventh Book of his Politics, that there was nothing in Nature, which more fully expres'd the Similitude of things, than *Number* and *Song*, he justly adds, that Dancers in the Imitations of Actions make use of *Number*. How this Imitation could be effected by numerous Motions, *Plutarch* in his fifteenth Problem expresses this most clearly of all Men after *Aristotle*; who tells us, that Dancing had three Parts, the *Bearing*, *Figure*, and *Indication*; because all Dancing consists of Motions, Habitudes, or States of Body, and Pauses, as Harmony of Tones and Intervals, or Stops, he says, the *Bearing* or *Lation* was only the representative moving of any Passion or the Actions; but the *Figure* the Habitude or State of Body and Disposition, in which the Motion or *Bearing* ended; for the Dancers pausing near the Figure or Image of *Apollo*, *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, their Bodies being form'd to their Likeness, continu'd ele-

elegantly a-while in that Poſture. But that the Indication was not properly an Imitation, but a Declaration of ſome certain thing, either of the Earth, or the Heavens, or ſomething elſe relating to either, expreſs'd by numerous and regular Motions. As the Poets, when they imitate make uſe of fictitious ſometimes, or metaphorical Words; but when they inform or inſtruct, employ only thoſe, which are proper. In like manner, the Dancers, when they imitate make uſe of Figures, and Habitudes, or States of the Body; but when they declare or inform, they employ the things themſelves with the foreſaid Indications. So that Art or Faculty of Dancing, according to *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, and *Plutarch* conſiſts in Imitation, made only by Motion; and the Dancers themſelves do nothing elſe but imitate the Manners and Affections, by moving themſelves in Number, and uſing Geſticulations in Order, by *Bearings* or *Lations*, or Figures; or declare by Indications or Information; or elſe at once declare to all the Manners, or repreſent to all at once the Manners, Paſſions and Actions of Men. Hence it was that *Simonides*, with a great deal of Reaſon, us'd to call *Dancing a ſilent Poeſie, and Poeſie a ſpeaking Dancing.*

But *Plutarch*, even in his Time, complains, that True Dancing was much degenerated from Muſic, to which it was join'd, and faln from that Celeſtial Art, which it once was, into the *tumultuous and unlearned Theatres* held a moſt

abſolute and tyrannic Sway; and there is no Man of Knowledge but is ſenſible, from that Time to our Days, how much more it is corrupted.

It is not ſufficiently known, who firſt taught Men this ſort of Dancing, unleſs you will allow what *Theophraſtus* tells us in *Athenæus*, that *Andro*, a Flutiniſt of *Catana*, firſt added to his Muſic apt and proper and elegant Motions; whence the Ancients call'd Dancing *Siciliſing*, *Catana* being a City of *Sicily*. After whom *Cleophantes* of *Thebes* and *Æſchylus* invented many Figures of Dancing, which were call'd by a *Sicilian* Name *Balliomous*, as *Athenæus* inſinuates from the Authority of *Epicharmus*; and from this Name *Hieronymus Mercurialis* derives the *Italian* Name of *Balli*, as our *Balls* ſeems to be deriv'd from that.

Dances were perform'd to the Sound of Wind Muſic, or the Lute, or any other Inſtrumental or Vocal Muſic. But *Homer*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Ariſtotle*, *Strabo*, *Plutarch*, *Gallia*, *Pollux*, and *Lucian*, give an Account of an infinite Number of various Kinds of Dancing. Thoſe that were in moſt Eſteem deriv'd their Names either from the Countries where they were invented, or in great Requeſt, or from the Inventor or Manner of Performance. Thoſe which took their Names from Countries were, the *Laconic*, *Træxenic*, *Empyrephyrian*, *Cretenſian*, *Ionic*, *Mantinean*, &c. From the Inventor and Manner of Performance, as the *Pyrrich* from one *Pyrrichus* a *Lacedæmonian*,

or,

or, as others would have it, from *Pyrrhus* the Son of *Achilles*; in which Dances they danc'd arm'd either with a Song or without it, as we find by a piece of old *Baſſo Relievo*.

But theſe *Pyrrich* Dances were divided into ſeveral Kinds, or had ſeveral Names; as, among the *Cretans*, the *Orſitan*, and *Epichidian*; among the *Ænianenſetans*, and *Magnetes*, the *Carpeans*, which *Xenophon* mentions in the V. of his Expedition of *Cyrus*. There were beſides, thoſe call'd *Apochinos* or *Mactriſmos*, which were danc'd by Women, and for that Reaſon call'd *Martyriæ*. Others had greater Variety, and were more ſolemn; as, the *Dactil*, *Jambic*, *Emmelian*, *Moloſſic*, *Cordux*, *Sicinus*, *Perſian*, *Phrygian*, *Thracian*, and *Teleſias*; the laſt ſo call'd from one *Tilenius*, who firſt danc'd it in Arms, in which Dance *Ptolemus* kill'd *Alexander* the Brother of *Philip*. Other Dances were call'd *Turning* or *Verſatile*, becauſe the Dancers turn'd round in a Ring.

There were other Dances call'd *Mad Dances* or *Cernophorus*, *Mongas*, *Thermauſtris*, or the popular or plebeian *Anthema*, in which the Dancers moving themſelves, ſung to the Tune they danc'd, *Where are my Roſes? Where are my Violets? Where are my Lillies? Where are my beauteous Swarms of Bees?* Some were ridiculous; as, the *Sodis Mætriſmos*, *Apodimas*, *Sobas*, *Morphaſmus*, *Glaux*, and the *Lion*. There are beſides, the *Scenic Dances*, as the *Tragic*, *Comic*, *Satyric*, and the *Lyric*, as the *Porrichian*,

richian, *Gymnopædican*, and *Hyporchæmatican*, the manner of Dancing all which is not the Buſineſs of our preſent Diſcourſe; it is ſufficient to know, that in this third Diviſion of Dancing were not only all theſe Kinds, we have mention'd, but many more, to which *Lucian* appropriated a whole Book, and that they likewiſe made uſe of a great Diverſity of Motions both of the Hands and Feet. For ſince all Motion is compos'd of *impelling* and *drawing* according to *Ariſtotle*, ſo the Dancers either thruſt on their Bodies, or drew them, either upwards or downwards, from the Right to the Left, and the contrary, backwards and forwards; from which Motions afterwards were compos'd ſimple Walking, Winding and Turning, Procurſion or Sallies, Leaping or Riſing. Divarication or ſpreading of the Legs to a Diſtance, Claudication or halting, Ingeniculation or a bowing the Knee, or a Curteſying, Elation or bearing up haughtily, the ſhaking of the Feet, Permutation or *changing* or altering the Motion, *&c.* out of all which the whole Art of Dancing was perfected.

Tho this be but an imperfect Sketch of the Excellence of the Dancing of the Ancients, and gathered from ſuch Fragments, as the Injury of Time has left us; yet it is plain, that they were all directed to expreſs or imitate ſomething, which was an Advantage, that few or none of our modern (eſpecially *French*) Dances have.

But ſince there is no Man, who ſhall accurately conſider the ſeveral Species of Dances in

uſe

uſe among the Ancients, but will find, that they did not want the Order of Time, Reaſon, Proportion, and Muſical Harmony, and therefore may be apt to think them not unlike the Hobby-Horſe Dancing of our Days, which both Men and Women uſe for the promoting of Luſt; but there is no body but may perceive this Difference between theirs and ours, that theirs were employ'd as Exerciſes often, and conducive to Health, ours after Supper, Feaſts, and in the Night Time. Theirs were always directed to expreſs ſome Paſſion or Action, or Story of the Gods or Men, ours to nothing but friſking about to ſhew a uſeleſs Activity. And yet how much greater Deference has been paid to *L'Abbe, Ballon, Subligniy*, and the reſt, than to *Otway, Shakeſpear*, or *Johnſon?* And while our own Poets were neglected, the *French* Dancers got Eſtates; and this by the Influence of thoſe, who at the ſame Expence might have made their own Names and their Country famous for the Encouragement of the politeſt Arts and Sciences, now neglected to a Degree of Barbarity, greater, than moſt Nations on this ſide *Lapland.*

I muſt own, that the Excuſe of our Leaders ſeems greater and more reaſonable in the Indulgence they ſhew to Muſic, in their Subſcriptions for *Italian* Singers; tho ſo ſenſible a Man as Monſieur St. *Evremont* evidently gives the Palm of Singing to his own Nation——" *Solus gallus* " *cantat*, ſays he, *none but the* Frenchman *ſings.* " I will not be injurious to all other Nations

" in

" in maintaining what an Author has publiſh'd,
" the SPANIARD *weeps*, the ITALIAN *grieves*,
" the GERMAN *hollows*, the FLANDERKIN
" *howls*, and *only the* FRENCHMAN *ſings*; I
" leave him to all theſe pretty Diſtinctions, and
" ſhall only back my Opinion with the Autho-
" rity of *Loüigi*, who could not endure to hear
" an *Italian* ſing Airs, after he had heard *Vyert*,
" *Hilaire*, and *La Petite Varenne* ſing. Upon
" his Return to *Italy*, he made all the Muſicians
" of that Nation his Enemies, ſaying openly
" at *Rome*, as he had at *Paris*, that to make
" pleaſant Muſick, *Italian* Airs ſhould be in a
" *French* Man's Mouth —— It is very certain, he
" was much diſguſted with the *Harſhneſs* and
" *Rudeneſs* of the *greateſt* Maſters of *Italy*, when
" he had taſted the Sweetneſs of the *French*,
" the *Neatneſs* and *Manner* of the *French*. ——
" The *Italians* with their Profoundneſs in Muſic,
" bring their Art to our Ears without any
" Sweetneſs, *&c.* Whether this Man of an acknowledg'd fine Taſte be in the right or not, I leave to the Judges of the Art; but I am ſure, if he has ſhewed himſelf but an indifferent Critic in Muſic, he has ſhewn himſelf a good *Patriot*, in preferring his own Country-men to a Company of *Stroling Foreigners*, who in my poor Opinion have little Advantage of either of us, but that of coming a great way, and requiring a great deal of Money, and the Witchery of being a *Foreigner*; when ſcarce any Nation has given us, for all our Money, better Singers,

than

than Mrs. *Tofts* and Mr. *Leveridge*, who yet being of our own Growth, maintain but a ſecond or third Character among worſe Voices.

But were theſe Foreigners as excellent, as they themſelves would be thought, yet to be drawn wholly by Sound, tho the moſt harmonious, that Art and Nature can ſupply, is neither the greateſt nor the juſteſt Praiſe.

It muſt, however, be allow'd, that Muſic diſcovers a wonderful Power; a Power not to be reſiſted; but I am afraid, that Power acts more on the Body, than the Mind, or by the Body on the Mind; the Ear has a pleaſing Senſation at melodious Sounds, and that gratifies the Mind, which cannot naturally be uneaſy when the Body is delighted with agreeable Senſations: But this proves Muſic as tranſporting, as it is to be but a ſenſual Pleaſure, and deriving no part from Reaſon, nor directing any part to the Gratification of the rational Soul. But then this Power and Force of *Muſic* is heighten'd by the Addition of Poetry, which among the Ancients even in Dancing (as we have ſeen) was very ſeldom left out; for paſſionate Words give a double Vigour to Harmony, and make for it a ſurer way to the Heart, than when the Soul is unconcern'd in the bare and ſolitary Notes. And Vocal Muſic is agreed by all to be the moſt noble, and moſt touching, that Tone being eſteem'd the moſt excellent, which comes neareſt to *Vocal Sounds*.

Mu-

Muſic therefore ought ſtill, as originally it was, to be mingled with the *Drama*, where it is ſubſervient to Poetry, and comes into the Relief of the Mind, when that has been long intenſe on ſome noble Scene of Paſſion, but ought never to be a ſeparate Entertainment of any Length.

But tho we allow the Vocal the Prehemiſnence of all other ſorts of Muſic, yet we cannot without the greateſt Abſurdities receive even that on Subjects improper for it, or in a manner unnatural, that is, as it is offer'd to us in our *Opera's*, with which of late the Town (I mean the leading part of the Audience) has been perfectly intoxicated, and in that drunken Fit has thrown away more Thouſands of Pounds for their Support, than would have furniſh'd us with the beſt Poetry, and the beſt Muſic in the World, without declaring againſt common Senſe. *Opera's* have been ſaid to be the Invention of modern *Italy*, e'er the Return of Learning, and in the midſt of that barbarous Ignorance, with which the Inundations of *Vandals*, *Goths*, *Huns* and *Lombards* had o'er-whelm'd it; but I think it is pretty plain, that the *Romans* were, before that, ſunk as far from their ancient Learning and Senſe, as Virtue and Warlike Glory; and *Lucian* puts it beyond Controverſy, that the Entertainment, which we now call *Opera's*, was in uſe in his Time, when he ſays, after he had been ridiculing the Tragedies of his Age——

" And alſo his Clamour from within, he breaks

" open

" open, and unlocks himſelf, and moſt *ridicu-*
" *louſly* SINGS his own Sufferings, and renders
" himſelf by the very Tone odious; yet as
" long, as he perſonates ſome *Andromache*, or
" *Hecuba*, his *Singing* is tolerable, *but for a*
" HERCULES *to enter dolefully* SINGING, *and to forget himſelf, and neither regard his Lion's Skin or Club, muſt needs to a judging Man appear a Soleciſm.*

But this, as I have ſaid, was in the Corruption of the *Roman* State, under the Empire, when Learning was almoſt again engroſs'd by the *Greeks*, and ſcarce any elſe appear'd in Books of Note but that Nation, as thoſe of *Plutarch*, *Sextus*, *Lucian*, &c. for it was never ſo in *Greece*, as is plain from the *Alceſtis* of *Euripides*; where the Servants of *Admetus* are ſcandaliz'd at the Singing of *Hercules*, when *Alceſtis* lay dead in the Palace, and the Family with its Lord were all in the extremeſt Grief and Sorrow; which is a plain Argument, that the reſt of the Play was ſpoken, and not ſung. Mr. *Barns* indeed, who is the Author of extraordinary Conjectures, fancies, that the *Greek* Tragedies were ſung like our *Opera's*; whereas what we have here inſtanced, and the Conſtitution of the Chorus in its Diviſion into *Strophe*, *Antiſtrophe*, and *Epod*, prove the contrary. But this may paſs from a Gentleman, who would fain perſuade us, that *Solomon* was the Author of the *Ilias*.

What insinuated into him this Notion, was the Words he gives us, which imply no more but that Harmony of Speaking, which we have been endeavouring to recommend to the Study of our present *Players*. But if this were really true, (whereas it is directly contrary to Truth) yet I cannot imagine, that any Authority can justifie that, which is absurd in it self. But because the Authority of a Man, that is receiv'd in the World, and allow'd to be a Man of a fine Taste, and admirable Sense, may be more prevalent with most Pretenders to Wit, than Reason it self, I shall here transcribe what Monsieur St. *Evremont* has deliver'd to the Public on this Head, both in regard of his Reputation, and for the Justness of his Reasoning, which is the best Confirmation of an Authority; and tho what he says be on the *French Opera's*, it will hold stronger against the *Italian*. He writes to the late Duke of *Buckingham* in the following manner.

" I have long, my Lord, had a Mind to give
" you my Thoughts, and deliver my Senti-
" ments on the Difference betwixt the *Italian*
" and *French* way of Singing.

" The Discourse we had of it at the Dutchess
" of *Mazarine*'s has rather added to, than sa-
" tisfy'd that Desire, which I will now wholly
" gratify, by these few Thoughts I now send
" you upon it. I shall therefore begin with a-
" vowing freely to you, that I am no Admirer
" of those musical Plays or Tragedies, which

" we

" we ſee in our Time; I own indeed, that
" their Magnificence gives me ſome Pleaſure,
" that their Machines have ſometimes ſomething
" ſurprizing, the Muſic in ſome Places may be
" charming, and the whole together ſeems won-
" derful; but then you muſt grant me on the
" other hand, that theſe Wonders are extreme-
" ly tedious, for where the *Mind* has ſo very
" little to do, the Senſes, after the firſt Plea-
" ſure, which the ſhort-liv'd Surprize affords,
" muſt languiſh and die. The Eyes grow wea-
" ry of being continually fixt upon the glaring
" Objects. In the Beginning of the Conſorts,
" the Audience obſerve the Juſtneſs of the Con-
" cords, and let none of the Varieties eſcape
" them, that join in the making up the Sweet-
" neſs of the Harmony; ſoon after the Inſtru-
" ments ſtun us, and the Muſic ſeems no more to
" the Ears, but a confus'd and undiſtinguiſhable
" Sound. But who can ſupport the dull Tedi-
" ouſneſs of the *Recitativo*, which has neither
" the Charm of Song, nor the agreeable Force
" of good Speaking? The Soul tir'd out with
" a long Attention to that, in which it can find
" nothing affecting, retires into it ſelf to find
" ſome ſecret Emotion, by which it may be
" touch'd; and the Mind, having in vain ex-
" pected Impreſſions from without, has Recourſe
" to empty Muſings, or grows diſſatisfy'd with
" it ſelf for being ſo uſeleſs to its own Satisfa-
" ction. In a Word, the Fatigue is ſo great
" and ſo univerſal, that we only think how to

" get out; and all the Pleasure the tir'd Spe-
" ctator can propose to himself, is the Hopes of
" a speedy End to the *Show*.

" * The Reason why generally I soon grow
" weary at an *Opera*, is, *That I never yet saw*
" *any* OPERA, *which did not appear to me most de-*
" *spicable, both in the* † *Disposition of the Subject,*
" *and in the Verses. Now 'tis in vain to charm the*
" *Ear, and flatter the Eye, if the Mind remain*
" *unsatisfy'd, my Soul being in better Intelligence*
" *with my Mind, than with my Senses, struggles*
" *against the Impressions it might receive, or at*
" *least fails in giving an agreeable Consent to*
" *them, without which e'en the most delightful*
" *Objects can never afford me any great Portion*
" *of Pleasure.*

" 'Tis true, a *Foolery* set off, and *hautgout*
" with Music, Dances, Machines, and Decora-
" tions, is a pompous and magnificent *Foolery*,
" but yet it is still but a FOOLERY: 'Tis an ug-
" ly Ground to beautiful Ornament, through
" which I yet discover the Ground with a great
" deal of Dissatisfaction.

" There is another thing in *Opera's* so con-
" trary to Nature, that it always shocks my I-
" magination, and that is, *the singing the whole*
" *from one End to the other, as if the Persons*

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* *This Reason is worthy our Wits Consideration, who can value themselves on their Understanding, yet bear Nonsense in Music for four Hours together. nay, and extol it too.*

† *This is spoken of the* French Opera's *of* Quinaut, *which as far excel all the* Italian Opera's, *in Disposition and Verse, as* Dryden *does* Quarles.

" *had*

" *had ridiculouſly conſpir'd to treat in Muſic both*
" *of the moſt common and moſt important Affairs*
" *of human Life.* Can any Man perſuade his
" Imagination, that a Maſter calls his Servant,
" or ſends him of an Errand *ſinging?* That one
" Friend communicates a Secret to another
" *ſinging?* That Politicians deliberate in Coun-
" cil *ſinging?* That Orders in Time of Battle
" are given *ſinging?* And that Men are *melodi-*
" *ouſly kill'd with Sword, Pike or Muſket?* This
" is to loſe the very Life and Soul of Repre-
" ſentation, which no Man of Senſe doubts,
" but is preferable to Harmony. For Harmo-
" ny ought to be no more, than a bare Atten-
" dant on Poetry; and the great Maſters of the
" Stage have choſe to add it, not as eſſential or
" neceſſary, but as pleaſing, after they have re-
" gulated all that relates to the Subject and Diſ-
" courſe.

" In the mean time, by theſe means the Idea
" of the Maſter of Muſick or Compoſer takes
" Place of the Heroe of the Opera, and juſtles
" him quite out of our Thoughts. *Loüigi,*
" *Cavallo* and *Ceſti* are repreſented to our Ima-
" gination; for the Mind being unable to ap-
" prehend or conceive a *ſinging Hero,* comes di-
" rectly on him, who made the Muſic; nor can
" any one deny, but that *Baptiſte* in the *Opera's*
" repreſented in the *Palace Royal* is a thouſand
" times more thought on, than *Theſeus* or
" *Cadmus.*

" I pretend not, by what I have ſaid, to ex-
" clude all manner of Singing from the Stage,
" for it muſt be allow'd, that there are ſome
" things there which ought to be ſung, and o-
" thers, which may be ſung without ſinning a-
" gainſt Probability, Decency and Reaſon. Vows,
" Prayers, Praiſes, Sacrifices, and generally all,
" that relates to the Service of the Gods, are
" ſung in all Nations, and in all Times; ten-
" der and mournful Paſſions expreſs themſelves
" naturally enough by a kind of Tone; the
" Expreſſion of LOVE *in its Birth*, the Irreſolu-
" tion and Doubts of a Soul toſs'd by the ſeve-
" ral Emotions of that Paſſion, are the Subject
" for *Stanzas*, or *Lyric* Poeſy, and ſo is that
" for Muſic. Every Man knows, that the *Greeks*
" introduc'd the *Chorus* on their Stage, and I'm
" of Opinion, that we have the ſame Reaſon to
" follow their Example on ours.

" The Buſineſs of the *Drama*, in my Opinion,
" ought to be diſtributed in this manner.
" Whatever relates to Converſation, to the In-
" trigues and Affairs, to Counſel and Action, is
" only proper in the Mouth of the *Actor*, but
" highly ridiculous in that of a *Singer*. The
" *Greeks* made noble *Tragedies*, in which ſome-
" thing was *ſung*; the *Italians* and *French* make
" thoſe, which are deteſtable, in which every
" thing is *ſung!*

" Would you know what an *Opera* really
" is? I'll tell you,——— *It is a very* ODD
" MEDLEY *of* POETRY *and* MUSIC, in which

" the

" the Poet and Maſter of Muſic are equally on " the Rack for one another, and take a great " deal of Pains to compoſe a very Scurvy-Piece. " Not but you may ſometimes find agreeable * " Words, and very fine Airs in them, but you " will find with much more Certainty, before " any one of them be done, a Diſlike of the " Verſes, where the Poet's Genius has been " ſtinted, and a perfect Satiety of the Singing, " when too long a Service has jaded the Com- " poſer.

" Did I think my ſelf Maſter of Capacity e- " nough of adviſing thoſe Perſons of Conſidera- " tion and good Breeding, who are pleas'd with " this Entertainment of the Theatre, I would " counſel them to recover their vitiated Palate, " and reliſh again our good Plays, our *Trage-* " *dies* and *Comedies*, where Muſic may be in- " troduc'd without wounding the Repreſenta- " tion, there they might have a muſical Pro- " logue, and in the Interludes they might have " the Muſic animated with † Words, that " might be the Life of what had been repre-

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* *This is only in the* French Opera's, *neither the* Italian *nor ours can pretend to them.*

† *He means by this what* Horace *ſays of the* Chorus, *thus tranſlated by the Lord* Roſcommon,

A Chorus ſhould ſupply what Action wants,
And has a generous and manly Part;
Bridles wild Rage, loves rigid Honeſty,
And ſtrict Obſervance of impartial Laws,
Sobriety, Security, and Peace;
And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortune's Wheel,
To raiſe the Wretched, and pull down the Proud, *&c.*

" ſented. And after the Play is ended, an *E-*
" *pilogue* might be ſung, or ſome Reflections on
" the fineſt things in the Play. This would
" fortify the Idea, and rivet the Impreſſions
" they had made in the very Hearts of the Au-
" dience.

" By this means you might ſupply enough
" to ſatisfy both the Senſes and the Mind; the
" Charm of Singing relieving the bare *Repre-*
" *ſentation*, and the Force of Action the Length
" of the *Muſic*.

Thus far Monſieur St. *Evremont*; and I forbear giving you his Diſcourſe about the mutual Diſlike the *French* and *Italians* have for the *Opera's* of each other, becauſe that Controverſy is not much to our Purpoſe; and our *Italians* have not long ago publiſh'd a Book, call'd, *The Compariſon of the* French *and* Italian *Muſic*, in which the *French* Author gives up the Cauſe to the *Italians*, in return of *Loüigi*'s giving it up formerly to the *French*. Tho if I had any thing to do with this Controverſy, I ſhould very much doubt the Judgment of the *Frenchman* from one Inſtance of many, where he admires the *Italians* for Singing out of Tune, that they may give the better Reliſh to the fine Harmony, that ſucceeds; as if a Man ſhould admire it as a Perfection in another to ſpeak Nonſenſe firſt, to give the better Taſte to Senſe afterwards.

I confeſs, I was a little ſurpriz'd, to hear of and ſee this Book with Notes by Seignior *H.*—— or ſome Creature of his; for I thought they would

would never have ventur'd ſo far out of their Depth, as to launch from mere *Sound* into Senſe, from pricking muſical Notes, to Writing; ſince that was the only effectual way they could take to convince the World, that we were impos'd on by thoſe, who were not content to bubble us of our Money for Airs and Recitativo's, unleſs they told us to our Faces, that we knew nothing of the mater, and muſt, therefore, receive whatever Stuff they would be graciouſly pleas'd to beſtow upon us.

But this Author puts a great Streſs on the *Taking* of his Compoſitions, and the Miſcarriage of thoſe of others, when he had before deny'd, that we knew any thing of the Matter. But if he allow that, as a Teſt of the Excellence of his *Opera*, that will be much ſtronger for Mr. *Henry Purcel*, whoſe Muſic ſupported a Company of young raw Actors, againſt the beſt and moſt favour'd of that Time, and tranſported the Town for ſeveral Years together, as they do yet all true Lovers of Muſic. Let any Maſter compare *Twice ten hundred Deities*, the Muſic in the *Froſt Scene*, ſeveral Parts of the *Indian Queen*, and twenty more Pieces of *Henry Purcel*, with all the *Arrieto's*, *Dacapo's*, *Recitativo's* of *Camilla*, *Pyrrhus*, *Clotilda*, &c. and then judge which excels. *Purcel* penetrates the Heart, makes the Blood dance through your Veins, and thrill with the agreeable Violence offer'd by his Heavenly Harmony; the *Arietto's* are pretty light Airs, which tickle the Ear, but reach no far-

ther; *Purcel* moves the Paſſions as he pleaſes, nay, *Paints* in Sounds, and verifies all that is ſaid of *Timotheus*. Muſic, as well as Verſe, is ſubject to that Rule of *Horace*;

He that would have Spectators ſhare his Grief,
*Muſt write not only well, but * movingly.*

This was *Henry Purcel*'s Talent; and *his* MUSIC, as known as it is, and as often repeated as it has been, has to this Day the very ſame Effect. But all the Airs of theſe *Opera*'s, as they touch nothing but the Ear, ſo they vaniſh as ſoon, as that is tyr'd with the Repetition; that is, they live but a Year at moſt; ſo that *Purcel*'s being compos'd to penetrate the Soul, and make the Blood thrill through the Veins, live for ever; but thoſe foreign Whims, which have coſt us above twenty thouſand Pounds, are loſt before the Caſtratos have ſpent the Money they brought them in.

But it has by this very Book been ſaid, that our Taſte is improv'd, much amended ſince the Time of *Henry Purcel*, and that we ſhould not now reliſh any of his Things. To this I anſwer, that I find the beſt Judges of Muſic, thoſe who are Maſters of the Compoſition, as well as

* Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemata dulcia ſunto & quocunq; volent animum Auditoris agunto. *It is not enough, that the Poem be beautiful, but it ſhould be ſweet, and turn the Mind where-ever it pleaſes.*

Per-

Performance, prefer what he has done to all the *Opera's* we have had, on our Stage at leaſt. I would therefore fain know how our Taſte is mended? Do the promiſcuous Audience know more of the Art of Harmony and Muſic? No—not one in a thouſand underſtands one ſingle Note. How ſhall theſe therefore give the Preference of this new *Muſic*, to that of *Henry Purcel*'s? The Maſters muſt decide it, you reply perhaps——That indeed would bring it into a ſmall Compaſs, to the Deciſion of a very few, and yet not to be determin'd; for the *Engliſh* Maſters have ſtill a Veneration for *Purcel*; and the foreign Maſters have too viſible an Intereſt to be the Deciders. The only way is by the Rules of Art; for what goes beyond them is nothing but Extravagance, and no Beauty; and if the *Italians* ſing out of Tune by way of Perfection, they muſt enjoy the Advantage, which all Men elſe in the World will condemn as no Harmony, and by Conſequence can be no Beauty or Excellence in Muſic, the very Soul of which is *Harmony*.

But to return from this Digreſſion, in Vindication of our *Engliſh Muſic*, to the Abſurdities of *Opera's*; I think the Degeneracy of the Age is but too apparent, in the ſetting up and encouraging ſo paltry a Diverſion, that has nothing in it either manly or noble.

But, ſays a certain Gentleman, the Buſineſs of the Stage is to *pleaſe*, and if this Pleaſure be found in *Opera's*, what ſignifie all the objected Abſurdities? Tho this be a very ridiculous Defence,

fence, and will hold of the moſt ſcandalous and dulleſt things in Nature; yet I have heard it urg'd by Men of allow'd Wit, and indeed, who had more of that, than of Reaſon, and Judgment, which is founded on that. But if this be really a good Argument, *Clinch* of *Barnet*, *Bartholomew-Fair* Drolls, nay a *Jack-pudding* Entertainment in *Moor-Fields* are noble Entertainments, for all theſe pleaſe, and have as good a Title to the Stage, as *Opera's*, nay, from Reaſon a better, as not ſubject to ſo many Abſurdities. But this is conſecrated by the Taſte of Quality.—— If the Taſte of Quality ſink to that of the *Canaille*, it is not the Perſons can give it a Reputation, ſince their beloved *Cowley* has told us of a *great Vulgar*, as well as *ſmall*.

Would therefore a Man of Senſe be for a Diverſion, which levels his Underſtanding with that of the Refuſe of the *Mob*? Yet the following of *Opera's* does this, and inſiſting in their Vindication, that what-ever pleaſes deſerves Encouragement, ſince it is a Scandal to be pleas'd with ſome things, as proving but a weak Capacity, or a very unpoliſh'd Taſte.

There are ſome Pleaſures, which none but Men of fine Senſe, and a Guſt for the Art, can diſtinguiſh, as in Painting, Graving, *&c.* while the Vulgar look with an equal Eye on the beſt and the worſt. A certain Country Squire of my Acquaintance was drinking in a Country Alehouſe, in which ſeeing ſeveral notable Cuts, as of the *Prodigal*, *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, and

and ſome other ſcurvy Prints, worſe than ever *Overton* ſold, he turn'd to the Gentleman, who ſate next him, and ſaid, ——*Well! this Painting is a noble Art*—— And indeed a Graving of old *Vanhove*'s, or worſe, if any worſe can be, would pleaſe the *Vulgar*, as well as one of *Edlinch*, *Audrand*, or any of the *Italian* Cuts; and a Piece of a mere Sign-Dauber is as valuable in the Eye of a groſs and common Underſtanding, as one of *Raphael*'s or *Thornhill*'s. And ſo in *Muſic*, a *Taber* and *Pipe*, a *Cymbal* or *Horn-pipe*, will raviſh the Mob, more than the admirable Mr. *Shoar* with his incomparable *Lute*; and the Ballad Tune *Lilly Bullero* more, than a fine *Sonato* of *Corelli*. And thus in Poetry, the *Million* will prefer *Bunnyan* and *Quarles* to *Milton* and *Dryden*; yet ſure no Gentleman of fine Taſte and Genius in all theſe things, but would be aſham'd to urge ſuch an Argument as Pleaſing, ſince all theſe, which are ſcandalous, *pleaſe* the moſt in Number.

It is therefore as ſcandalous to be pleas'd with any thing irrational and abſurd on the Stage, in Compariſon of the *Drama*, as with *Jack-pudding*, or a *Bartholomew Droll* off it; or to prefer to *Edlinch*, *Audrand* a *Vanhove*, &c. or a Conſort of Tongs and Keys, or Cymbal and Bagpipe to Mr. *Shoar*'s Lute, or the Compoſitions of *Corelli*.

But, ſays another, if All that is abſurd and irrational ſhould be excluded the Theatre, you muſt baniſh a great many of the moſt celebrated

Pieces of the Stage; as, *Othello*, which is compos'd of Parts ſhocking to Reaſon, and full of Abſurdities; the *Maid's Tragedy*, which Mr. *Rhimer* has juſtly condemn'd, and ſeveral others, which no Man has been able to vindicate from Faults equal to thoſe urg'd againſt *Opera's*. And ſince our Reaſon muſt be ſhock'd either with *Harmony*, or without it, pray let us have *Opera's*, where the Compoſer's pleaſing Art makes Amends for the Poet's Fooleries. Nay, ſays another, I will undertake to prove, that there is ſcarce one Play, that has met tolerable Succeſs, or is very much eſteem'd, and call'd a Stock-Play, but what is as abſurd, and ſhocking to Reaſon, as moſt *Opera's*; and what is worſe, the Authority, which they have obtain'd with the *Many* is ſo great, that when you attempt to ſpeak againſt them, both your *Wits* and *Witlings* cry out, *That you're paſt Shame.*

If indeed, purſues he, you could advance the *Britiſh* Stage to the Excellence of that of *Athens*, it would want neither *Reaſon* nor *Muſic*, but the happy Mixture would be admirable, and the Diverſion divine; but as the Stage is, both in Players and Plays, I cannot diſcover ſo mighty a Difference in the Merit of the two Diverſions, but that a Man's Senſe is as juſtifiable in the frequenting the one, as the other.

I muſt confeſs, this laſt Objection has too much Weight in it, but then if the Encouragers of this Folly had beſtow'd half as much in the Reformation of the Stage, it would have rais'd

it

it to an Equality with, if not above that of *Athens* it ſelf, tho that State employ'd immenſe Sums in the Decorations of it, and the ſetting out of the Plays; and if any one Man of Power and Intereſt would heartily engage on the Part of good Senſe, Poetry, and the Honour of his Country, we ſhould ſoon remove this Objection, and diſcard the Dregs of *Italy* with their harmonious Nonſence.

But there are others, who tell us, that it is the Illneſs of our preſent Plays, that excuſes their Fondneſs of *Opera's*. But this is without the leaſt Shadow of Reaſon or Truth; nor can they in any point prove our Plays to be worſe, than thoſe of an hundred Years ago, ſince it would be too palpable an Inſtance of their profound Ignorance or extravagant Prejudice, which is below a Man of Senſe and Judgment, as may eaſily be made appear in Tragedy only, of which we are ſcarce *yet* arriv'd to a juſt Notion. Nor was there much of Comedy known before the Learned *Ben Johnſon*, for no Man can allow any of *Shakeſpear*'s Comedies, except the *Merry Wives of* Windſor. There are indeed excellent Humours ſcatter'd about, and interwoven in his other Plays; but *Ben Johnſon* was the firſt, that ever gave us one entire Comedy. Since him we have had *Etheridge*, *Wicherly*, *Shadwel*, and *Crown* in ſome of his Plays, with the Reſt of King *Charles* the IId's Reign. Add ſince the Revolution, Mr. *Congreve* in three Plays has merited great Praiſe, and very well diſtinguiſh'd

his Characters and hit true Humour. Mr. *Vanbrook* too has ſhewn Abundance of rude, unconducted and unartful Nature; his Dialogue is generally dramatic and eaſy. Nay, after theſe our very Farce Writers deſerve more Eſteem, than the taking Plays of an hundred Years ago, as having as much Nature, more Deſign and Conduct, and much more Wit.

From hence it appears, that this Objection of the Degeneracy of the preſent Stage, from what it was formerly, as an Excuſe for frequenting *Opera's*, is nothing but a mere groundleſs Pretence; and that if we met now with as much Encouragement from our dignify'd Audience, as that did from the Vulgar; or if our Judges could diſtinguiſh betwixt *good* and *bad* ſo far, as to encourage the former, and explode the latter, they would ſoon have Plays more worthy the *Engliſh* Genius, and *Opera's* would retire beyond the *Alps*.

After this Diſcourſe, we took our Leaves of Mr. Betterton, and return'd to *London:* I was pleas'd with his Story of the extravagant Actor, ſince it is a very pleaſant Leſſon for a great many of our modern Players, and which might it ſelf cure them of Extravagances too much in vogue.

I ſubjoin here a Catalogue of the Plays, in which Mr. *Betterton* made ſome conſiderable Figure.

The Loyal Subject.
Maid in the Mill.
The Wild Gooſe Chaſe.
The Spaniſh Curate.

The

The Mad Lover.
Pericles *Prince of* Tyre.
A Wife for a Month.
Rule a Wife and have a Wife.
The Tamer tam'd.
The Unfortunate Lovers.
Aglaura,
Changling.
The Bodman.
The Wits.
Hamlet *Prince of* Denmark.
Love and Honour.
Romeo *and* Juliet.
Adventures of Five Hours.
Twelfth Night.
The Villain.
The Rivals.
Henry *VIIIth.*
Love in a Tub.
Cutter of Colemanſtreet.
The Dutcheſs of Malfey.
Muſtapha.
Cambyſes.
The grateful Servant.
The Witty Fair One.
The School of Compliments.
The Warrior's a Weather-Cock.
Richard *the IIId.*
Henry *the Vth.*
Sir Solomon *Single.*
The Woman made a Juſtice.
Amorous Widow.
The Unjuſt Judge.
Epſom *Wells.*
Macbeth.
King Lear.
The Rover.
Don Carlos *Prince of* Spain.
Sir Fopling Flutter.
Circe.
Siege of Troy.
Anna Bulloin.
The Libertine.
Virtuoſo.
Spaniſh *Fryar.*
Oedipus.
Orphan.
Titus *and* Berenice.
Theodoſius.
Plain Dealer.
Mock Aſtrologer.
Valentinian.
Amphytrion.
Cleomenes.
Troilus *and* Creſſida.
Cæſar Borgia.
Old Batchelor.

Fatal

Fatal Marriage.
Double Dealer.
Prophetess.
Love for Love.
Mourning Bride.
Heroic Love.
The Way of the World.
Ambitious Step-Mother.
Fair Penitent.
All for Love.
Harry *the IVth.*
The British *Enchanters.*

And many others too long to insert.

FINIS.

THE
Amorous Widow:
OR, THE
WANTON WIFE.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Perform'd by

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by the late Famous

Mr. *THOMAS BETTERTON.*

Now first Printed from the Original Copy.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1710.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR *Peter Pride.* A great Boaſter of his Honour, his Valour, what a noble Family he is deriv'd from, and of their mighty Courage. — Mr. *Freeman.*

Cuningham. A Gentleman in love with *Philadelphia*, and is much courted by the Widow. — Mr. *Verbruggen.*

Lovemore. His Friend, in love with Mr. *Brittle*'s Wife, and endeavours to have an Intrigue with her; but the Widow courts him too. — Mr. *Betterton.*

Barnaby Brittle. An old Citizen that keeps a Glaſs-ſhop, marry'd to Sir *Peter Pride*'s Daughter. — Mr. *Dogget.*

Jeffrey. Servant to *Cuningham*, in love with *Prudence.* — Mr. *Fieldhouſe.*

Clodpole. A ſimple Country Fellow that *Lovemore* employs in ſending Letters to Mrs. *Brittle.* — Mr. *Bright.*

Merryman. A Falconer to *Cuningham*, who takes upon him to repreſent the Viſcount *Sans-Terre*, that is to marry the Widow. — Mr. *Underhill.*

Lady *Laycock.* An amorous old Widow, that courts every one ſhe can for Marriage, fancying her ſelf ſo engaging, that all that ſee her muſt love her. — Mrs. *Leigh.*

Lady *Pride.* Wife to Sir *Peter*, a formal old Lady that boaſts much of her Gentility, and of her great Name and Family. — Mrs. *Willis.*

Mrs. *Brittle.* Their Daughter, Wife to *Barnaby Brittle*; a Cunning, Intrieguing Coquet, that always over-reaches her Husband. — Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

Philadelphia. Niece to the Widow, in love with *Cuningham.* — Mrs. *Porter.*

Prudence. Maid to the Widow. — Mrs. *Hunt.*

Damaris. Maid to Mrs. *Brittle*, that aſſiſts her in her Intriegues. — Mrs. *Prince.*

THE

THE Amorous Widow: OR, THE WANTON WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE *a Room.*

Enter Philadelphia *with a Letter, follow'd by* Jeffrey.

Phil. I Should believe Mr. *Cuningham* very conſtant, if I had Faith enough to credit this Letter, *Jeffry*. What Complaints are here? But 'tis the Stile, that all young Lovers write.

Jeff. Pray, Madam, believe me; you know I am a Man of Integrity: I cannot diſſemble. Let him write what he pleaſes, If he did not love you, do you think I'd tell you ſo?

Phil. When he has Opportunity, I muſt confeſs, he ſays kind things to me.

Jeff. Take my Word, Madam, my Maſter is not like other Men—— Unleſs he loves a Lady, and loves her paſſionately too, he never troubles himſelf to compliment her much.

Phil. Never? Yes, *Jeffry*; ſometimes, you know, he compliments my Aunt.

Jeff. That's a convincing Proof of his Love to you; you cannot think him reduc'd to the Neceſſity of making Love to an antiquated Piece, with deſign to know her otherwiſe, than to obtain the Happineſs of ſeeing you? But I ſhall tell him, Madam——

Phil. Tell him I have receiv'd and read his Letter.

Jeff. Is that all, Madam?

Phil. All! Yes. Are you not content with that?

Jeff. Any indifferent Perſon, that had Hands, and could but read, would have done, as much, as that.

Phil. Well; Tell him then, in time perhaps I may—

Jeff. My Maſter, Madam, can't endure to depend on a perhaps.

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Quick, quick, up to your Chamber, Madam.

Phil. What's the Matter? Is my Aunt coming hither?

Pru. She's at your Heels. Go up the Back-Stairs quickly.

Phil. Farewel, *Jeffry*; Commend me to thy Maſter. *Exit* Phil.

Jeff. For what, I beſeech you? Is not my Maſter bewitc'd, to court a Lady a whole Year, and ſhe hardly tell him ſhe loves him yet?

Pru.

Pru. Alas! She's but a Novice. Let me alone with her; I'll order the Buſineſs ſo, that if thy Maſter be diſcreet and paſſionate enough in his Expreſſions, he wins her Heart I'll warrant you.

Jeff. He can ſay nothing to her, but that damn'd Aunt of hers is harkning to't ſtill. What Pleaſure can ſhe find in Love at Fifty?

Pru. Fie, *Jeffry*, you muſt ſay Five and twenty.

Jeff. I wonder any Woman can have the Impudence to live, and trouble Mankind after that Age.

Pru. There never was a Woman ſo old, but ſhe retain'd a good Opinion of her ſelf.

Jeff. Then ſhe dreſſes her ſelf ſo fantaſtically, that all may ſee ſhe ſtrives to appear Young in defiance of Nature. She is more gawdy in that ſhe calls Half-Mourning, than a young Bride is on her Wedding-Night. The Devil's in her if ſhe believes any one can love her: 'Tis jeering her, but to be commonly civil to her.

Pru. A little Flattery fires her. She believes all, that is ſaid to her: And he that does not make love to her, and compliment her, ſhall not be twice admitted to her Houſe.

Jeff. O reverend Beauty! on my Conſcience, if I would greaſe her Chops with a few Compliments, ſhe'd mump and ſmile upon me.

Pru. No doubt on't.

Jeff. When ſhall my Maſter have an Opportunity to ſpeak freely to *Philadelphia*?

Pru. Mr. *Lovemore* is thy Maſter's Friend, and is better belov'd here, than he imagines. You muſt perſuade him to amuſe the Aunt, that Mr. *Cuningham* may have Convenience to court the Niece.

Jeff. Mr. *Lovemore*'s tir'd with playing that part ſo often; he is cloy'd with the Aunt, and ſwears he'll have no more of her.

Pru. I'm ſure her Niece and I endure much more. Tell him, 'twill be Charity in him to relieve us.

Jeff. 'Twill be hard to perſuade him to it.

Pru. This old Lady of mine has languiſh'd for a young Husband ever ſince Sir *Oliver Laycock* dy'd: She cares not what Eſtate he has, or what Religion he's of, ſo he be but young and luſty. Where is the great Viſcount *Sans Terre*, thy Maſter told her of? Methinks he's long a coming.

Jeff. Some croſs unlucky Buſineſs hinders him.

Pru. She has lately receiv'd ſome Letters, that have given a full Account of him.

Jeff. So much the worſe. What is it?

Pru. They ſay his Fortune is not very much, but he is greatly born, and very pleaſant; and that he is ſo great a Lover of Muſick, he has not a Servant but can Sing or Dance, or Play upon ſome Inſtrument. You may know when he's come by the Noiſe; the Fiddlers will welcome him to Town; for all from *Weſtminſter* to *Wapping* pay him Homage.

Jeff. Wou'd he were but marry'd to her, *Prudence.*

Pru. Whether he marries her or not, is not our Buſineſs, *Jeffry.* Let him but fool with us till thy Maſter has gain'd her Niece, and then our Work is done.

Jeff. Well, we have had enough of thy old Lady *Laycock.* Let us now talk of our own Affairs; ſpeak, doſt thou love me, *Prudence?*

Pru. A pleaſant Queſtion! Do you doubt it now?

Jeff. If you would have me credit you, ſwear it.

Pru. Sure you are jealous *Jeffry?*

Jeff. You're ſomewhat near the Matter. I know your Humour well enough; you love a bold audacious Fellow, that will ſay any thing, and ſuch a one we have come to Town, one *Merryman* our Falconer; I fear you'll like him better than you do me.

Pru.

Pru. Oh Fool! why ſhould you think ſo?

Jeff. I have ſome Honour in me; but he's a Fellow that has eaten Shame, and drank after it. He is more impudent than a Court Page, and will take no Denial.

Pru. Hold your Tongue, here's my Lady.

Enter Lady Laycock.

Lady. What Buſineſs has *Jeffry* with you?

Pru. His Maſter ſent him to know, whether he might have leave to wait upon your Ladyſhip this Morning.

Lady. Yes; Tell him, I expect him.

Jeff. He durſt not come, becauſe Mr. *Lovemore*'s with him.

Lady. Go tell 'em, if they pleaſe to come, they ſhall be welcome both.

Jeff. I ſhall, Madam. (*Exit* Jeffrey.

Pru. You ſee what Power your Beauty has. Neither can live a Moment without ſeeing you.

Lady. No, they have other Buſineſs with me, *Prudence*; they came from *Paris* lately, and brought me a Letter from my Brother; and I believe they come for my Anſwer now.

Pru. But does not one of 'em love you, Madam?

Lady. I have ſome Reaſon to believe he does; Mr. *Lovemore* has ſpar'd no Pains to perſuade me to quit my Widow-hood.

Pru. I have been told, Madam, that Widow-hood is a Gift, Heaven ſeldom beſtows but on its Favourites; you are rich, and know how troubleſome Marriage is. For my part, I believe the faireſt Hair, the beautiful'ſt Curls do not become your Fore-head ſo well as *Bando* did; but every one, Madam, knows their own Neceſſities.

Lady. I confeſs, Widow-hood has its Conveniencies; but if Marriage be a Trouble to ſome, 'tis a Pleaſure to others, *Prudence.*

Pru. You had the Experience of it thirty Years, how did you like it, Madam? They ſay, Sir *Oliver Laycock* lov'd your Ladyſhip.

Lady. For all that he was jealous; and, what's worſe, was Old.

Pru. Very well; therefore you reſolve to have a young One now, Madam?

Lady. You cannot blame me for that? Can you, *Prudence?*

Pru. Oh no, 'tis well known Youth is comfortable. But, methinks, you ſhould take one a little nearer your own Age, Madam. A very young Man may be too treacherous for you, Madam.

Lady. Why, is my Age ſo viſible?

Pru. No, Madam; with a little Help of Art you have ſome Remains of Beauty ſtill. You have ſomething about your Eyes as pleaſant now, as others have at Twenty.

Lady. 'Tis a very malicious World we live in, *Prudence*; they are ſo apt to cenſure, and ſpeak of any ſingle Woman, that one ought to marry to avoid that Scandal.

Pru. Some that are young are forc'd to marry, to avoid Detraction; others wou'd rather all that's Ill ſhould be ſaid of them, than to have no Notice taken of 'em. I knew a young Lady that pin'd to a Conſumption, becauſe ſhe liv'd three Years about the Court, and never had the Honour to be lampoon'd. The Truth is, none that are Beautiful and Young can avoid Envy, but few are ſo malicious, to ſpeak againſt the Old.

Lady. There is no Age exempt from Scandal, *Prudence.* When we are Young, they ſay we ſell our ſelves; when Old, we are forc'd to hire, to buy our Lovers.

Pru.

Pru. You know what they ſay, Madam, of the old Marchioneſs, your Friend, that was ſo admir'd, ſo courted in her Youth; who, when ſhe found ſhe was forſook by all, was forc'd to hire a Player by the Quarter: How ſoon the poor Fellow was tir'd too! How like a Sheep-biter he look'd after the firſt two Months!

Lady. This *London* is a very wicked Place, 'tis impoſſible to live without Scandal here.

Pru. I'm afraid they'll ſay as much of you, Madam, if you bargain for a Husband. To covet one, that is both Young and Rich, is too much in Conſcience, Madam.

Lady. Thou know'ſt, *Prudence*, Wealth is not the thing I ſeek.

Pru. Then, Madam, the Buſineſs is done; the Viſcount *Sans-Terre* ſhall be your Husband, Madam.

Lady. Ah *Prudence*! if he were but as handſome as— —

Pru. Ah Madam, that's too much.

Lady. Why may not I wiſh for it?

Pru. Conſider his Quality, Madam, and 'bate him ſomething for that. One thing I muſt adviſe you; be not too prodigal of your Gold at firſt; to be liberal ſometimes will be convenient, and make him kinder to you.

Lady. For all this, I ſhould think my ſelf very happy, if I were certain of Mr. *Cuningham* or Mr. *Lovemore*.

Pru. A little Jealouſy will inflame 'em. They'll be more preſſing when the Viſcount comes.

Lady. But yet methinks, *Cuningham* and my Neice—

Pru. What, Madam?

Lady. Are always whiſpering.

Pru. He only compliments her, Madam. She's too young to make Love ſeriouſly.

Lady.

Lady. With your Favour, there's no truſting to that. To my Knowledge, there are thoſe younger, than ſhe, that underſtand what Love is but too well.

Pru. That's true, Madam; but *Philadelphia* is ſo innocent, that no Man can make Love to her, but to divert himſelf. Here ſhe is, Madam.

Enter Philadelphia.

Lady. What does ſhe come for? I'll ſend her packing quickly.

Pru. Conſider what you do, Madam. How can Mr. *Lovemore* entertain your Ladyſhip, unleſs his Friend may divert himſelf the while with rallying with your Niece.

Lady. For all that I could wiſh——

Pru. Pray trouble not your ſelf. Truſt me, I'll watch her, Madam.

Phil. Will your Ladyſhip go to *Eaton*'s? The Coach is at the Door.

Lady. No, I'll not go yet.

Phil. If you ſtay long, Madam, the beſt *Poynt* will be ſold before you come.

Lady. No matter. Ha! what ails the Girl! How ſtrangely ſhe looks! Her Eyes are hardly open yet!

Phil. How, Madam?

Lady. Then her Head's dreſs'd awry. How it diſguiſes her! Lord! how frightfully it looks!

Phil. Truly, Aunt, 'tis dreſs'd juſt as the Faſhion is.

Lady. Fetch her Hood, *Prudence*; I'll have her put it on till it be mended.

Phil. I dreſs'd it to pleaſe no body but my ſelf, Madam.

Lady. I'll have you dreſs your ſelf now to pleaſe me: Come, put it on.

Pru.

Pru. My Lady's in the Right. Never was any thing more ridiculous. Here, put on the Hood, I am ſure this is much handſomer.

Lady. Why don't you put it on?

Phil. I can't endure it, Madam—

Lady. Do, I ſay.

Pru. So; Now it is as it ſhould be; all modeſt Maids ſhould be dreſs'd ſo: But here's Mr. *Cuningham* and Mr. *Lovemore.*

Enter Cuningham, Lovemore *and* Jeffry.

Love. Your Servant, Madam; you ſee how we love your Company, by giving you this Trouble in a Morning.

Cun. 'Tis a Happineſs we are much envy'd for.

Lady. You are welcome, Gentlemen. Pray command this Houſe as freely as your own.

Love. Why does this Lady hide her Face? Pray, Madam, let us ſee you.

Lady. Forbear, Sir, I beſeech you: She has had the Tooth-Ach lately. If ſhe takes off her Hood, ſhe'll catch cold, and bring the Pain again.

Phil. I thank your Ladyſhip for your Care of me. But the Pain has been gone ſo long, I don't fear it now.

Love. Nay then, we muſt have it off.

Phil. What ſay you, Madam, Shall I pull it off?

Lady. Yes, Impertinence; I ſee you have a Mind to ſhew your ſelf.

Pru. 'Tis the Nature of all young Girls to do what they are forbidden.

Cun. I come not to trouble your Ladyſhip for your Letter to my Lawyer; your countenancing my Buſineſs will be of great Advantage to me.

Lady. This, Sir, is what my Brother commands me: You ſhall ſee I take delight to ſerve his Friends.

Love.

Love. Madam, You promis'd me that Honourable Title.

Lady. Do you pretend to it?

Love. Yes, Madam, more, than any one.

Lady. I have not much Beauty to boaſt of; but Virtue, Sir, makes ſome amends for the Defects of the other.

Love. Defects? (Cuningham *Courts* Philadelphia. Pray, Madam, wrong not your ſelf ſo much.

Lady. There are few but know a little their own Value: And tho a Woman be not fam'd for a great Beauty, yet if ſhe be agreeable, there are thoſe, will like her well enough.

Love. You have that in Perfection, Madam.

Lady. In that, Sir, I know you do not flater.

Phil.——

Phil. Madam.

Cun. Then, Madam, you like my Choice of this Suit.

Phil. Extremely well: Was it your own Fancy, Sir,

Cun. I am not aſham'd to own it, ſince you ask it, Madam.

[*They counterfeit to be talking about Faſhions, whilſt ſeemingly* Lovemore *Courts the Aunt.*

Pru. I'll liſten to 'em——

He talks to her of nothing but new Faſhions. [*To the* You may, Madam, venture to diſcourſe *Widow.* without diſturbance.

Lady. Pray, Sir, tell me freely; how old do you think I am?

Love. Faith, Madam, if you were not a Widow, I ſhould think you a Girl ſcarce Twenty.

Lady. Now, Sir, you flater me: You might have ſaid Thirty. I do not love to diſguiſe my Age.

Love. How! Thirty, Madam! and look ſo youthful: I'll not believe it, 'tis impoſſible!

Lady.

Lady. You do not know what Misery I endur'd whilst my old Husband liv'd. The Griefs I had upon me would have distracted another Woman. Alas! Sir, 'tis not Age but Sorrow has broke me.

Love. It makes me sad to hear you tell it, Madam, and vexes me to think, an old Man should enjoy such Happiness.

Lady. You do not know how many Tears I have shed.

Love. 'Tis some Comfort, Madam, to remember he did not live long with you.

Lady. Truly, Sir, Fifteen Years.

Pru. Yes, and Fifteen to that. (*Aside.*

Lady. Having been so unfortunate in a Husband, you may believe I have but little Encouragement to venture, Sir, again. For I am very happy now I am alone.

Love. You do wisely, Madam; for she deserves not to be pity'd, that rashly runs into the same Misfortune; and therefore you have, Madam——

Lady. Nay, Sir, I have not forsworn Marrying yet.

Love. Pray, Madam, where do you use to walk in the Evening? Into St. *James*'s Park?

Lady. Not very often, Sir.

Love. Or into the Mulberry Garden?
Is not the Wilderness very pleasant?

Lady. If I like my Company, Sir, I never mislike the Place.

Love. Have you seen the new Paradise, Madam? 'Tis much superiour to the former.

Lady. I have heard as much: But, Sir——

Love. Let me have the Honour to wait upon you thither presently.

Lady. Not yet, Sir; After Dinner, if you please. But tell me, Sir, do you think me such an Enemy to Marriage, that were I sure a young Gentleman lov'd me,

me, and lov'd me truly, I would be ſo uncivil to refuſe him?

Love. When I conſider what you endur'd in Sir *Oliver Laycock*'s time, I think you ought to do it, Madam; and that Man's unjuſt, that urges you to break your Reſolution.

Lady. Pray do not miſtake me, Sir; I have made no ſuch Reſolution yet.

Love. Nay, Madam, ſince you are diſpleas'd at what I ſaid, we'll change the Diſcourſe. Pray, Madam, do you think the young Lord *Lucky* has that Intereſt at Court, that Fame reports he has?

Lady. Lord, Sir, this is a ſtrange wild Anſwer to my Queſtion. Let me tell you, Sir, if I have any Merit, Wealth or Beauty, there's one in the World deſerves 'em all.

Pru. Good! How ſhe teazes him! (*Aſide.*

Love. But has that one no Fault, Madam?

Lady. You know him very well, Sir.

Love. I know him, Madam!

Lady. Yes, you, Sir. 'Tis your ſelf.

Love. 'Sdeath! What will become of me now? (*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam——

Lady. What now?

Serv. The Marchioneſs is come to viſit you.

Lady. Troubleſome Creature. Go one of you and entertain her quickly.

Pru. Which of us, Madam?

Lady. Go you, *Philadelphia*, and keep her Company till I come.

Phil. I ſhall, Madam. (*Exit* Phil.

Cun. Pray, Madam, what is this Marchioneſs?

Lady. Oh, Sir! a moſt eternal Talker: Her Tongue goes like the Larum of a Clock, as faſt, and to the

ſame Tune ſtill. She's almoſt Sixty, and yet pretends to Beauty, and loves Courtſhip moſt unreaſonably. Say but a kind thing to her, and you win her Heart. The Truth is, ſhe has not much Reputation; but the Reſpect I give her is to her Quality and to her Perſon. But ſhe's an Original in her kind, Sir.

Love. Oh blind, blind Creature! ſhe draws her own Picture, and laughs at it.

Cun. Sure, Madam, her Converſation muſt be very pleaſant?

Lady. She has been much courted in her Youth; but 'twould make one die to hear her boaſt of her Lovers now. How this Knight ſighs, and that Lord dies for her; when all the while I know what Neceſſity the poor Creature is reduc'd to. I would have brought her hither, but I know we never ſhould have been rid of her. Excuſe me a Moment, I'll ſend her away, and return preſently. Your Servant, Gentlemen, *Exit Lady.*

Cun. How now, Friend——What's the Matter? Why doſt look ſo ſullenly?

Love. I play the Aſs here any longer! No; if I do, may I turn Pudding to a Rope-Dancer, and ſhew Tricks next *Bartholomew* Fair.

Cun. Nay, but Friend, Dear Friend——

Love. Tell not me of Friendſhip. What Man would endure to be ſo plagued as I have been. I have parry'd with my beſt Skill the dangerous Thruſts that ever were made at me. To tug at an Oar, or dig in a Mine in *Peru*, is Recreation to it. But the firſt time to offer Marriage to me! I ſweat to think on it. It made me tremble twice, for fear ſhe ſhould have forc'd my Neck into her muddy Nooſe of Matrimony.

Cun. We have no other way to blind her.

Love. 'Tis all one to me.

Cun.

Cun. If thou lov'ſt my Life, Friend, do not forſake me now.

Love. Pray live, if you pleaſe, and give me leave to do ſo too. Should I again be left alone with her, the beſt I can hope for is Diſtraction.

Pru. How do you like the Niece?

Cun. She's all Perfection.

Pru. How do you thrive? Do you find her kind, Mr. *Cuningham?*

Cun. She has promis'd me a Meeting this Afternoon, if thou canſt but remove the Aunt from us.

Pru. I'll try what I can do, but Mr. *Lovemore* is the only Man in her Favour.

Cun. Dear Friend, try but this one.

Love. I'll be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for a Traitor firſt, and have my Limbs hung up for the Birds to feed upon. No, no, I have my Belly full, I thank you, and ſome to ſpare.

Pru. But now I think on't, where's this Viſcount all this while? His Arrival wou'd be of great uſe in this Affair.

Love. *Prudence* adviſes well: Methinks he's long a coming.

Cun. Why, you muſt know, there is one *Merryman* juſt come up out of the Country - He is my Falconer upon occaſion, the Fellow is bold, and very apt, and has not been ſeen much in Town. What think you of him to act awhile, till ſome more lucky Occaſion preſent it ſelf?

Love. 'Tis a lucky Thought, and may be of uſe. Where is he?

Jeff. In the Pantry, a ramming down a Wedge of Roaſt-Beef to keep out the Town Air, and making Sport with a ſimple Country Fellow he has brought out of the Country with him to ſee the Town; one *Clodpole*, he calls him.

Love. 'Twould not be amiſs to examine him, and inſtruct him how to behave himſelf, before he is too much known.

Jeff. No body of the Family has ſeen him yet, but the Butler; and he, I know, will be ſecret. I'll ſtep and call him to you, Sir, if you pleaſe?

Cun. Do ſo. (*Exit* Jeff.

In the mean time, *Prudence*, there's ſomething to buy thee a Pair of Gloves. (*Gives her Money.*

Pru. Oh, dear Sir! how long have I deſerved this? Pleaſe to command me any thing within my Power, and conclude it done.

Enter Jeffrey *with* Merryman *dreſs'd like a Falconer.*

Jeff. Sir, I found him juſt paſſing by the Door, and have told him part of the Buſineſs.

Love. Well, Friend, doſt think thou can'ſt act the Part of a Viſcount for a little while?

Merr. What ſort of a Lord is he to be?

Cun. Oh! An Amorous Reſolute ſort of a Perſon, that's much given to love Muſick. You ſhall have all things that's fitting for a Man of ſuch Quality.

Merr. Well, Sir, let me be once ſet out with a good Equipage, and leave the reſt to me.

Love. Come with us, Friend, and we'll inſtruct thee fully in thy Part.

Merr. Well, give me but my Cue of Entrance, and let me alone to act my Part.

Cun. Let's about it then. (*Exit* Lovemore, Cuningham and Merryman.

Jeff. *Prudence*—— *Pru.* What's your Will?

Jeff. One Kiſs.

Pru. 'Pſhaw! Is that all? (*He kiſſes her.*

Jeff. All! I ſay no more, but—— Ah *Prudence*, *Prudence!*

Pru. What damnable whining Tone haſt thou got, ha?

Jeff. I am afraid of this Viſcount, *Prudence.*

Pru. Away, you Fool; I have other things to trouble my Head withal—— Farewel.

Jeff. Adieu. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

Enter Cuningham *and* Philadelphia.

Cun. WHy, Madam, are you ſo unwilling to credit what my conſtant Paſſion, ſo long in vain, has urg'd? Do you not believe I love you? Oh! Did you but know what I endure, when you refuſe to hear me, you would in Charity have ſome Compaſſion on my wounded Soul.

Phil. I dare not hear this Language from you, Sir.

Cun. What are you afraid of, Madam?

Phil. All Men ſay the ſame things, Sir, till they have won our eaſy Hearts to pity and believe you; then ſtraight you ſlight your Conqueſt, and leave us to purſue our Ruin.

Cun. Be not ſo cruel to cenſure all for thoſe Faults, which ſome few commit; for all, I muſt confeſs, do not ſtand excus'd. But, Madam, you cannot be ſo great a Stranger to my Love, as not to think it real; or ſo great an Enemy to your own Worth, to believe it has not Power to enſlave a Heart, that's guarded more ſecurely than mine—— But no more—— Your Aunt——

Enter

Enter Lady Laycock.

Lady. So Niece, I ſee your ſqueamiſh Stomach can digeſt all ſorts of Diet, tho ne'er ſo ſtrictly charg'd to the contrary. Mr. *Cuningham*, What Buſineſs have you with her? I wonder you are not aſham'd to be always following of her at this rate, and endeavouring to take Advantage of her fooliſh Youth; for ſhe is but a Girl yet, and not fit for the Converſation of a Man, nay, or indeed to be truſted with her ſelf.

Cun. Madam———

Lady. Go, go, indeed you are much to blame: What will the World judge, think you? Or what Excuſe can I make, for ſuffering ſuch Doings in my Houſe? And you, Huſwife! how dare you diſobey my Commands? Is this the Reſpect you pay to me, and to my Quality! I believe, in a little time I muſt make it my whole Imploy to invite home young Gallants, forſooth, to pleaſure you, whilſt I, as if I were your Slave, muſt retire, and wait till you are ſerv'd firſt. 'Tis come to a fine paſs indeed; but I'll put an End to it all, and keep you always lock'd up in your Chamber, I will ſo.

Phil. I told you, Sir, what would be the Event of your Projects, but you would not be ſaid nay. I muſt be an Inſtrument to make your Paſſion known, and none ſo fit to be truſted with ſuch an Affair as I; but henceforward if you can't ſpeak for your ſelf, you may hang or drown, as you pretend, for me, for I'll no more get Anger for you.

Cun. What does ſhe mean?

Lady. What's that you ſay?

Phil. Mr. *Cuningham* here, Madam, is always urging me to tell your Ladyſhip the Paſſion he has for you.

Lady. Saucy Slut!

Phil. As if he could not ſpeak for himſelf, but muſt be ſtill plaguing me, and ſwearing how long, how well, and how tenderly he loves you; then ſighs and cries, Oh *Philadelphia!* Can I live without her? But ſhe, cruel as ſhe is, has vow'd to die unmarried.

Cun. Oh the Devil! What will become of me now?

Phil. Then raves worſe, than any one in *Bedlam*, crying, And muſt I then loſe her ſo? Oh! Death to all my Hopes! I muſt not, cannot, will not! and a thouſand ſuch like things, which I'm reſolv'd never to hear again. So, Sir, don't trouble me any more, but e'en ſpeak what you have to ſay to her your ſelf. (*Exit.*

Lady. Is this true, Mr. *Cuningham*? I did not think there was a Man living, which cou'd love at that rate, and with ſuch Conſtancy.

Cun. Oh! Madam! what ſhall I ſay, ſince all is ſtill in vain! Your Vow, your cruel Vow, has vanquiſh'd all my Hopes; then where ſhould I ſeek for Peace, but in my laſt Retreat, the Grave. Farewell; I cannot bear to ſtay, for every Look adds new Poiſons to my Soul. (*Is going.*

Lady. Stay, Sir—— I have made no ſuch Vow. If your Paſſion——

Cun. Oh, Madam! forbear. I know your Goodneſs to be ſuch, that rather, than be the Inſtrument of what may happen, you would ſeemingly comply with any thing I can ask. Pardon me, Madam, I have been too much deceiv'd already.

Lady. Pray ſtay, Sir, do not miſtake——

Enter Philadelphia *with a Piece of* Poynt.

Phil. Oh, Madam, here's the fineſt Piece of *Poynt* I ever ſaw, and the cheapeſt; pray, Madam, look at it.

Lady. Saucy Intruſion. How durſt you come without being call'd? How often have I told you this, you Minx: Be gone, and leave it in the next Room, till I pleaſe to come and look on't.

Phil. Madam, the Woman, that brought it is in haſte, ſhe bid me tell your Ladyſhip.

Lady. Let her go about her Buſineſs, if ſhe can't wait, for I'll not come yet. (*Exit* Philadelphia. How horribly unlucky was this to diſturb me, juſt as I was going to tell him of my Intentions, and of my Concern for his Paſſion. (*Aſide.*

Cun. I believe I am troubleſome, Madam. (*Is going.* Farewel.

Lady. No, pray ſtay, Sir, I have ſomething to ſay to you, but that young Slut interrupted me.

Cun. Oh the Devil!

Lady. But as I was going to ſay, I did indeed reſolve not to marry any more; and when you have heard me out, you'll ſay I had Reaſon.
You muſt know, in my Husband Sir *Oliver*'s Days, I had not that Liberty, perhaps, as other Ladies of Quality took; for, to ſay Truth, my airy Temper and my Youth, at that time, made my Husband grows jealous, tho' without Cauſe, Heaven knows.

Cun. That I dare ſwear, if all were of my Mind. (*Aſide.*

Lady. Which made him lead me a very uneaſy Life: So that it made me reſolve on many things at that time, and one was this, That if ever Sir *Oliver* ſhould die, I never would marry again; but I don't remember that I ſwore to it: Or if I had, you have ſuch a way with you, 'twould be very hard to deny you any thing, Mr. *Cuningham.*

Cun. Oh, Madam! —— Your Charity comes now too late: I am paſt all Hope.

Lady. Oh, dear Sir, ſay not ſo! for ſince you ſay your Diſeaſe is grown to that Extremity, that unleſs your Love meet Reward——

Cun. Talk not of Impoſſibilities. I know how much you prize your Honour: And ſince you have vow'd never to marry, I have nothing left to hope for elſe.

Lady. 'Tis true, Mr. *Cuningham*, I would not have my Honour ſuffer; but what remains beſide that I can do, to ſave you from what may be dangerous, ſhall not be wanting.

Enter Prudence *and* Philadelphia.

Pru. Oh, Madam! Madam! the rareſt News—— The Viſcount *Sans Terre*, whom you have ſo long expected, is juſt arriv'd, and is coming hither with a huge fine Equipage, Fiddles, and other Inſtruments.

Lady. Oh dear! how I'm ſurpriz'd! I would not have him ſee me thus for all the World. *Prudence*, Set my Curls right, and alter my Knots: Quickly, don't ſtand fumbling——
Look if the Paint be firm.

Pru. 'Tis pretty well, Madam; There's here and there a ſmall Crack, but 'twill not be diſcern'd at diſtance.

Lady. Quickly, good *Prudence:* Put me a little better in Order. You'll pardon me, Sir: You ſee what a Fright I'm in.

Cun. Pardon, quotha! the Devil take me, if any thing could be more freely granted. (*Aſide.*

Enter

Enter the Viſcount Sans Terre, *with Muſick, and a good Equipage; attended by* Lovemore *and ſeveral Gentlemen. The Viſcount ſings as he enters.*

A CATCH.

From the North I came,
Where I heard of the Fame
Of the Lady Laycock's *Beauty;*
I had paſs'd for an Aſs,
Had I ſtay'd where I was,
And not done a Viſcount's Duty.

Viſc. Oh! are theſe the Ladies?
By your Favour, Sweet Lady. (*Kiſſes* Philadelphia.
A delicate Morſel, by this Hand.
Madam, I ſee that Fame has juſtly ſpoke your Praiſe.
You are indeed the Wonder of all your Sex.
How fair ſhe is!

Lady. What does he mean?

Viſc. Pray, Madam, what young Gentlewoman is that, whoſe matchleſs Beauty ſeems to fill the Place with more, than common Brightneſs? Sure 'tis ſome Goddeſs, dropt from Heaven for Men to worſhip! Fair Angel, pardon this rude Attempt:
The Honour only of your fair Hand. (*Kiſſes it.*
For till I touch it, I cannot think you mortal.

Lady. Oh, dear Sir! You make me bluſh.

Viſ. [*To Phil.*] Pray, Lady, is this pretty young Gentlewoman your Niece?

Phil. [*Aſide.*] This Fellow muſt be a Fool, or he could ne'er miſtake ſo groſly.

Pru. [*To Phil.*] Now we ſhall have rare Sport. Sure he's blind to miſtake you for your Aunt.

Love. [*To Phil.*] Pray have a little Patience, Madam, and you'll ſee the Event.

Viſc. Lady; I bleſs thoſe Stars that have directed me to ſo happy a Choice; therefore few Words are beſt. If you like me as well as I do like you, e'en ſend for a Parſon——— *To* Phil.

Lady. Hold, Sir, ſure you miſtake!

Love. Now——— Now it works. [*Aſide to* Phil.

Viſc. What ſay you, Lady? Shall we——[*To* Phil.

Lady. I can hold no longer. [*Aſide.*

Pray, Sir, are not you the Viſcount *Sans Terre?*

Viſc. Pretty Creature, I am.

Lady. And come with an Intention——

Viſc. To make this Lady, your Aunt, happy in a Husband, if ſhe pleaſes.

Lady. I tell you, Sir, I am that Lady you ſpeak of; and that is, my Niece *Philadelphia.*

Viſc. Ha, ha, ha; Your Niece, quotha!
Why ſure you think to put ſome Trick upon me.
This motherly grave Lady your Niece!
No, No; I thank you, Madam, I am not to be perſwaded out of my Reaſon.

Lady. He makes me almoſt mad. (*Aſide.*
I ſay again, that I am call'd the Lady *Laycock*;
And that pert Minx my Niece; who was left in Charge with me till ſhe be of Age.

Viſc. 'Sdheart, 'tis impoſſible! You look Twenty Years younger than that Lady you call your Niece.

Lady. Oh, dear Sir! That indeed may well be: A great many do allow, I appear to be ſomething younger than I altogether am.

Viſc. How could I be ſo much miſtaken!
Sure, Madam, you but jeſt with me.

Lady. Indeed, Sir, theſe Gentlemen know I ſpeak Truth.

Cun. 'Tis very true indeed, my Lord.

Viſc. Well, ſince it happens ſo, I like it the better; for to ſay Truth, I had fix'd my Eye on you at my firſt Entrance.
Ah! wou'd 'twere over once.
Methinks I long to have thee in my Arms.
Oh! How I would employ my Faculties,
And ſurfeit with delight.
What ſay you, Lady? Never ſtand to conſider on't, but ſend for a Parſon to ſay Grace, that I may fall to.
Odds ſo, I'm very hungry,—— Very ſharp ſet;
I long to be doing.

Lady. Pray, my Lord, walk in, and refreſh your ſelf after your Journey. I was unmannerly not to ask you before.
Prudence, Come hither. See that all things are in readineſs. Oh, *Prudence!* I am impatient to be alone with him. *Exit* Pru.
My Lord, you will excuſe the Diſorder you have found me in.

Viſc. Never trouble your ſelf about it. Join but your Forces with mine, and we'll beget a Race of People, that ſhall be immortal. A Race, that ſhall create a ſecond War with *Jove*, and raiſe *Olympus* top equal with the Seat of him, that hurls the Thunder.

Lady. No more, my Lord. Pray walk in.

Viſc. All your Commands are abſolute.

[*Exit* Viſcount *leading the Widow, who puſhes out* Phil.

Love. Was there ever ſuch a Piece of Fly-Fleſh?

Cun. The Rogue acted it to the Life, and came very ſeaſonably to my Reſcue.
Had he ſtaid a Moment longer, I had been forc'd to have given up the Ghoſt.

Love. That ever Nature ſhould ſuffer ſuch a Lump of Rubbiſh in the World for Men to ſtumble over.

Cun. Pox on her old mouldy Chops:
She's for engroſſing all to her ſelf.
How ſhe thruſt her Niece in before her!
I'll in, and try to beckon her into the Garden, if you'll interpoſe, ſhou'd the Aunt miſs her, and follow us.

Love. 'Sdeath! Would'ſt have me run into the Lion's Den, juſt when I have ſcap'd his Paw!
No, I have hazarded too much already to venture more, I thank you. I now have better Game in Chace.
You know pretty Mrs. *Brittle*, Sir *Peter Pride*'s Daughter?

Cun. What of her?

Love. Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt little Creature!
So Fair, ſo Witty, ſo Kind, and ſo Promiſing!
I'm juſt now ſending this Letter, in order to appoint a Meeting with her. But her Husband is ſo jealous (as indeed I hope to give him Cauſe for't) his Eye is hardly ever off her. I am thinking what way it can be deliver'd without Suſpicion. Let me ſee——
(*Studies.*

Cun. I'll take my Leave; for I find I interrupt your Meditations.

Love. Farewel, my Friend; and may both our Wiſhes proſper. (*Exit* Cuningham.

Jeffrey.

Enter Jeffrey.

Jeff. Sir.

Love. Can'ſt thou contrive to carry this Letter to a young Gentlewoman, and bring an Anſwer, without being ſuſpected? If thou doſt, *Jeffrey*, thou ſhalt be well rewarded for thy Pains.

Jeff. Is ſhe Widow, Wife, or Maid, pray Sir?

Love. Why doſt thou ask?

Jeff. For a private Reaſon I have.

Love.

Love. Well then, to ſatisfy thy Curioſity, *Jeffrey*, know ſhe's a Wife; a Young, a Handſome, and a Melting one!
I am all Ecſtaſy, and impatient till I poſſeſs her.
Good *Jeffrey*, look on the Superſcription, and about it with all Speed.

Jeff. I dare not touch it:
Don't truſt me with it.

Love. Why ſo, good *Jeffrey?*

Jeff. I ſay again, do not truſt me.

Love. Your Reaſon, *Jeffrey?*

Jeff. I don't care to meddle in a Cauſe, where there's a Proceſs of Cuckoldom going forward.

Love. Prithee, why ſo?

Jeff. Why, Sir, I'll tell you. You muſt know, Sir, I love *Prudence*, my Lady *Laycock*'s Woman, and I believe there's no Love loſt between us; nor do I know how ſoon we may exchange our Perſons for better and for worſe. Now, Sir, if I ſhould be the Inſtrument (by carrying this Letter) of your making this honeſt Man a Cuckold, who knows but, in return of ſuch a monſtrous Deed, it may be my own Caſe next; therefore, Sir, I don't care to meddle in't.

Love. Give me the Letter again; I did but try thee. Thy Maſter, indeed, has often told me, how ſcrupulous thou wert about theſe Matters, but I ne'er believ'd it till now. Stick to thy Principles, and be what thou deſerv'ſt, thou mayſt come to Good at laſt. I have no farther Service at preſent. Prithee leave me, I have Buſineſs of Moment. (*Exit* Jeffrey. I had been finely ſerv'd if I had ſent this conſcientious Rogue. What ſhall I do? The Viſcount brought an ignorant Country Fellow up with him, that won't be ſuſpected in the leaſt. 'Tis well thought of; I'll entruſt him, and ſend it immediately. Soft——— Who comes here?——— Oh! 'tis the Husband.

Enter

Enter Barnaby Brittle.

Your Servant, Mr. *Brittle*; is the Lady *Laycock* at home, can you tell?

Brit. Yes, yes, I believe ſhe is.

Love. I have a little Buſineſs, and muſt needs ſpeak with her. Sir, your Servant.

Britt. A little Buſineſs, quotha!
A fine Trade this doating old Widow drives; my Houſe is become as common for all Commers and Goers, as the *Mall* or *Spring-Garden*: But I ſhall put a ſtop to it in a little time, I believe.

Enter Mrs. Brittle *in haſte, dreſs'd very airy; he ſtops her.*

Britt. How now—— Whither away in ſuch haſte?

Mrs. Britt. I'm going abroad, Husband. Good bye.

Britt. Hold, hold, by your Leave, I'll know for what, and whither your ſweet Ladyſhip is going?

Mrs. Britt. Why, to the Play, ſweet Husband.

Brit. Hum! to the Play.

Mrs. Britt. Well, Good bye, Husband—— I ſhall be too late, and then there'll be ſuch crowding, I ſhan't get the firſt Row in the Box, for 'tis a new Play; and I had as lief not go, as ſit behind.

(Is going.

Britt. Hold, hold, pray ſtay, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. Britt. Indeed but I can't.

Britt. Indeed but you muſt not go, Wife.

Mrs. Britt. Indeed, Husband, but I ſhall.

Britt. I ſay again, you muſt not.

Mrs. Britt. Muſt not! Who ſhall hinder me?

Britt. Why, that will I.

Mrs. Britt. I ſay, No.

Britt.

Britt. But I ſay, Yes.

Mrs. Britt. Don't you pretend to't.

Britt. Don't you provoke me, I ſay. Is this the Trade you always intend to drive?

Mrs. Britt. Yes indeed is it.

Britt. I ſay, No.

Mrs. Britt. But I ſay, Yes. Do you think you ſhall keep me always ſtifling within Doors, where there's no body to be ſeen but your old fuſty ſelf? No, I'll to the Play, where there's all ſorts of Company and Diverſion; where the Actors repreſent all the Briſkneſs and Gaiety of Life and Pleaſure; where one is entertain'd with airy Beaux, and fine Gallants, which ogle, ſigh, and talk the prettieſt things in the World. Methinks 'tis rare to hear a young briſk Fellow court a handſome young Laſs, and ſhe all the while making ſuch pretty dumb Signs: firſt turns aſide to ſee who obſerves, then ſpreads her Fan before her Face, heaves up her Breaſts, and ſighs—— at which he ſtill ſwears he loves her above all the World—— and preſſes hard his Suit; tells her, what Force her Beauty, her Wit, her Shape, her Mien, all join'd in one, are of. At which ſhe bluſhing curteſies low, and to her ſelf replies, What charming Words he ſpeaks! his Perſon's Heavenly, and his Voice Divine. By your Leave, Husband, you make me ſtay long.

(*Is going.*

Britt. Not in the leaſt—— there will be no great miſs of you, if you don't go. And now you talk of Gallants, bleſs us! ——— What a Dreſs is there! Do you think that fit for a Tradeſman's Wife?

Mrs. Britt. No; ——— but I think it fit for Sir *Peter Pride*'s Daughter, ſuch as I am. I warrant you'd have me go abroad like one, that ſells Butter and Eggs——— Or like one that cries, Come buy my dainty fine pickled Cucumbers: No, no, I'm reſolv'd to dreſs—— put on all the Airs I can—— go

abroad

abroad——— ſee and be ſeen—— take my Fill of Pleaſure, and not be ſhut up in a Nunnery, to pine and ſigh, and waſte my youthful Days in fruitleſs Wiſhes: No, I'm not ſo weary of my Life yet, tho' you do all you can to make me ſo. And I would have you to know, tho you have forc'd me to wed my ſelf with old Age and ill Humours, I am not wedded to my Grave!———'tis time enough forty Years hence to think of that, and I have a great deal to do before that time comes; therefore I muſt, and I will go abroad.

Britt. Stir one Step if you dare *(Spits in his Fiſt.* If you go to that, I'll try who wears the Breeches, you or I. You ſhall ſtay at home, and keep me Company; I'll ſpoil your going to Plays, your Appointments, and your Intriegues——— I'll make you know, that I am your Husband, and that you ſhall do what I pleaſe. Slife, What's here to do! What, have you forgot your Marriage Vows already? Pray, who am I? Am I not your Husband? Are you not married to me?

Mrs. Britt. No—— You forc'd me; I never gave you my Conſent in Word or in Deed. Could you think I was in Love with Avarice, with Age and Impotence?

Britt. Give me Patience! How! How!

Mrs. Britt. No, you baſely bought me of my Father and Mother.

Britt. Would I could ſell thee again.

Mrs. Britt. Like a Slave you bought me, and ſo you intend to uſe me, were I Fool enough, but I'll ſee you hang'd firſt.

Britt. Why, what will your ſweet Ladyſhip do? I bought you, you ſay?

Mrs. Britt. Yes; Had you my Conſent? or did you once ask it? Or if you had, my Affections were plac'd elſewhere, and ſo they ſhall remain.

In ſpight of all your Threats and boaſted Power! I'll not be us'd at this Rate!

Britt. Good lack!

Mrs. Britt. I that am a Gentlewoman, deſcended from the worſhipful Family of the *Pride's* by the Father's ſide ——

Britt. Ay, ſo 'tis a ſign by your Dreſs. *Pride's*, quotha!

Mrs. Britt. And a Gentlewoman deſcended from the Honourable Family of the *Laycock's* by the Mother's ſide. (*She Cries.*

And to be us'd at this Rate by an old naſty Shopkeeper!

I might have married a Merchant, and have kept my Glaſs Coach, my tall Footmen in fine Liveries, have gone abroad when I pleas'd without Controul, viſited Quality, nay, took Place of 'em at the Play-houſe, and met with Reſpect from the beſt; and is it come to this? But I'll to my honourable Father and Mother, and tell 'em all, who, I'm ſure, won't ſuffer their Daughter to be thus abus'd. (*Cries ſtill.*

I cannot, nor will not endure it any longer. (*Exit.*

Britt. This 'tis for a Tradeſman to marry a Gentlewoman. A Curſe on ſuch Gentility! What ſhall I do? I ſhall be damnably plagu'd with her Father and Mother. Well, next Month I muſt take up in *Bedlam*; a Judgment, which every Citizen deſerves, that marries above his Quality. (*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Street before a Glaſs-Shop.*

Enter Brittle *Solus.*

WEll! What a Plague 'tis to be married! I muſt incorporate with one above my Quality too, and not be content with ſomething in my own Sphere, like one that had a Mind to live in Peace and Quietneſs, but nothing would ſerve me but a Gentlewoman, altho I took her with never a Tatter to her Back, forſooth; and now, I think, I'm fitted with a Vengeance. Would I were but fairly rid of her, and her Gentility once, the Devil ſhould take all ſuch Gentility before I'd ever concern my ſelf with it again. But who have we here?

Enter Clodpole *as out of* Brittle's *Houſe, looking about him as afraid to be ſeen.*

Clod. Huſh!—— Softly!—— Mum—— No body ſees—— Ha, ha, ha—— No body ſees! Softly!— Ods my Life, who's that?— Mum! —— Not a Word.—— (*Is ſtealing off.*

Britt. Friend, hiſt—— Friend—— Pray ſtay a little; What Buſineſs might you have in that Houſe?

Clod. Wou'd you know now? Softly!—— Not a Word. Ha, ha, ha, you underſtand me.

Britt. But you muſt know——

Clod. Yes, yes, I do know already, but am not ſuch a Fool to tell you. You ſhan't get a Word out of me. You underſtand me.

Britt.

Britt. Yes, very well, but———

Clod. Softly!—— not a Word.

Britt. I know that; but who was you to ſpeak with in that Houſe?

Clod. Softly!—— Can no body hear? For you muſt know, the old Cuckold of that Houſe, they ſay, is damnably given to be jealous; I would not for ne'er ſo much he ſhould ſee me.

Britt. No, no, I'll warrant you.

Clod. You muſt not ſay any thing——

Britt. No, no, not a Word.

Clod. His Wife's a main pretty ſmirking Rogue, as a Man would wiſh to lay his Leg o'er.
Softly!——— Is no body coming?

Britt. I'll warrant thee——— Prithee go on.

Clod. What? you want to know all, do you? But I'll not truſt you. Mum! not a Word. You underſtand me.

Britt. Yes, yes, I underſtand you well enough—but you may truſt me, I ſhan't ſay a Word.

Clod. Why luck now!——— Ha, ha, ha, Wou'd you, would you? But you ſhall get nothing out of me.
I'll warrant you'd have me tell you now, that I brought a Letter to the Gentlewoman of that Houſe—

Britt. Hum!

Clod. And that I deliver'd it to none but her ſelf—as I was order'd——

Britt. So.

Clod. You underſtand me?

Britt. Yes, yes, perfectly well.

Clod. And that I ſtay'd for an Anſwer——

Britt. Well, and I hope you got one?

Clod. Mum! not a Syllable! no body muſt know!—If it ſhould come to the Knowledge of the Cuckold her Husband, 'twill ſpoil all.

Britt. Oh never fear.

Clod. You'll ſay nothing of what I have told you?

Britt. No, no, not a Word.

Clod. For you muſt know, Mr. *Lovemore* charg'd me, when he ſent me, to ſay never a Word.

Britt. Is the Gentleman's Name *Lovemore*, ſay you?

Clod. Why, do you know him?

Britt. Oh, very well; a tall, proper, handſome Man, and always very generous.

Clod. The ſame, the ſame.

Britt. And lives juſt——

Clod. At the lower end of this Street on t'other ſide of the way, over againſt the *Golden Ball.*
I find you do know him.

Britt. Know him! Why he's my very good Friend. A Pox of all ſuch Friendſhip. (*Aſide.*

Clod. Odd, he's a fine Gentleman as ever I met with in all my Life.

Brit. Yes, yes, he's a very fine Gentleman indeed. I wou'd the Devil had him. (*Aſide.*

Clod. He gave me this Piece of Gold to carry a Letter for him, which I deliver'd to the Gentlewoman of that Houſe but now.

Britt. Oh, he's a very civil Gentleman; I have been long acquainted with him.
Well, and what Anſwer did you get
A very pleaſing one, I'll warrant you.

Clod. Softly, you muſt not tell a Syllable of this to the Husband, nor that ſhe'll ſend my Maſter an Anſwer, as ſoon as ever ſhe can get the Cuckold out of the way. But no body muſt know. You underſtand me.

Britt. Oh, I'll keep your Counſel, never fear.

Clod. She bad me tell him, ſhe'd meet him this Evening, if ſhe can.

Britt. Ay.

Clod. And that ſhe's very ſenſibly ob—ob—obliged to him, for his Kindneſs to her.

Britt. Ay, no doubt on't.

Clod. And takes it mighty kind of him.

Britt. She does.

Clod. Odd, ſhe's a pretty Bit; and then there's a handſome Maid that waits upon her, and is Aſſiſtant to her in theſe Matters, one *Dam—Damaris*, I think they call her.

Britt. Ay, like enough.

Clod. And you muſt know I like her hugely. She gave me Two or Three ſuch loving Looks, that I am half perſuaded ſhe likes me. So that if my Maſter gets acquainted with the Miſtreſs, I intend to ſtrike in with her Maid.

Britt. Oh, all but Reaſon.

Clod. But no body muſt know of it.
You underſtand me.
Well, good bye to you. My Maſter will wonder I ſtay ſo long. Be ſure you ſay nothing now.
You underſtand me. (*Exit.*

Britt. Yes, yes, I do ſo; farewel.
Well, *Barnaby Brittle*, now thou ſee'ſt what comes of marrying of a Gentlewoman. I believe thou wilt be married to ſomething elſe in a little time, if thou art not ſo already. (*Points to his Head.*

Enter Sir Peter Pride *and Lady* Pride.

Sir *Pet.* You ſeem diſorder'd, Son-in-law.

Britt. And I have Reaſon to be ſo, if ever any Man had. (*Walks to and fro in a hurry.*

Lady. Good lack! And why ſo ſhort, Son-in-law?

Britt. I ſhall grow taller in a little time, Good Mother-in-law, if this Trade holds. (*Points to his Head.*

Sir *Peter.* Explain your Meaning, Son-in-law.

Britt. 'Twill explain it ſelf ſhortly. (*Walks up and down.*

Lady. What, is that Hat of yours nail'd on? Do you know who we are? And the Reſpect due to Perſons of our Quality, good Son-in-law?

Britt. Ah! wou'd I did not; but now I know to my Sorrow, ſince you will have me ſpeak, good Mother-in-law.

Lady. Will you never leave that ſaucy Word, of calling me Mother-in-law?

Britt. Good Lord! Why what muſt I call you then?

Lady. You ought to ſay, Madam and Sir, when you ſpeak to us; or when you ſpeak of us, you ſhould ſay, Sir *Peter*, and her Ladyſhip: For tho' you have married our Daughter, yet there is a great deal of diſtinction betwixt you and Perſons of our Rank and Quality.

Sir *Peter.* Go to, it is enough for me to let him know his Duty, without your Inſtructions. Sure, I beſt know my ſelf what to do. Son-in-law, you are an impudent Fellow to uſe us at this rate. How often muſt we put you in mind of your Duty and Reſpect, e'er you'll know it? Hence-forward learn to behave your ſelf as you ought, or you ſhall hear on't in other ſort of Terms. You muſt not think becauſe you've married our Daughter, that we will be ſatisfied with ſuch indifferent Ceremonies and Duty you might have paid, had you married one equal with your ſelf; nor ought you indeed to ſay, your Wife, when you ſpeak of our Daughter.

Britt. Good lack!—— Is not your Daughter my Wife?

Sir *Peter.* She is.—— But you ought not to call her ſo.

Britt. I know that too well, now 'tis too late. I'd give a thouſand Pounds ſhe were not my Wife.

Sir *Peter.* At it again? I tell you, tho' you have married her, yet as ſhe is our Daughter, you muſt not treat her after that familiar way. *Britt*

Britt. You make me mad —— Is not my Wife my Wife?

Sir *Peter.* I tell you, tho' ſhe be your Wife, you muſt not call her ſo. When you ſpeak of her, as being our Daughter, you muſt ſay, Madam.

Britt. Well, Madam, then ſince it muſt be Madam, I did not care if ſhe were a Dutcheſs, ſo I were but fairly rid of her.

Here's ſuch a ſtir about your Gentility, and your Honour: But I believe if I had not married your Daughter, and with my good Money redeem'd your Eſtate, your Gentility had been left in the Mud—— for all your great Families, and your nice Honour.

Sir *Peter.* Then do you think it no Honour to be ally'd to the Worſhipful Family of the *Pride's.*

Lady. And to the Honourable Family of the *Laycock's?* Go, Clown. 'Tis a Shame our Daughter ſhould be wedded to ſuch a Brute. We have been told at what a rate you treat her. What is the Reaſon of it, Son-in-law?

Britt. Why, you ſhall know, good Mother-in-law.

Lady. Again at that affronting way!

How often have you been told to ſay, Madam?

Britt. Well, Madam, then: I always forget theſe fine Words. But, Madam, if you wou'd pleaſe, Madam, to hear me ſpeak, you ſhall know, Madam, whether I have not Cauſe to wiſh, I never had ſeen my Wi—— your Daughter, Madam, if I muſt call her nothing elſe.

Sir *Peter.* Well, Sir, proceed.

Britt. Why, in the firſt Place, I am in a fair way to be made a Cuckold, if I am not one already.

Sir *Peter.* How, Son-in-law? Have a Care what you ſay.

Britt. Believe me, what I ſay, I can make appear.

Sir *Peter.* Do it then preſently.

Britt. Why, she has just now receiv'd a Letter from her Gallant, and made an Appointment to meet him this Evening; and judge how small a time a Pair of Horns are a grafting.

Sir *Peter.* How came you to know this, Son-in-law?

Britt. Why, just now——— I caught the Fellow, that brought her the Letter, coming out of my House, and not knowing who I was, I got out of him all the Business; and that his Master, Mr. *Lovemore*———

Sir *Peter.* Is that the Gentleman's Name?

Britt. Yes, so his Man told me. I have often seen him taking a View about my House, and looking up to the Windows; and 'tis plain what his Designs were.

Lady. If this be true, I'll tear her Eyes out.

Sir *Peter.* Nay, if it be, this good Sword (never yet drawn in vain) shall do you Right.
Where is she, Son-in-law.

Britt. Within, I'll warrant, studying what Excuse to make, to get abroad, and meet her Gallant.

Lady. I'll call her to answer for her self.
Be sure you wrong her not, Son-in-law. (*Exit Lady.*

Britt. Nay, nay, I make no doubt but she is to be believ'd before me; and she ne'er wants Cunning to bring her self off, I'll say that for her, tho' the Case be ne'er so plain.

Sir *Peter.* By this good Light, if she dares be false to her Marriage Vows, she dies; and that base Rifler of her Fame shall bear her Company.

Britt. Oh! Here he comes; that Spoiler of my Honour; that's he.

Enter Lovemore. *Sir* Peter *meets him. They stare each other i'th' Face.*

Sir *Peter.* Do you know who I am, Sir?

Love. I don't well remember I ever had much Acquaintance with you. Sir

Sir *Peter.* I am call'd Sir *Peter Pride.*

Love. It may be ſo: I've heard of you, Sir.

Sir *Peter.* My Family, Sir, has ſtood theſe many Years with unblemiſh'd Fame and Honour.

Love. Very likely, Sir.

Sir *Peter.* How far you have endeavour'd to ſtain that ſpotleſs Fame, be judge your ſelf.

Love. Pray, Sir, explain this Riddle.

Sir *Peter.* I have a Daughter young, fair, well-bred, has Senſe; ſhe is indeed the Wonder of her Sex, and this Man, whom you ſee here, has the Honour to be married to her.

Britt. Ah! 'Tis an Honour, that I cou'd have ſpar'd. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Peter.* Now, Sir, I'm told, that you endeavour to corrupt her Honour, and defile her Marriage-Bed. Sir, I have had the Honour to command abroad, and with Succeſs, both to my King and my Country—— As have alſo the Chief Part of all our great Race; even from *William the Conqueror*, to this preſent Reign, have our unqueſtion'd Glories ſtood a Pattern to our yet riſing Fame: And he who dares preſume to rob us of that precious Jewel, Honour, muſt not think to ſcape unpuniſh'd, tho' with the Hazard o'th' laſt Drop of Blood, that is left, to waſh off the Stain. My Daughter's Honour, Sir, is as dear to me, as this vital Air, by which I breath and live.

Love. Pray Sir, who told you this?

Sir *Peter.* Believe me, Sir, whate'er I ſay, I can quote my Author for it.

Love. Then who-ever told you is a Raſcal; and were he here, I'd ram the Lie down his Throat, or make him eat a Piece of my Sword.

Sir *Peter.* Why he told me—— This Man—— Her Husband here juſtified it to my Face, and ſaid he had Proof.

Love. How, Sir! Did you frame this abominable Falſhood? 'Tis well you have the Honour to be ally'd to this worthy Knight, Sir *Peter Pride*, here; or you ſhould know what it is to father ſuch a Lie upon a Man of my Reputation.

Sir *Peter.* Oh! Here comes my Daughter.

Enter Lady Pride, *Mrs.* Brittle, *and* Damaris.

Love. Did you, Madam, tell your Husband a ſtrange Story, that I ſhould make Love to you, and endeavour'd to corrupt your Honour?

Mrs. Britt. I tell him! Why, when did you make Love to me, Sir? I aſſure you, had you let me know of your Paſſion, it ſhou'd not have gone unrewarded. Pray, next time you ſend, let it be one that knows how to take more Care. However, you have no great Reaſon to deſpair; for ſince he complains without any manner of Reaſon, I am reſolv'd he ſhall have Cauſe. Therefore if you do love me, Sir, pray let me know it, and I do aſſure you, you ſhall not want Encouragement. He ſhall not uſe me at this rate for nothing.

Love. Madam, believe me, 'tis all a Riddle to me; for, till this Hour, I never heard any thing mention'd like it: I am an abſolute Stranger to it.

Lady. Do you hear that, you Clown? Are you not aſham'd to abuſe a Gentlewoman continually, without any Cauſe?

Sir *Peter.* What is the Meaning of this, Son-in-law?

Britt. Pray, do but hear me.

Sir *Peter.* Troth, Son-in-law, you are a very impudent Fellow.

Britt. Hear me but ſpeak?

Sir *Peter.* You ſhall not ſpeak.
We have heard too much already:

Mrs.

Mrs. Britt. I am ſure *Damaris* knows, I never have any body comes near me, but ſuch as himſelf; nor ever receiv'd any Meſſage, either by Letter, or otherwiſe——

I never committed any Crime againſt him, that I know of, unleſs ſitting by my ſelf all Day, and poring over two or three good Books be an Offence. Speak, *Damaris*, did I ever give him any Cauſe for theſe Suſpicions, and this Uſage? Thou know'ſt all I ſay or do.

Damaris. Madam, I know no Reaſon; nor can I bear to ſee the Hardſhip you endure! Like a barbarous Man as he is—— To abuſe ſo good a Lady! ſo Virtuous, ſo Innocent, and ſo Pious a Lady! I am ſure it makes me weep to think on't—— I am afraid he'll break her Heart in a little time, if——

(*Weeps.*

Britt. Hold your Tongue, you Jade, or I'll make you feel my double Fiſt. You are not a Gentlewoman——

I may do what I pleaſe with you.

Mrs. Britt. Oh, my dear Father! (*Cries.*

I am not able to endure this any longer.

Never was any Woman abus'd as I am.

I beg you will do me Juſtice, for I can bear it no longer. (*Exit crying.*

Lady. Damaris, let's follow her, and endeavour to comfort her. Oh, thou Clown, to uſe a Gentlewoman with ſo much Cruelty!

Dam. I fear he'll be the Death of her at one time or another. (*Exeunt Lady* Pride *and* Damaris.

Sir *Peter.* What do you think of all this, Sir?

Are not you a very pretty Fellow?

Come hither, Son-in-law, ask this Gentleman Pardon, for the Affront you have put upon him in belying of him.

Britt. How! ask his Pardon, that would have made me a Cuckold?

Love

Love. Sir *Peter*, pray——

Sir *Peter.* I ſay no more Words; He has wrong'd a Gentleman; and the leaſt he can do, is begging Pardon.

Britt. 'Tis very well! He offends, and I muſt ask Pardon.

Sir *Peter.* No matter for that, you hear he denies it; and 'tis enough, if a Gentleman unſays what he has ſaid.

Britt. So that if I catch him making me a Cuckold, and he denies it, I muſt not believe it, becauſe a Gentleman ſaid it.

Sir *Peter.* I ſay, you ſhall ask Pardon: Therefore no more Words, but do't.

Britt. I ſhall run mad.
Well, what muſt I do?

Sir *Peter.* Come hither: Take your Hat off—— Kneel down, and ſay after me.

Britt. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo—— (*Kneels.*
This 'tis to be marry'd to a Gentlewoman, forſooth.

Sir *Peter.* Sir, I ask your Pardon.

Britt. Sir, I ask your Pardon. (*In the ſame Tone.*

Sir *Peter.* For the Affront I have put upon you.

Britt. For the Affront I have put upon you.

Sir *Peter.* By falſly accuſing you——

Britt. How! falſely accuſing him!

Sir *Peter.* I ſay no more Words. Say after me.

Britt. Say after me.

Sir *Peter.* Accuſing you, of having a Deſign to corrupt my Wife's Honour.

Britt. Accuſing you of Truth——— And having a Deſign to corrupt my Wife's Honour.

Sir *Peter.* For which, knowing my ſelf in the wrong, I do ask your Pardon.

Britt. For which, knowing my ſelf not in the wrong, I'm forc'd to ask your Pardon.

Love. Well, Sir, upon Sir *Peter Pride*'s Account, I am content to pass it by this time: But let me hear no more Complaints. (Brittle *rises, and runs off.*

Sir *Peter.* Sir, now all is well, I humbly take my Leave. (*Exit Sir* Peter.

Love. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I? For her to encourage me to make Love to her before her Husband's Face!
Nay, and before her Father and Mother too!
Oh, I am all on Fire till I have her in my Arms!
But soft! who comes here?

Enter Prudence.

Well, my little Scout, what News? How fares my Friend? Is *Philadelphia* kind? Where's thy Lady?

Pru. Where-e'er her Person is, I'm sure her best Thoughts are still employ'd on you. And however she may pretend a Passion for Mr. *Cuningham*, she loves none but you. Pray, Sir, do but try her.

Love. Oh racking Thought! I'd rather make Love to a Convocation of Cats at a Witch's Up-sitting, than but speak to her. Where's my Friend? Oh! here he comes, and his fair Consort.

Enter Cuningham *and* Philadelphia.

Cun. Be not so cruel to say, you want the Power: If we neglect this Opportunity, which kindly presents it self, the next perhaps may not be ours.

Phil. Would you then have me dispose of my self without my Aunt's Consent? Do not urge me to that, since I have promised not to wed without it.

Cun. I ask not her Consent, but yours: Grant me but that, and leave the rest to Time and Chance.

Pru. Madam, how can you deny him that, since I know you love him?

Cun.

Cun. Ha! Oh, the charming Sound!
And will you not conſent to make me happy?
Or do you not believe I love you?
By all thoſe Fires that burn within my Soul, I ſwear———

Pru. Hold! Hold, Sir! You have ſworn enough already to corrupt a whole Nunnery of Sighing, Praying and Wiſhing young Votaries. Why don't you give him your Hand, ſince he has your Heart. I believe you love to hear him ſwear and—— Give him your Hand, or, I'll diſcover all.

Phil. Well, there 'tis then; (*Gives her Hand to* Cuningham.
But I promiſe nothing elſe. I fear I have given too much already.

Cun. Oh, never! never! I'll pay thee back ſo vaſt a ſtore of Love and Conſtancy, as ſhall weary thee with ſtill receiving.

Pru. Madam, Madam, your Aunt's behind you.

Enter Widow.

Phil. Ha! My Aunt! What ſhall I do?

Cun. Fear nothing, Madam, but give me your Hand.
I'll bring all off. (*Pretends to tell her Fortune.*
This Line ſeems to Point out ſome unexpected Croſs: And this Line thwarting the Line of Life, ſignifies a retir'd Life; and this joining with it, ſhews you'll be in Danger of ending the latter part of your Days in a Nunnery. (*Widow behind them.*

Widow. How, Mr. *Cuningham!* Can you tell Fortunes?

Cun. I underſtand a little Palmiſtry, Madam, and can give a Gheſs at Phyſiognomy.

Widow. 'Tis very well.
When I enter'd firſt, I thought you had been making Love

Love to my Neice: I am glad to find it otherwiſe. But where's the Viſcount?

Pru. In the next Room, Madam.

Love. I'll wait upon him: I'd feign try whether his Inſide be anſwerable to his outward Appearance. (*Is going.*

Cun. Nay, prithee ſtay; I can aſſure you, he is not to be equall'd either in Perſon or Diſcourſe.

Pru. He is indeed a fine proper Man, as one would wiſh to ſee.

Widow. Why, really his Lordſhip has Parts.

Phil. You and *Prudence* go find him out, and bear him Company awhile; I'll wait on him immediately, tell him. You, Sir, may go with 'em, if you pleaſe. (*To* Lovemore.

Love. Madam, moſt willingly.

Cun. 'Sdeath! You won't leave me? (*Aſide to* Lovemore.

Love. Faith, but I will; doſt think I'll ſtay to endure a ſecond Hell? For if there be one upon Earth, 'tis being left alone with her.
Madam, Your Ladyſhip ſhall ever command me. (*To the Widow.*
Come, Lady, if you pleaſe, the Honour of your fair Hand. (*To* Phil.

(*Exit with* Phil. *and* Pru.

Cun. What will become of me now? (*Aſide.*

Widow. Well, Mr. *Cuningham*, I have long'd for ſome time to be alone with you, that I might ſpeak more freely to you.

Cun. Madam, 'tis too great an Honour.

Widow. I wonder, Sir, you never think of Marrying?

Cun. Madam, as yet I dare not think on't.

Widow. Oh, dear Sir! Pray, why ſo?

Cun. Becauſe I have not well conſider'd it; and I have been told, 'tis a dangerous Undertaking, without having well thought before-hand. *Widow.*

Widow. Pray, Sir, why ſhould you think ſo? I'll vow 'tis an odd Thought, Sir, for one of your Underſtanding: Why, Sir, I'll tell you.

I have had Three Husbands, and yet I have no great Reaſon to complain: Tho' in my laſt Husband's time, I had not altogether that real Satisfaction, as I had with the other Two; for to deal freely with you, Sir, my Husband Sir *Oliver Laycock*, though he was a very well-bred Man, yet he had his Humours ſometimes, and would be a little given to Jealouſy, ſo that I ſeldom led a quiet Hour when the Fit was upon him. But in my firſt Husband's Days, ſure never Woman liv'd ſo happy! I would not a-been unmarried to have had all the Riches of the Earth laid at my Feet: But when I married with Sir *Oliver*, and had once ſeen his Temper, nothing I had in the World but what I would a given to a been free again; and indeed in my Paſſion I often vow'd never (if pleaſe Heav'n Sir *Oliver* died) to marry any more.

Cun. 'Twas raſhly done.

But no doubt, were there that Man fitting to merit your Favour, and equally deſerving your Perſon and your Eſtate, and one whom your Ladyſhip could like, you might perhaps be perſuaded to break your Vow, and venture once again.

Widow. I'll ſwear I hardly think it, and yet one don't know how one may be tempted; tho' if I were to be perſuaded, (and I will not forſwear any thing) I know not any one, that can ſo ſoon perſuade me to it as you, Mr. *Cuningham.*

Cun. Death and the Devil! What have I brought upon my ſelf! *(Aſide.*

Oh Madam! You make me bluſh.

But Madam! How cou'd you with Honour put off the Viſcount, who you know loves you, and is come on purpoſe to marry you?

Wid. Why, I intend him for my Niece you muſt know, who no doubt will be much better pleas'd with the Change. For, to ſay Truth, Mr. *Cuningham*, I have always had more, than a common Eſteem for you, and for your Behaviour; and have long ſince reſolv'd, that if I do alter my Condition, you are the Man alone I have plac'd my Thoughts upon.

Cun. You make me bluſh, Madam.
Wou'd I were a League under-ground, or in any Hell but this. (*Aſide.*
You cannot ſure. (*To her.*

Wid. I vow 'tis true, and yet——

Cun. Hear me but ſpeak, Madam?

Wid. 'Tis odd, that Love ſhou'd over-power People at ſo ſtrange a rate.

Cun. But I ſhould be unjuſt to my Friend, who I know loves you dearer, than his Life.

Wid. Oh dear! Who's that I beſeech you, Sir?

Cun. Mr. *Lovemore*, Madam.

Widow. Mr. *Lovemore!* I'll ſwear I don't believe it.

Cun. Oh Madam! 'tis but too true, as will appear I'm afraid, when he knows you place your Affections on any other Man.

Widow. I'll vow you much ſurprize me, Mr. *Cuningham*; but how came you to know it?

Cun. Oft has he begg'd me to bear him Company in ſome lonely Place, where he wou'd ſigh, and tell ſuch things of his diſtreſſed Paſſion, as wou'd have mov'd the moſt obdurate Heart; and when I ask'd him, why he did not acquaint your Ladyſhip with his Love, he would ſigh, with Arms a-croſs, as if his Heart would force its way through his Breaſt, and cry, Oh that's my Grief, my Friend, I cannot—— dare not tell her! for ſhould I attempt it once, and meet her ſcorn, (for oh! thou know'ſt her Vow) I ſhou'd be for ever loſt.

Then

Then ran o'er a thouſand Tales of Love, ſo ſoft, ſo moving, and how he priz'd you, that cannot be expreſs'd by any, except one, who loves like him.

Widow. Truly, Sir, if it be ſo———

Cun. If it be ſo! were your Ladyſhip to obſerve his diſtracted Throes, you'd pity him.

Widow. But why ſhould he not declare it to me?

Cun. That's what I tell him, Madam; Urging that your Ladyſhip——— But mum! who have we here?

Enter Viſcount, Philadelphia *and* Prudence.

Viſc. Ha! Whiſpering! And ſo cloſe! I like it not.

Widow. The Viſcount! this is unlucky. He looks diſturb'd! Good Sir, ſome other time we'll end this Diſcourſe. (*to* Cuningham.

Viſc. Ha! What are you, Sir? that thus dares to encroach upon my Territories, and invade my Right?

Widow. Nay, pray my Lord, be not diſpleas'd. This Gentleman, you muſt know, has a Law-ſuit depending, and is come to entreat a Line of Commendation from me to my Lawyer.

Viſc. Enough; I do believe all you can ſay. Ah! thoſe Eyes of yours! What Looks are there! they enflame my very Soul.

Widow. Ah, *Prudence*, how I long to be alone with him.

Viſc. I am impatient of this Delay, when ſhall we be married?

Widow. Pray moderate your Paſſion, Sir.

Viſc. What, you are afraid of that melancholy Gentleman, that ſtands ſo ſilently there.

Widow. Speak ſoftly, I am afraid he hears you, Sir.

Viſc. What care I if he does.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Dancers you ſpoke for, wait without.

Viſc. Let 'em enter. Will you pleaſe to ſit, Ladies?

A DANCE.

Widow. Prudence, go tell Mr. *Lovemore*, I'd ſpeak with him this Evening. (*Exit* Prudence. *Phil.*— you may take a Turn in the Garden. And, Sir, if you think it no Trouble, you may bear her Company. (*To* Cuningham.

Cun. Madam, moſt willingly. (*Exit with* Phil.

Widow. Why are you ſo melancholy, my Lord?

Viſc. Nothing that's worth the naming. But if you'll walk into the next Room, I'll tell you.

Widow. My Lord, you are a Man of Honour, and I dare truſt my ſelf with you.

Viſc. Madam, if I deſerve it not, may you always keep a Whip and a Bell, to ſcourge me from you like a Cur.

ACT IV.

Enter Clodpole *and* Damaris: *He gives her a Letter.*

Dam. YOU are a fine Spark, are you not, to diſcover all the Buſineſs, and let it come to my Maſter's Hearing?

Clod. Why ay, that's true, as you ſay; but who wou'd have thought that he could have known it! But now to our own Buſineſs, *Damaris*——

Doſt thou not love me, *Damaris*?
Thou know'ſt I love thee with all my Heart.
Good lack! How it beats!— Odd, you may hear it thump all over the Houſe.
Damaris—— How can'ſt thou be ſo hard-hearted?
Dam. Pſhaw! Prithee leave fooling.
Clod. One Kiſs, *Damaris*, to revive me.
(Kiſſes her.
Dam. Pray, *Clodpole*, be civil.
Clod. Damaris!—— Canſt thou not ſpare a little Bit afore-hand?
Dam. Of what, Fool?
Clod. Why, of—— Odd, you know well enough. What, I need not name it to thee.
Dam. I know nothing of the Matter.
Clod. Ay, but you do. Why, I ask but a little tiney, tiney Bit. Do, prithee now do.
Dam. I'll ſee you at the Devil firſt.
Clod. Do, *Damaris*— Spare but a Bit now; and bate me as much on the Wedding-Night.
Dam. No, I thank you, good *Clodpole*: I have too often been ſnapt that way already. *(Aſide.*
But ſee— yonder comes my Lady and my Maſter— Step with me into the next Room, he muſt not ſee you.
Clod. Ay, any where, any where: Quickly, good *Damaris.* *(Exit.*

Enter Barnaby Brittle *and Mrs.* Brittle.

Britt. I tell you again, that Marriage is a very ſacred Thing, and ought not to be profan'd at this Rate.
Mrs. Britt. What do you tell me of Marriage, I have other things to mind.
Britt. Truly, I do believe as much; that's the trueſt Word you ever ſpoke: But I think you ought to mind what I ſay. Am I not your Husband? And

are not you bound in Duty by that Tye, to be obedient and juſt in all your Ways?

Enter Lovemore *on the other ſide bowing. She ſees him, and Curteſies to him.*

What's that for? What, do you banter me?

Mrs. Britt. Keep your Inſtructions for thoſe that want 'em, my Thoughts are other ways employ'd.

(*She Curteſies*, Lovemore *bows.* Brittle *ſees him not, and thinks ſhe does it in ſcorn to him.*

Britt. What, you are practiſing your Airs againſt you meet your Gallant, are you? And trying how to behave your ſelf to him? But I ſhall ſpoil your Deſign, I ſhall. (*He Bows, ſhe Curteſies again.* Leave off your Tricks with a Vengeance, and mind what I ſay to you. (Lovemore *keeps Bowing to her.* Again, don't provoke me; I ſay, don't; if you do, you may chance to repent it. I ſay, that Marriage———

Mrs. Britt. I know it, Dear; you need ſay no more.

(*She takes* Brittle *round the Neck, and beckons* Lovemore, *who comes and kiſſes her Hand over her Husband's Shoulders all the while.*

You know I love you dearly, by this I do. (*Kiſſes him.* Why will you not be ſatisfied? Had I the World to give, it cou'd not make me more happy than this Minute. (Lovemore *ſtill kiſſes her Hand.*

Britt. Ah diſſembling Crocodile?

What, now you think to wheedle me.

Mrs. Britt. Be ſatisfied with this: Hence-forward, if you deſerve it, I give you my Heart for ever, which, till this Minute, I did not think to do.

(*She ſpeaks to* Lovemore.

Britt. Ah, would 'twere in your Power to keep your Word.

Mrs. Britt. Indeed I will, let that content you; and learn to merit that rich Jewel, which this Moment I put within your Power.

(*Beckons* Lovemore, *who bows, and Exit.*

Britt. If thou would'ſt be thus kind always, how happy ſhould I be! But that's impoſſible! Would you but think ſometimes upon the Vow you made in Church, that ſolemn Vow of Marriage, 'twould put you in Mind of your Duty.

Mrs. Britt. How can I think of any thing, when you will not give me leave ſo much as to peep abroad for Air? Do you think a Woman can ever be in a good Humour, that is lock'd up, and kept from what ſhe likes? But I'm reſolv'd to bear it no longer.

(*She walks backward and forward.*

Britt. Good lack! What's your Mind chang'd already? I thought 'twas too good to laſt long.

Mrs. Britt. But hence-forward you ſhan't think to make a Fool of me at this rate. I'll find a way to get out, for all your Spies; and then look to't— I'll uſe you as you deſerve.

Britt. Tempt me no farther, I beſeech you; if you do, I ſhall uſe you as you deſerve. Patience! and I have need enough of it at this time.

Mrs. Britt. I'm reſolv'd to encourage every Man, that makes Love to me. I'll kiſs and be wanton, ſince you provoke me to't. Love, and be belov'd——— and not be ſubject to the naſty Humours of an old Jealous—— I can't find a Name bad enough for thee.

(*He ſpits in his Hand.*

Britt. Odd, I've a great Mind to ſpoil that handſome Face. The Devil tempts me ſtrangely: I muſt be gone; for if I ſtay, I ſhall certainly be provok'd to do her a Miſchief. (*Runs off.*

Enter Damaris *with a Letter.*

Dam. I waited till my Maſter was gone, to deliver you this Letter; Madam, Mr. *Lovemore*'s Man is within, and waits for an Anſwer.

Mrs. Britt. Give it me, *Damaris*, quickly.

Dam. I need not bid you read it, ſince you know from whom it comes.

Mrs. Britt. Oh! 'tis extremely pretty, *Damaris*. I'll in, and write an Anſwer preſently. (*Exit.*

Dam. So ſhe has ſnapt the Bait at the firſt Angling; how ſhe'll get clear of the Hook, I know not. Ha! he's here himſelf!

Enter Lovemore *and* Clodpole.

Love. Pretty Mrs. *Damaris*, I'm glad to ſee you. Is your Lady within?

Dam. Yes, Sir, writing an Anſwer to your Letter, I ſuppoſe. You ſee, I deliver'd it with Care.

Love. Oh, I underſtand you; there's for thy Pains. (*Gives her Money, ſhe puts her Hand behind her, and takes it.*

Dam. Oh, dear Sir, by no means. But ſince you will have it ſo, pray command me.

Love. Can'ſt thou contrive to let me ſpeak with thy Miſtreſs?

Dam. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll ſhew you to her.

Love. Thou wilt oblige me for ever.

(*Exit* Love. *and* Dam.

Clod. Hiſt! *Damaris!*—— Odd, I ſhall have a rare Wife of her, if ſhe gets Money ſo faſt. Here's a piece of Gold got without the leaſt Trouble, as they ſay. But ſoftly!—— Who have we here?

Enter Brittle.

Oh! are you there, Mr. *Babbler?* You are a pretty Fellow indeed; you have made fine Work! You cannot be told a Secret, but you muſt tell the Husband preſently. You underſtand me.

Britt. Who, I tell the Husband, Friend!

Clod. Yes, you; but I'll ſee you hang'd before you ſhall get any thing more out of me. You have made fine Work! All's diſcover'd!—— The Cuckold, her Husband, knows all the Buſineſs.

Britt. Well, but———

Clod. You may as well hold your Tongue, for you ſhan't get a Word out of me.
No, no, I have found you out, I'faith.

Britt. This Fellow may be uſeful to affirm it to her Father and Mother. I'll try to bribe him. (*Aſide.*

(*Puts his Hand in his Pocket to give him Money.*
Why look you, Friend, I'm ſorry this Matter is——

Clod. Mum! You underſtand me.
I know what you'd ſay now, but 'twill not do. You'd have me to tell you what I know, but Mum!—— Softly!——— Not a Word. I'll warrant, you'd have me tell you what Anſwer ſhe gave to the Letter.

Britt. No, no, Friend; but———

Clod. Softly!——— You ſhall get nothing out of me. You think I'll tell you now, that the Wife promis'd to meet him, and that they are together now in that Room; but I'm not ſuch a Fool. No, no, you'll tell the Husband again; you cannot be ſecret, and ſo good bye to you. You ſhall get nothing out of me. You underſtand me. (*Exit.*

Britt. I'm ſorry I can't make that uſe of him as I intended; but however, he has diſcover'd ſomething to me, that may do as well. He ſaid her Gallant is with her now; I'll liſten. (*Goes to the Door.*

Oh

Oh Sadneſs! 'tis but too true. Here's fine Doings. But I'll ſend for her Parents. Now they ſhall ſee who's in the wrong, and who's in the right. She can't ſcape me now, unleſs the Devil aſſiſt her; and ſee where they come in a lucky Hour.

Enter Sir Peter Pride *and Lady* P.

Father-in-law, you're welcome; and you, Madam. I'm glad you are come, I was juſt going to ſend for you.

Sir *Peter.* Why, what's the Matter, Son-in-law?

Britt. Now you ſee what a fine Daughter you have.

Sir *Peter.* What! more Complaints! What is the Reaſon of all this?

Britt. Do but hear me, and you ſhall know. Here has been her Gallant, and———

Sir *Peter.* Son-in-law, I'll not believe it. Will you never leave this fooling? We'll hear no more.

Britt. No, no; I knew you wou'd never believe a Word I ſay; but ſhe can be credited, becauſe ſhe's a Gentlewoman, forſooth. Now you ſhall ſee what a Gentlewoman I have got for a Wife. I have her faſt now, faſt in that Room with her Gallant, and that I hope will convince you.

Lady. 'Tis falſe, thou baſe Villain. I know ſhe ſcorns to do ſo baſe a thing.

Britt. Pray now don't believe me, but walk in: If you find it not true, never mind any thing I ſay, as long as I live.

Sir *Peter.* Lead, Son-in law. If I find 'em together, by this good Sword they both ſhall die.

Lady. But if 'tis not ſo, which I do believe 'tis only your Jealouſy again, look to your ſelf, Son-in-law, I'll ſuffer theſe Affronts no longer.

Britt. If they are not there now, I am a very Villain.
Come along—— Softly—— (*They all go in.*

SCENE *Changes to a Chamber, and discovers* Lovemore, *Mrs.* Brittle, *and* Damaris.

Love. You question your own Power, when you mistrust my Honour, Madam. Such Charms can never want Force to allay all Thoughts of wronging so much Goodness.

Mrs. Britt. Well, Sir, I do believe you to be a Man of Honour, and hope you will not wrong my good Opinion.

Enter Sir Peter, *Lady* Pride *and* Brittle, *behind them. They grow enrag'd to see 'em together, and make Signs of Revenge. Sir* Peter *lays his Hand upon his Sword.*

Therefore meet me this Evening at the Garden-Door about Nine, and there we'll discourse farther: If I find what you say be real, perhaps I may be prevail'd upon to venture farther.

Love. Madam, you bless me! (*Kisses her Hand.*

Britt. Have a little Patience——
Let's draw nearer, and hear what they say.
(*They go nearer.*

Dam. Oh Madam! Madam! my Master, Sir *Peter*, and my Lady, are just behind you.

Mrs. Britt. Ha! undone for ever!

Love. What will become of me then?

Mrs. Britt. Let me alone to bring it off.
(*To* Love. *Aside.*
Be not you surpriz'd at any thing I say, but seem to humour it. I'll

I'll hear no more. (*Seems to be angry with* Lovemore. What do you tell me of your being amaz'd! Did you ever ſee any thing in me, that cou'd encourage you to believe I was that Woman you took me for? I'll warrant you thought, becauſe I ſeem'd to give you Encouragement before my Husband Yeſterday, when he had enrag'd me, that I was in earneſt?

(*They over-hear, ſeem angry, and to threaten* Brittle, *who pretends by Signs to excuſe himſelf.*

Love. What mean you, Madam? (*Confuſedly.*

Mrs. Britt. But you will find your ſelf deceiv'd: For tho' my Husband gives me Provocations to uſe him at any rate, yet, Sir, I'd have you to know, I ſcorn Revenge; and will not be brib'd to ſtain my Honour; tho' all the Wealth of the whole World were laid at my Feet.

Lady. Do you hear that, Son-in-law?

They ſtill threaten, he looks ſneakingly.

Mrs. Britt. No, Sir, my honourable Parents brought me up with the ſtricteſt Care; taught me the nice Paths that lead to Everlaſting Fame and Glory: And he, who dares attempt to make me loſe my Way, deſerves to be us'd thus, thus, and thus, Sir.

(*Gets near Sir* Peter, *ſnatches his Cane, and runs at* Lovemore, *who gets behind* Brittle. *She beats* Brittle *unmercifully, while* Lovemore *gets off.*

Britt. Oh, Hold! Hold! What, will you murder me? (Brittle *rubs his Shoulders.*

Sir *Peter.* Troth, Son-in-law, ſhe ſerv'd you right.

Lady. You have not half what you deſerve; And I cou'd find in my Heart to——

Sir *Peter.* Let him alone: I'll correct him. Son-in-law, You are a very impudent Fellow to uſe your Wife thus. What can you ſay for your ſelf? (*Feels his Arms and Head.*

Britt. Say for my ſelf! Why, I ſay, 'tis all a Trick— And a Contrivance to blind the Matter.

Sir

Sir *Peter.* Is it not plain, you have wrong'd her? Do you not ſee ſhe is a virtuous and a good Wife?

Lady. Too good for him, a Clown.

Britt. Well, well, I am over-reach'd, I ſee.

Sir *Peter.* Son-in-law, I charge you let me hear no more of this. And inſtantly ask your Wife's Pardon.

Britt. How, Sir!

Mrs. Britt. Oh! let him alone; 'twill be to no purpoſe.
I'm a little out of Order.
Damaris, Lead me to my Chamber.

(*Exeunt with* Damaris.

Sir *Peter.* I ſay follow her, and ask her Pardon.

Britt. If I do, the Curſe of Cuckoldom fall upon me. (*Runs out another way.*

Lady. Ah, graceleſs Clown.
Come, Sir *Peter*, let's follow, and ſee how ſhe does.

(*Are going.*

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Madam, my Lady preſents her Service to your Ladyſhip and Sir *Peter*; and would deſire your good Company at a Ball the Viſcount treats her with.

Lady. Our humble Thanks to her Ladyſhip.
We will not fail to wait upon her.

(*Exeunt Sir* Peter *and Lady.*

Enter Widow, meeting Lovemore.

Widow. Oh, Mr. *Lovemore!* I have expected you; I am glad you're come.

Love. Madam, Your Ladyſhip does me too much Honour.
Pray, Madam, when ſaw you Mr. *Cuningham*?

Widow. Oh, Sir! He has told me all.
And now you talk of Mr. *Cuningham*—— *Prudence*,

go

go find out my Niece, and have an Eye over her.
(*Exit* Pru.
Well, Sir, I am ſorry you ſhou'd make your ſelf ſo great a Stranger to me. In ſuch Caſes I am not ungrateful. And where Love is real, there's a double Obligation.

Love. Ha! What does ſhe mean by Love and double Obligations? (*Aſide.*

Widow. I ſee indeed you ſeem to be in ſome Diſorder, that I ſhould know it; but had you let me known it ſooner, I ſhou'd perhaps have ſav'd you a great many Sighs and Heart-Akings, which your Baſhfulneſs has caus'd.

Love. Sure ſhe's mad! [*Aſide.*] Madam——

Widow. And yet 'tis never too late to ſerve a Friend, and one that loves ſo dearly: Nor am I yet ſo far engag'd, but I can pity, nay make Return, when Love is ſincere, and ſo conſtant.

Love. Madam, you much amaze me!
Nor can I gheſs what you drive at!

Widow. Ah, dear Sir! I know you are unwilling to let me know it: But ſhall I be ſincere in asking you one Queſtion?

Love. Moſt freely; ſo it be not any thing that leads me farther into the dark.

Widow. Do you not love me, Sir?

Love. Love you, Madam! Why truly I hate no body.

Widow. Well, but love me ſo, that it much diſturbs you, and that you fear I am engag'd to another.

Love. The Devil take me if I ever lov'd you, or can think what you wou'd be at.

Widow. Nay, I was told you would deny it,
But pray, Sir, tell me truly; for indeed, Sir, I am ſorry you ſhould ſuffer for my Sake. And ſhould you do otherwiſe than well, I vow it would be a Means of giving me diſquiet as long as I live.

Love

Love. Pray, Madam, who told you this?

Widow. Your Friend Mr. *Cuningham*, who is much concern'd for you, Sir. And since you find it is discover'd, you need not be asham'd to own the Truth.

Enters Prudence, *and listens.*

Love. Faith, Madam, to deal freely with you, you're abus'd; for hang me if ever I had a thought that way, nor do I love you, or ever can.

Widow. You're pleas'd to be merry, Sir; but I must tell you, I have observ'd it in your Looks; and since it is so, own it boldly to the World, and I promise you, I'll not be asham'd, nor disown mine. Come, come, Mr. *Lovemore*, you must not deny me that; for since I dare own it, why should you think it still amiss?

Love. Well! Since all must out, prepare to hear me.
Mr. *Cuningham* has begun, and I must make an End. You must know, Madam, Mr. *Cuningham* loves you to that degree himself, that he's asham'd, knowing how near a-kin he is to you, to let you know it, and so has form'd this Story upon me, the better to make for him.

Widow. Mr. *Cuningham* a-kin to me, Sir!

Love. Ay, Madam, your Nephew, your Brother's Son, whom he had in *Paris* by Madam *D'Olone*, but for some Reason he since has chang'd his Name.

Widow. Truly, Sir, you surprize me much! My Brother in *Paris* I heard had a Son, but what became of him I know not.

Love. Madam, this *Cuningham*, my Friend, has the Misfortune (Misfortune I think it, and he thinks so too, because he loves so dearly) to be related to you.

Widow.

Widow. I'm ſorry, if he does love ſo well, that he ſhou'd be ſo near a-kin.

Pru. Madam, Mr. *Cuningham* is juſt come in.

Love. I'll leave you, Madam, for I have a little Buſineſs that I muſt diſpatch—— Beſides, 'twou'd not be convenient for me to interrupt what Diſputes you two may have.

Widow. Sir, your Servant.

(*As he goes out, meets* Cuningham *ent'ring.*

Love. Had you no body to put your Tricks on, but me?
But I think I have been even with you. (*Exit* Love.

Cun. What can he mean?

Widow. Mr. *Cuningham*, you do not deal like a Friend by me; you might have truſted me with a Secret of greater weight.

Cun. I do not underſtand you, Madam!
What has he been ſaying to her? (*Aſide.*

Widow. You knew one Mrs. *D'Olone*, I ſuppoſe?

Cun. What ſhall I ſay now? (*Aſide.*

Pru. Was your Brother then Mrs. *D'Olone*'s Husband, Madam, and Mr. *Cuningham*'s Father?

Widow. Who bid you ſpeak? Yes he was. What then?

Cun. Oh, I begin to ſmoke it. (*Aſide.*

Pru. Nothing, Madam, but then Mr. *Cuningham* is your Nephew.

Widow. Indeed, I wiſh he were not; but ſince it is ſo, we muſt be ſatisfied with our Fate, Mr. *Cuningham*: Tho' you are much to blame, Sir, you did not let me know it ſooner before Matters went ſo far.

Cun. Madam, I confeſs my Fault, and do ask your Ladyſhip's Forgiveneſs.

Enter

Enter Philadelphia.

Widow. Well, Mr. *Cuningham*, ſince you are my Nephew, we may venture to embrace without a Bluſh.
(*She embraces him.*

Phil. Is Mr. *Cuningam* your Nephew, Madam?

Widow. Yes, Miſtreſs Pert, what then?

Phil. Then he's my Couſin, and I may embrace him too. (*Runs and embraces each other.*

Cun. Ay, my dear, dear Couſin.

Widow. Why how now ſaucy, impertinent Slut. How dare you take this Liberty?

Phil. Why, is there any Harm in embracing one's own Couſin?

Widow. Get you in, Huſſy, and dare not to come but when I call you.

Pru. He's none of your Couſin, Madam.
(*Aſide to* Phil. *as ſhe goes out.*

Phil. I know it. I met Mr. *Lovemore* laughing by the way, who told me all. Adieu, my dear Couſin
(*Exit.*

Cun. My charming Couſin, farewel.

Widow. I'll ſwear, Mr. *Cuningham*, you'll ſpoil that Girl.
Methinks you embrac'd her ſomething of the hardeſt.
(*Seems diſturb'd.*
I call her Girl, and yet ſhe's near five and twenty—But as I was going to tell you, Sir, You muſt know, this Brother was not indeed my own Brother, but ſomething a kin afar off: He was my firſt Husband's firſt Wife's Brother, and no kin to me. But becauſe my Husband us'd to call him Brother, I would ſometimes do ſo too; and by this Means was thought, by thoſe that knew no other, to be my Brother.

Pru. Then he is not ſo near a-kin, but he may marry your Ladyſhip?

Cun.

Cun. Oh!——— (*Sighs.*

Widow. Why, truly, Mr. *Cuningham*———

Enter Jeffrey *in haſte.*

Jeff. Sir, your Lawyer bid me tell you, your Cauſe is juſt now coming on; and if you do not appear, you'll be non-ſuited.

Widow. Dear Sir, do not neglect your Buſineſs, nor let your being a-kin trouble you.
When next I ſee you.

Cun. Oh, Madam! Wou'd I had never ſeen you, then I'd been happy; but where the Tye of Blood bars our Hopes, there's nothing but Deſpair in view. Madam, farewel.
Find ſome way to excuſe me, you Dog, or I'll cut your Throat. (*To* Jeffrey *as he goes out.*

Jeff. What ſhall I ſay? (*Aſide.*
My Maſter has begun a Lie, and I muſt end it.

Widow. Come hither, *Jeffrey.* Doſt think thy Maſter loves me ſo well as he ſays?

Jeff. Faith, Madam, I believe he loves your Ladyſhip but too well! But Mr. *Lovemore* dies, unleſs you take pity on him.

Widow. Doſt think he loves me better, than thy Maſter?

Jeff. Oh, Madam! They ought not to be nam'd together. Mr. *Lovemore*, poor Gentleman, is perfectly beſide himſelf about it.

Widow. Didſt ever hear 'em talk about me?

Jeff. A thouſand times. Mr. *Lovemore* can talk of nothing elſe.

Widow. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould deny it to me.

Jeff. You muſt know, Madam, my Maſter was in Love elſe-where.

Widow. How *Jeffrey.*

Jeff. If your Ladyſhip will have Patience to hear me out, you ſhall know the whole Story.

Widow. With all my Heart, *Jeffrey.*

Jeff. Why, you muſt know, Madam, my Maſter had the Misfortune to quarrel with a Gentleman, who urg'd him to fight; my Maſter kill'd him: Upon which he was forc'd to change his Habit and his Name—— From *Cuningham* to *Boutefeu.* But thinking it not ſafe to ſtay here, fled; and in his Journey happen'd into a Viſcount's Caſtle, but the Viſcount was gone a Journey. However, this Viſcount had a very beautiful Siſter, that had the Command in her Brother's Abſence; ſhe entertain'd my Maſter very ſplendidly: At laſt he fell in love with her, and ſhe with him.

Widow. Methinks ſhe was very forward, *Jeffrey.*

Jeff. She was ſo indeed, Madam; for before my Maſter left her, ſhe prov'd with Child.

Widow. How! with Child, and not married, *Jeffrey!*

Jeff. My Maſter had promis'd her Marriage, Madam.

Widow. Oh, the impudent Creature! And thy Maſter was to blame, not to keep his Word, *Jeffrey.*

Jeff. Not at all, Madam, when you have heard all. You muſt know, my Maſter grew jealous of one of the Servants, as indeed he had Reaſon: And one Day pretended to ride out, and he ſhou'd not return that Night, but left me to let him in, when the Servants were all a-bed, which I did. Going up to this Lady's Bed-Chamber, and not being expected that Night, found the Servant in Bed with her.

Widow. Unheard-of Impudence!
At firſt I was going to condemn thy Maſter, for deceiving a young Creature; but 'tis likely he was not the firſt, that had to do with her.

Jeff.

Jeff. Very likely ſo, Madam. Next Day my Maſter was for packing up his Awls, and for going, ſhe cry'd, and urg'd his ſtay, and his Vows to marry her.

Widow. He had been more to blame to have done that.

Jeff. In the mean time the Viſcount return'd, found his Siſter in Tears, wou'd know the Reaſon, was told all. He ſwore, if ever he could get hold of him, he'd hang him at his Caſtle Gate, but my Maſter was got off ſafe. What it will come to, if they ſhould ever meet, I know not, but fear the Event.

Pru. A well invented Lye the Rogue has told. (*Aſide.* What was this Viſcount's Name?

Jeff. The Viſcount *Sans-Terre*, I think he was call'd.

Pru. The Viſcount *Sans-Terre!*

Widow. Why, he's in this Houſe.

Jeff. What, in this very Houſe?

Pru. In this very Houſe; in the next Room.

Jeff. Ah, my poor Maſter! he's but a dead Man, if he's found; for he'll certainly be hang'd.

Pru. Here he comes. Hold your Peace!

Enter Viſcount.

Widow. My Lord, your Servant. I have a Queſtion to ask of you.

Jeff. What ſhall I do to make him underſtand? (*Aſide.* Humour her in all ſhe ſays, my Lord.

Viſc. Ask what thou wilt, I'll deny thee nothing.

Widow. You had a Siſter.

Viſc. I had ſo. Go on.

Widow. And ſhe was unfortunately wrong'd by a baſe Fellow.

Viſc. What muſt I ſay next?

Pru. 'Twas not well done to debauch her, and then to leave her; but Woe be to him, if your Lordſhip catch him.

Viſc. If ever I do find the Son of a Whore, I'll hang him at my Caſtle Gate.

Widow. He was very much to blame indeed; but yet, all things conſider'd, he was not in all the Blame neither, counting what a Trick ſhe play'd him. He had reaſon to queſtion, whether the Child was his, or not.

Viſc. I'm quite at a Loſs. Oh! tell me what I muſt ſay next? (*Faints into* Jeffrey's *Arms, who inſtructs him.*

Jeff. Take it in your Ear, my Lord. (*Aſide.*

Widow. Help, *Prudence*, my Lord faints.

Pru. Pray, Madam, don't come too near, but give him Air. (Prudence *and* Jeffrey *tell him what to ſay.*

Widow. Oh! he recovers.

Viſc. Give me a little Air. I beg your Pardon, I never hear my Siſter's Wrongs mention'd, but it puts me in Diſorder; but if ever I do light upon the Villain, Woe be to him.

Widow. I'll try to get his Pardon. (*Aſide.* My Lord, methinks her Crime being the greateſt, you might pardon him.

Viſc. What! Pardon him, that has deflower'd my Siſter, got her with Child of a Baſtard, and ſtain'd the Honour of our great Family! No, tho' all the World ſhould plead for him, I'll not forgive it; he dies.

Widow. Good, my Lord, for my Sake.

Viſc. 'Tis all in vain, Lady. I'm told he's now in this Houſe, and has chang'd his Name. But if I find him——— (*Draws.*

Widow. Oh hold, my Lord, I muſt ſave him. (*Aſide.* My Lord, I have but one Requeſt more.

Viſc. 'Twill be in vain: I'll have Revenge.

Pru.

Pru. Tell him you'll marry him, Madam, and try what that will do. (*Aside to the Widow.*

Widow. Give me this Gentleman's Life, and I am content to be your Wife; otherwise——

Visc. 'Tis a hard Requeſt; but to ſhew how much I love you, upon that Condition I grant it.

(*Puts up his Sword.*

Widow. Or, if you think fit, you ſhall have my Niece *Philadelphia*, and with her I'll give you ten thouſand Pounds.

Visc. Do you think my Love ſo poor, that 'twill be brib'd? Nay, then I recal my Promiſe. He dies this Hour. (*Draws and ſearches about.*

Pru. Oh, pray my Lord, forbear; my Lady did it but to try you! See, you fright her.

Widow. Well, my Lord, ſince it muſt be ſo, my Chaplain is within, I'm contented he ſhou'd make us one, make good but your Promiſe.

Visc. I confirm it here. (*Kiſſes her.*

Pru. My Lord, the Dancers are ready to begin, and all the Company ſtay for you.

Visc. Let 'em enter, and begin when they pleaſe.

Enter Sir Peter Pride, *Lady* Pride, Lovemore, *Mrs.* Brittle, Cuningham *and* Philadelphia.

Love. Well, Madam, I rely upon your Promiſe. (*To Mrs.* Brittle.

Visc. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, pray ſit. (*They Sit.*

A DANCE.

After the Dance, Enter Barnaby Brittle, *who runs after his Wife; they get between, he gets hold of her, and carries her off after Speaking.*

Britt. Here's fine Doings! But I'll ſpoil your Sport. What! my Houſe is become a Muſic-houſe, is it? But, Gentlewoman, I have ſomething to ſay to you within.

Omnes. How now! What's the Meaning of this?

Britt. I ſay, my Wife——

Omn. What of your Wife?

Britt. Shall keep me Company, if you pleaſe.

Omn. You Company!

Cun. What's the matter with the Fellow? ha!

Britt. Come along, I ſay. What's here to do! Is not a Man's Wife his Wife? And may he not do what he will with her? (*Carries her off.*

Sir *Peter.* He's at his old Tricks again.

Widow. Come, let's in, and endeavour to appeaſe him, and then end our Mirth with a Banquet.

Cun. We attend your Ladyſhip.

Widow. Pray, my Lord, do me the favour to lead my Siſter in.
Come, Gentlemen.

Viſc. Hold there, I will not part with you; I have two Hands, Madam, and can lead you both.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT V.

Enter Cuningham, Philadelphia *and* Jeffrey.

Jeff. FEar nothing; by what I could learn, by this time the old Lady is gone to her Chamber, or near being a-bed.

Cun. Then we may have Time to talk more freely.

Phil. All is not ſo ſafe as you imagine. I fear another Storm before we yet can land. I know not by what means, but the Viſcount is diſcover'd to be a Counterfeit, which I have all along ſuſpected; but whether 'tis come to the Knowledge of my Aunt yet, I know not.

Cun. Therefore let's loſe no time, but tye that Knot, which joins our Hearts and Hands for ever: That once over, we have no farther need of the Viſcount.

Enter Lovemore, *and the* Viſcount *enrag'd, with Lights before 'em.*

Viſc. Never perſuade me; I'll not ſtay to be fool'd at this rate any longer.— Go lead, Sirrah.

(Exit with Links.

Cun. What's the Matter now?

Love. Matter! Why there's Matter enough in hand. We are all undone; the Match is broke off again, and you are like to loſe your Miſtreſs. The Widow will not conſent you ſhall marry her Niece; upon which, the Viſcount enrag'd, (as indeed he has Cauſe) is reſolv'd to ſtay no longer.
What 'twill come to, I know not.

Cun. This is moſt unlucky. What's to be thought on next?

Love. I left *Prudence* reaſoning the Caſe with her; what will be the Concluſion, is moſt uncertain. Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Prudence.

Pru. Oh, Madam! the ſaddeſt News!

Phil. Why? What's the Matter?

Pru. All the Buſineſs is over. Poor Mr. *Cuningham*——

Phil. Ha! What of him? Speak.

Pru. After a thouſand Arguments, which I us'd to perſuade her, ſhe has at laſt reſolv'd—— I can't ſpeak it.

Phil. On what? Prithee out with it.

Pru. Why, to marry the Viſcount her ſelf, and give you and your ten thouſand Pounds to Mr. *Cuningham.*

Cun. Oh the bleſs'd News! What ſay you now, Madam?

Phil. I'll ſwear I was in a Fright at firſt.
But art thou ſure ſhe'll hold in this Mind?

Love. For fear of the worſt, get all things ready, and let it be done this Moment.

Pru. Here ſhe comes. Seem concern'd to part with her, Sir, and try how ſhe ſtands reſolv'd.

Enter Widow.

Cun. And muſt I then loſe her, *Prudence!*
Oh, the racking Thought! Hard! Hard! Decree of Fate! To part with all I hold moſt dear! I cannot bear it. (*Walks about.*

Widow. Yes, Mr. *Cuningham*, our Stars will have it ſo.

'Tis

Tis hard indeed to part: But ſince there is no way left to ſave your Life, (which more than all the World I prize) but this only, I have at laſt reſolv'd (tho' much againſt my Will) to give my ſelf to the Viſcount.

Cun. Oh! do not name it, Madam, the very Thought is worſe, than Death.

Widow. I'm ſorry we are ſo near a-kin, but that's not the chief Reaſon; your Vow to marry another, and yet when I conſider ſhe was falſe, and had to do with more, than one, and that the Child might as well not be yours, I think you were in the right to part: So I am content (ſince my Hopes are loſt) that you ſhou'd marry with my Niece. But believe me, you do not know how much I'm troubled, to ſee another take what I ſo much deſir'd. But we muſt endeavour to be ſatisfied.

Cun. Never! Never! for ſince I loſe you, farewel to Love and Joy: The reſt of Life I'll waſte in Sorrow.

Enter Clodpole, *whiſpers* Lovemore.

Clod. Softly! *Damaris* bad me tell you, that her Miſtreſs ſtays for you at the Garden Door.

Love. Oh, very well. I'll go this Moment.

Pru. But what will you do to recal the Viſcount, Madam, who left the Houſe in Anger, nor told any one what his Deſigns were?

Love. I heard him bid the Link-boy lead to the Devil Tavern. If you pleaſe, thither we'll go, and conclude upon the Matter. A Glaſs or two of Wine may fetch him about again.

Widow. Truly, Mr. *Lovemore*, I'm much oblig'd to you, and ſhall endeavour to return your friendly Advice. I hope we ſhall live as loving Neighbours ought, but now we loſe time. The Viſcount may perhaps be gone, ſhould we ſtay longer.

Love. I'll but give some Directions to my Man, and be there almost as soon as you.

Widow. You will oblige us, Sir.

(*Exit all but* Love. *and* Clod.

Clod. 'Tis main dark, nothing to be seen but the Sky and Stars. What can this Darkness portend! The Almanicks this Year say, That many things will be huddled in the dark.

Love. Why, thou art an Astrologer, *Clodpole*, thou talk'it so learnedly.

Clod. Why, truly I am but a Piece of one; but had I been a great Scollard, I believe I shou'd have thought on things, that never had been thought on before.

Love. Very likely, truly. But hark! What Noise is that? There's *Brittle*'s House; may be she is coming out.

Enter Mrs. Brittle *and* Damaris.

Mrs. Britt. Softly *Damaris*, just shut the Door, we'll not be far from it.

Dam. Is your Husband fast, Madam?

Mrs. Britt. I would not stir till I saw him asleep; he's snoring like one that's drunk.

Love. That's her Voice. Madam, where are you?

Dam. There they are, Madam.

Mrs. Britt. You find, Sir, I am as good as my Word. I hope you are a Man of Honour, as you say; yet were it to do again, I should hardly venture such another bold Attempt.

Love. Fear nothing, Madam. Your Person and your Honour both are safe, whilst I am your Guard. Can none over-hear us?

Mrs. Britt. All the Family, but *Damaris* and I, are gone to Bed; nor dare we be long from thence, lest my Husband should wake, and miss me.

Love.

Love. Talk not of parting e'er we well are met; that were unkind, Madam.
If you pleaſe, Madam, to walk a little farther this way, here's a Place more private, than the reſt, and will beſt befit our Diſcourſe.

Mrs. Britt. Well, Sir, I'll not queſtion your Honour any more, but truſt my ſelf with you; as you behave your ſelf now, expect a greater Liberty another time.

Love. I'll warrant you: This way, my Charmer.
(*He leads her out; ſhe takes hold of* Damaris, *who follows.*

Mrs. Britt. Damaris!

Dam. I'm here, Madam.
(Clodpole *feels with his Stick for* Damaris.

Clod. Damaris!—— Softly!—— *Damaris!*—— *Damaris!*

Enter Brittle, *groping in the dark in a Cap and a Night-Gown.*

Britt. Where can ſhe be gone at this time of Night? I heard her ſteal down; I'll liſten.

Clod. Damaris, Where art thou, *Damaris!*—— Odd, 'tis main dark.

Britt. Who have we here? Here's ſomething more than ordinary. But I'll draw nearer.
(*Goes towards him.*

Clod. Damaris, Where art thou?

Britt. Here. (*In a low Voice:* Clodpole *feels him with his Stick, thinks 'tis* Damaris.

Clod. Oh! art thou there?
Well, *Damaris,* muſt not thee and I follow the Example of thy Miſtreſs, and my Maſter? I'll warrant they'll be hugeous kind to one another; for my Maſter, you muſt know, has a mighty Love for her, and ſo belike ſhe has for him; or elſe ſhe wou'd ne'er a left her Husband a-bed to a come to him. *Britt.*

Britt. Oh horrid! 'tis ſo. (*Aſide.*

Clod. How he ſnores now, if a Body were to hear him! Poor Cuckold! He little dreams what his Wife and my Maſter are doing. Ha, ha, ha.

Britt. Oh! this is my Country Chap again. (*Aſide.*

Clod. Poor Cuckold, 'tis good enough for him. For as they ſay, he uſes her mighty ill. But, *Damaris*, muſt thee and I part thus? One little Bit to ſtay my Stomach, *Damaris:* 'Tis fit, we ſhou'd follow our Leaders. (*Goes to Kiſs.*

Britt. I can hold no longer. Who goes there? (*Hits him a Box.*

Clod. Odd ſo! Oh! Oh! Who's that? Oh!

Puts his Stick a-croſs, and in running out-ſtops a-gainſt the Scenes; at laſt gets off.

Britt. So—— He's gone. Here's a Diſcovery at laſt! Here's a fine Virtuous Wife for you! But now all will out in ſpite of her. I'll ſend inſtantly for her Parents; they ſhall ſee now who's in the right. Oh bleſs us! What, make her Husband a Cuckold! Oh! Monſtrous! (*Goes to the Door, and calls.* *Jeremy!* the Varlet's a-ſleep, I'll warrant. *Jeremy*, I ſay.

(Jer. *above*) Do you call, Sir?

Britt. Yes, I do call. Come down quickly, I muſt ſend you to my Father-in law's.

Jer. I come, Sir. (*Puts a Rope out, and ſlides down.*

Britt. Make haſte, Sirrah. How long you are coming. Ah! Villain!

(Jeremy *treads upon his Toes, and gets from him.* You have trod upon my Corns, and lam'd me. Come hither, and be hang'd.

Jer. I dare not, Sir; you'll beat me.

Britt. Ah! 'tis well I ſtand in need of thee. (*Comes to him.*

Run to my Father and Mother-in-Law, and tell 'em, I intreat to ſpeak with 'em this Moment; tell 'em I'll never

never trouble 'em again as long as I live; beg 'em by all means to come.

Jer. Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*

Britt. Now they ſhall ſee what a Daughter they have.
Now I ſhall ſure convince 'em of their Error!
But I hear ſome body coming!
May be I ſhall make a farther Diſcovery. (*Stands aſide.*

Enter Lovemore, *Mrs.* Brittle, Damaris, *and* Clodpole.

Mrs. Britt. Nay, Sir, I've ſtay'd long enough for one time: Should my Husband wake, and miſs me, I were undone.
I muſt be gone.

Love. Stay one Minute longer, I beſeech you, Madam.
I have not told you yet———

Mrs. Britt. No more, Sir, if you love me. Farewel.

Love. Oh, ſtay! How can you go, and leave me ſo ſoon?
You will have time enough to lie by that dull, ſtupid Clod, your Husband, e'er the Morning: Methinks I grudge him the leaſt Look of you, ſince he knows not how to value ſo rich a Jewel. Let him live, and pore o'er his Bags, his Droſs, and worldly Gains, whilſt we know better how to waſte our youthful Hours in ſofteſt Kiſſes, and everlaſting Joys.

Britt. Oh, blaſting Sound! But I have heard enough.
Now to my Poſt. (*Exit.*

Mrs. Britt. Good Night, Sir: Now I muſt be gone.

Love. When ſhall I be thus bleſs'd again?

Mrs.

Mrs. Britt. To Morrow I'll ſend for you; and, if poſſible, appoint another Meeting.

Love. Till then, ten thouſand Angels wait on thee. One Kiſs e'er we part. (*Kiſſes her.*
Oh, I could dwell for ever on thy Lips!
Sure, there's Enchantment on 'em.

Mrs. Britt. Farewel!

Love. Adieu, my lovely Charmer. (*Exit with* Clod.

Mrs. Britt. Now, *Damaris*, let's ſteal in: Softly! Softly!

Dam. O Lord, Madam! We are undone!
The Door is faſt ſince we have been out.
(*Puſhes againſt it.*

Mrs. Britt. What ſhall we do now, *Damaris*?

Dam. I wiſh my Maſter has not been down.

Mrs. Britt. Let's call *Jeremy* ſoftly.

Both. Jeremy! Jeremy!
(*They both call up to the Window in a ſoft Tone.*

Brittle *at the Window above.*

Britt. Jeremy! Jeremy! (*In their Tone.*

Dam. Oh, Madam, my Maſter!

Mrs. Britt. Loſt! Undone for ever!

Britt. Ah! Ha! my ſweet Lady! Have I caught you at laſt!
Jeremy! Jeremy!
Where has your ſweet Ladyſhip been, I pray, that you are ſo afraid of being diſcover'd? Come, I know you have a Lie in readineſs; Let's have it.

Mrs. Britt. No where but juſt with *Damaris*, to take a little of the freſh Air; that's all, indeed, ſweet Husband.

Britt. To take the freſh Air, quotha!
Ah, I rather believe 'twas to take a Heat, you Witch you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Britt. Pray, Husband, let the Door be open'd?

Britt. No: You ſhall ſtay there till your Parents come.
I have ſent for them: They ſhall ſee what Hours you keep. And know of your Gallant you juſt parted from, your vigorous Lover.

Dam. Madam, he over-heard all,
And we are undone. (*Aſide to her.*

Britt. What, have you no Excuſe ready?
No Invention? You and your wicked Inſtrument there, that ſtands like the Serpent at *Eve*'s Elbow, to tempt her to Sin.
What, is your Prompter to Wickedneſs dumb?
I'd fain hear how you intend to excuſe it.

Mrs. Britt. I don't go about to excuſe it, Husband——

Britt. No; That's becauſe you don't know how.

Mrs. Britt. I do confeſs, I have been to meet a Gentleman, but not alone; *Damaris* was with me. And ſure there was no Crime in a little harmleſs Chat.

Britt. No, no, not in the leaſt; making me a Cuckold is no harm at all.

Mrs. Britt. Pray, Husband, let me in, and I'll never do the like again, as long as I live; but you ſhall hence-forward find me the moſt dutiful Wife, that you could wiſh for. Pray, Husband, truſt me but this once.

Britt. No.

Mrs. Britt. Do not diſgrace me to my Parents, by expoſing me at this unſeaſonable Hour, in which I do confeſs I am much to blame——

Britt. Oh! Do you ſo?

Mrs. Britt. But forgive me now, I'll never do it again.

Britt. Hang them that believes you, I ſay.

Mrs. Britt. I am ſure I never injur'd you in all my Life; but am as innocent as the Child unborn, from doing the Ill, which you ſuſpect.

Britt. It may be ſo: 'Twas not your Fault then.

Mrs. Britt. Pray, dear Husband, believe me, and let me in.

Britt. No.

Mrs. Britt. On my Knees I ask your Pardon, do but open the Door.

Britt. No.

Mrs. Britt. If you let me in this time, 'twill work upon me more, than all the Liberty in the World cou'd do beſide.

Britt. I care not.

Mrs. Britt. Indeed, Husband, I love you dearly, and love you only: How can you then be ſo cruel to refuſe me?

Britt. Ah, cunning Crocodile? Now you are caught, 'tis dear Husband, ſweet Husband, 'tis only you I love: But at another time, 'tis good for nothing old Fool. No, no, I know you well enough, and ſo ſhall your Parents now.

Mrs. Britt. Pray, Husband, let the Door be open'd.

Britt. No.

Mrs. Britt. Try me but this once.

Britt. I tell you, no.

Mrs. Britt. Not once more?

Britt. No.

Mrs. Britt. If you provoke me, I may deſpair, grow deſperate, and do a Deed, which you may repent.

Britt. Good lack! What will your ſweet Ladyſhip do?

Mrs. Britt. I'll kill my ſelf with this Knife here.

(*Shews her Fan.*

Britt. Oh, very well!

Mrs. Britt. Nay, 'twill not be ſo well as you imagine neither. Every body knows how ill we have liv'd, and when I'm dead, People will think you murder'd me.

Britt. Ay!

Mrs. Britt. Therefore I'll kill my ſelf, to have my Death reveng'd upon you.

Britt. Odd, I'll truſt to that.
Beſides, killing ones ſelf has been a great while out of faſhion. But why don't you diſpatch? Methinks you are long about it.

Mrs. Britt, You may believe me, for I'll certainly do it, if you perſiſt.

Britt. Odd, I'll venture it.

Mrs. Britt. Beſides, when I am dead, my Ghoſt ſhall haunt you.

Britt. Ah, if I cou'd but once get rid of your Perſon here, I ſhould not fear your Ghoſt hereafter.

Mrs. Britt. Have you no Pity left?
I am juſt going to do it.

Britt. And yet you are long about it.

Mrs. Britt. Since nothing but my Death can ſatisfy you——
There and there!

(*Pretends to ſtab her ſelf with her Fan, and falls.*

Dam. Oh, ſhe has don't! She has don't!
Oh cruel, barbarous Monſter, to make her kill her ſelf!

Mrs. Britt. Now, *Damaris*, you find too late I did not jeſt——
I know thou'lt ſee my Death reveng'd upon my cruel Husband, who has accus'd me falſly; for I affirm with my dying Breath, I never wrong'd him.
Farewel!
Death beckons me into a dark and gloomy Vale, where I muſt follow.

Dam.

Dam. She's gone ! She's gone !
Oh, thou worſe than Savage ! To murder ſo ſweet a Lady, ſo innocent and ſo good : Nay, I'll ſwear you did it. *(Cries over her.*

Britt. I hear no Noiſe ! *(Looks frighten'd.*
Is't poſſible the Devil ſhou'd be ſo great with her, that ſhe cou'd kill her ſelf to be reveng'd on me !
But I'll light a Candle, and go ſee.
(Goes from the Window.

Mrs. Britt. Now, *Damaris*, ſtand cloſe in this Corner :
Cloſe, Cloſe. *(They ſtand aſide.*

Enter Brittle *with a Light ; they ſlip by him, go in, and lock the Door : He looks about.*

Britt. Ha, ha, ha ! I thought indeed how well ſhe'd do it : Here's none of her ! She made me believe ſhe kill'd her ſelf, and the mean while ran away. Well, e'en let her go ; I ſhall have this Satisfaction, her Parents ſhall be Witneſs of her Hours. I'll in, and wait their coming.
(Goes to the Door, and finds it lock'd. Knocks.

Mrs. Brittle *and* Damaris *above at the Window, where he was.*

Mrs. Britt. Away, you idle Sot ; is this a time of Night for an honeſt Man to come home in ?
Dam. Go, go, you may be aſham'd !
Britt. Why, have you the Impudence——
(Looks up, and ſees 'em above.
Mrs. Britt. How many Nights am I forc'd to ſit up to wait for his coming in ? And he tells the World, 'tis I am to blame. But now it ſhall be ſeen who's to blame, and who not. My Father and Mother are coming, they ſhall ſee what Hours you keep——
Britt.

Britt. I confeſs, I ſtand amaz'd at this Impúdence.

Mrs. Britt. They ſhall know all.

Britt. Why, have you the Face to deny——

Mrs. Britt. Go, go, I'll hear none of your impudent Excuſes; you are drunk, you Sot, you Swine. But here comes my honourable Father and Mother.

Enter Sir Peter *and Lady* Pride.

I'm glad you are come to be Witneſs of what I ſtill ſuffer, by this ungrateful Uſage of a cruel Husband. You ſee what Hours he keeps; every Night at the Tavern roaring with his Companions, whilſt I am forc'd to ſit at home alone, waiting for his coming; and when he does come, he ſtrait raves and abuſes me at ſuch a rate, that I am not able to endure it.

Britt. Why, was there ever ſuch Impudence! I wiſh this Candle were in my Belly, if——.

Mrs. Britt. I know what he'll ſay now, if you'll believe him; he'll tell you, that I am ſtill in the wrong, and 'tis I that have been out at this late Hour, and as for his part, he has been within all this Evening, and knows nothing of all this Matter, not he: But I'll leave your ſelves to judge, if this is an Hour for an honeſt Husband to come home at.

Britt. Why then may I never——

Mrs. Britt. You ſee he's ſo drunk, he can hardly ſtand.

Lady. Faugh!—— I ſmell him hither. He ſtinks of Liquors and Tobacco like a Tarpaulin, that has not been ſober whilſt his Twelve-Months Pay wou'd laſt.

Britt. I tell you, that I am not drunk, nor have I been out of my Houſe.

Sir *Peter.* Stand farther off, I cannot bear the Scent of a Drunkard.

Mrs. Britt. I told you he wou'd deny it.

Britt. I ſay, that 'tis ſhe that has been out juſt now, and with her Gallant, and therefore I ſent for you ; and that I have not been out of my Doors.

Mrs. Britt. Do you hear him ? But *Damaris* can juſtify, I have not ſet my Foot over the Threſhold ſince Day-light.

Dam. If ſhe has, never believe me more.
I can aſſure your Honours 'tis true ; for I have not been out of her Company ſince he went out to the Tavern.

Mrs. Britt. Therefore I do beſeech you, good Father and Mother, to revenge my Cauſe, for I am not able to endure it any longer : If I do, you'll never ſee me alive another Week.

Britt. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, that ſhe muſt be believed, and I not.
I tell you——

Lady. Stand farther off.
Faugh ! What a Smell there's about him.

(She goes croſs the Stage.

Britt. Well then ; I'll ſtand farther off, if you will but hear me ſpeak. *(Goes backward.*
I ſhall ſay nothing but the Truth, and what I can prove.

Sir *Peter.* Again at your Proofs, and your idle Jealouſies !
Be dumb, Coxcomb ; it were a good deed to break your Head, for ſending thus for us out of our Beds, and making Fools of us ſtill. If you ever dare to do the like again, we'll find a Means to handle you——
If there be no Law (but cutting of Throats) to revenge theſe Affronts—— I ſay no more—— But remember you are warn'd.

Britt. If you wou'd but let me tell why I ſent for you——

Sir

Sir *Peter*. We have heard and ſeen too much already.
Therefore dare not to ſpeak a Word more.

Mrs. Britt. And is this all his Puniſhment?

Sir *Peter.* No; Come down, and he ſhall ask your Pardon. 'Tis the leaſt he can do.

Mrs. Britt. 'Twill be to no purpoſe; when your Backs are turn'd, he'll be as bad again.

Sir *Peter.* I ſay no more Diſputes, but do as I command. (*They come down from the Window.*
Now, Son-in-law, kneel down, and ask your Wife Forgiveneſs.

Mrs. Britt. Shall I forgive him; no, I deſire to be divorc'd.

Lady. Come, Daughter, I ſay you muſt pardon him.

Mrs. Britt. Well, Madam, I'll endeavour to obey you.

Sir *Peter.* Why don't you kneel, and do as I command?

Britt. Well, I find there's no Remedy, ſhe has over-reach'd me again, and I muſt ſubmit: But I am reſolv'd I'll get rid of this Nooze, tho' I tuck my ſelf up in another.

(Sir Peter *makes him kneel to his Wife.*

Sir *Peter.* Come, ſay after me. Madam, I ask your Pardon.

Britt. Madam, I ask your Pardon.

Sir *Peter.* For the Folly I have committed——

Britt. For the Folly I have committed in marrying you.

Sir *Peter.* In my wild Suſpicions.

Britt. In my wild Suſpicions.

Sir *Peter.* Which I do declare were utterly falſe.

Britt. Which I do declare were utterly falſe.

Sir *Peter.* And that I ſwear never to do the like again.

Britt. And that I ſwear never to do the like again, if I were once unmarried.

Mrs. Britt. Here—Kiſs the Book. (*Gives her Hand.* But if ever you do't again——

You ſee 'tis to no purpoſe to turn Hagard; if you do, I'll tame you. (*Aſide to him.*

Lady. Look if the Noiſe has not brought all the Company hither.

Enter Viſcount, Widow, Lovemore, Cuningam, Philadelphia, Prudence, Clodpole, *and* Jeffrey, *with Lights before 'em.*

Love. Your Servant, Sir *Peter.* Sir, I hope you will not take it ill; we ſaw a Light in your Houſe, and ſo made bold: We are reſolv'd to ſpend an Hour or two in Mirth, and hope you will all join with us. (*To* Brittle.

Widow. Your Ladyſhip I know will pardon it upon this Occaſion. (*To Lady* Pride.

Lady Pride. Is your Ladyſhip marry'd? May we give you Joy?

Widow. My Niece and Mr. *Cuningham* are.

Mrs. Britt. Give you Joy then.

Cun. and *Phil.* We thank you, Madam.

Phil. Now, Sir, ſince our Hands are join'd, and all is reconcil'd, I have a Boon to ask.

Cun. Whate'er it be, conclude it done.

Phil. I have obſerv'd ſome Sparks of Love between *Jeffrey* and *Prudence*; and I believe they wou'd be glad to follow our Example.

Cun. What ſay'ſt thou, *Jeffrey*? If thou haſt a Mind to marry, ſpeak freely.

Jeff.

Jeff. Sir, I have debated much about the Matter, and am at laſt reſolv'd to venture.

Cun. Then if you, Madam, give your Conſent, and *Prudence* be willing, we'll put 'em together.

(To the Widow.

Widow. With all my Heart; *Prudence* has been always a good Servant, I'll ſay that for her.

Jeff. There's my Hand then; the reſt of my Body ſhall be forth coming.

Pru. A Match.

Love. Then let me ſpeak. *Clodpole* loves *Damaris*, and I believe wou'd be glad to make up the Chorus; now if Mrs. *Brittle* pleaſe to part with her——

Britt. You ſhall have my Conſent with all my Heart; and I'll give a Sum of Money to be rid of her.

Love. And I'll give *Clodpole* ſomething to ſet him up in a little Farm in the Country.

Clod. Damaris!—— Doſt hear that?

Mrs. Britt. What ſay you, *Damaris?*

Dam. If I thought he'd make a good Husband, and not be jealous——

Love. That I dare anſwer for him.

Clod. Well, then 'tis agreed, and there's my Hand.

Dam. For better for worſe.

Clod. To have and to hold; a Tenement for Life.

Cun. And now all things being thus happily concluded——

Widow. No, Mr. *Cuningham*, not while your Friend is unprovided. Methinks 'twere pity he ſhou'd be no Actor in this Comedy.

Love. Oh, Madam, my Thoughts are not yet fix'd ſo much upon any Object, but the next I encounter can retrieve the paſt.

Cun.

Cun. My Friend never wants a Miſtreſs (I'll ſay that for him) in any Place, if he has but an Opportunity, which he ſeldom wants. I have often wonder'd at his Luck.

Mrs. Britt. Say you ſo? I find he makes it his Buſineſs to enſnare and deceive Women at this rate.

(*Aſide.*

I'm glad I know it in time, whilſt I have Power to make my Retreat. I had like to have been finely caught. Well, Husband, ſeeing ſo many join'd in Happineſs, if you'll promiſe never to be jealous, I'll promiſe from this Moment never to give you Cauſe, and endeavour to make you as happy as I can.

Britt. Wou'd you'd give me Cauſe once to believe you.

Viſc. Well then, if you are all agreed, the Parſon that marry'd Mr. *Cuningham* is but juſt by; e'en ſend for him, and let him end the Work he has begun.

For my part, I intend to put off mine for ſome time longer.

Widow. How! My Lord! Have you ſerv'd me thus? Did I forſake all for you, and do you pretend to——

Viſc. No Words now, 'twill ſpoil Company; another time we'll diſcourſe it farther. Come, let's have a Dance, and then to Bed.

Omn. With all our Hearts.

A DANCE.

Viſc.

Visc. 'Tis well: So now, you that are ready to taste the Sweets of Matrimony, fall to; for my part, I have no great Stomach to it yet.

And none I hope will blame me if I tarry,
Since those that wed in haste, as fast miscarry.

(Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.